Saturday Evening Post · July 1, 1967 · 35c

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POST

'THE DRAFT SHOULD BE STOPPED'

SURF'S UP!
Champion tells how it feels to conquer the great waves

Inside the mind of a murderer:
RICHARD SPECK TALKS

8 STUDENT NURSES SLAIN

3 Chicago Area GIs Share in 2 MIG-21 Kills

BY ROBERT TUCKMAN

SAIGON (AP)—American jet fighters blasted two MIG-21s out of the skies over North Viet Nam within 3 minutes today after meeting a strong MIG-17 yesterday.

Three of the flyers involved in the MIG 21 kills are from the Chicago area.

All three MIGs were [illegible]

Massive Hunt on for Lone Killer Here

MARILYN PETERSON

SUZANNE FARRIS

MERLITA GARGULLO

MARY ANN JORDAN

PATRICIA [illegible]

. . . background of . . .

. . . Maniac's [illegible]

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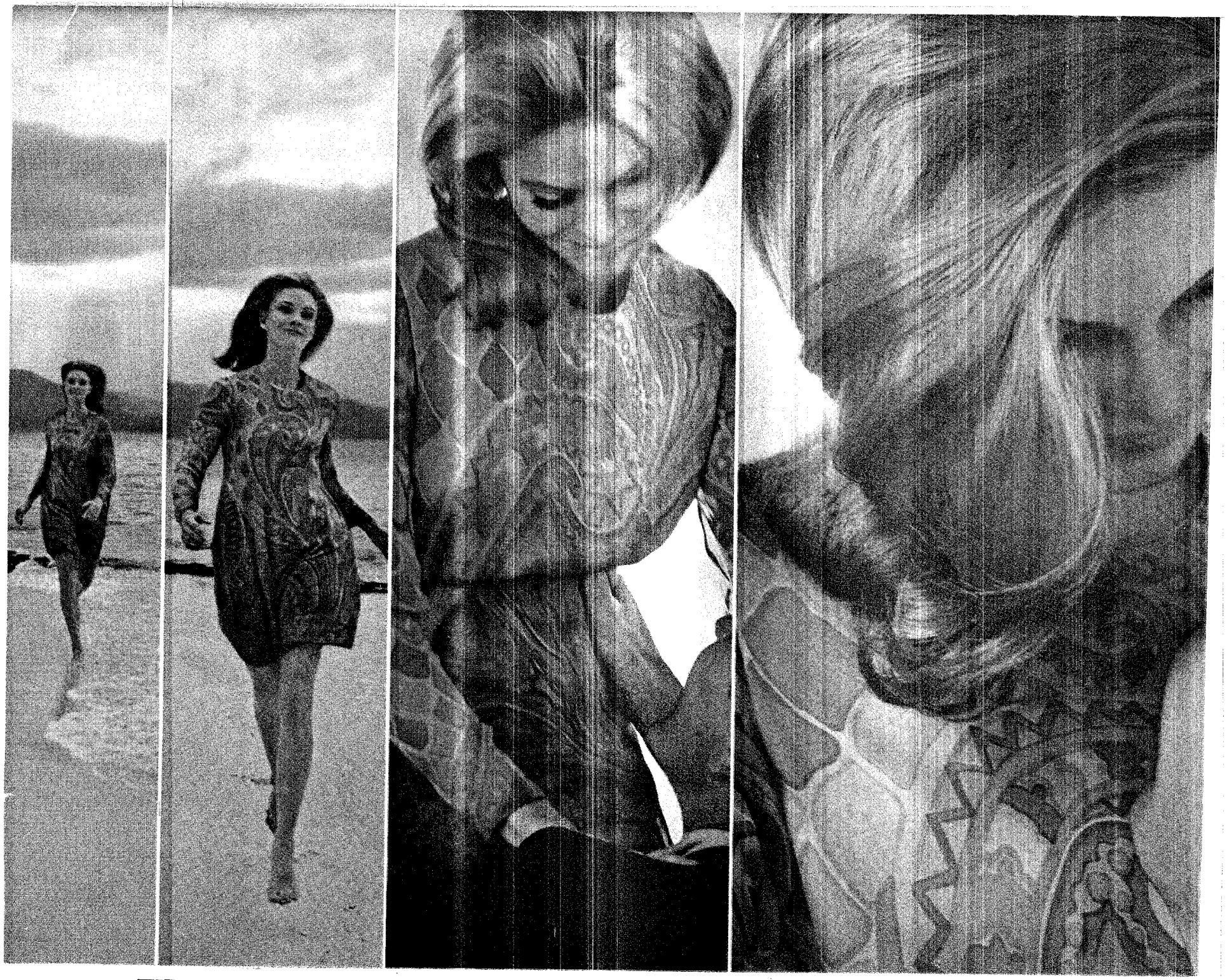

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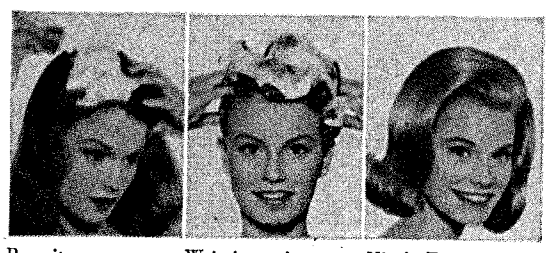

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the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!

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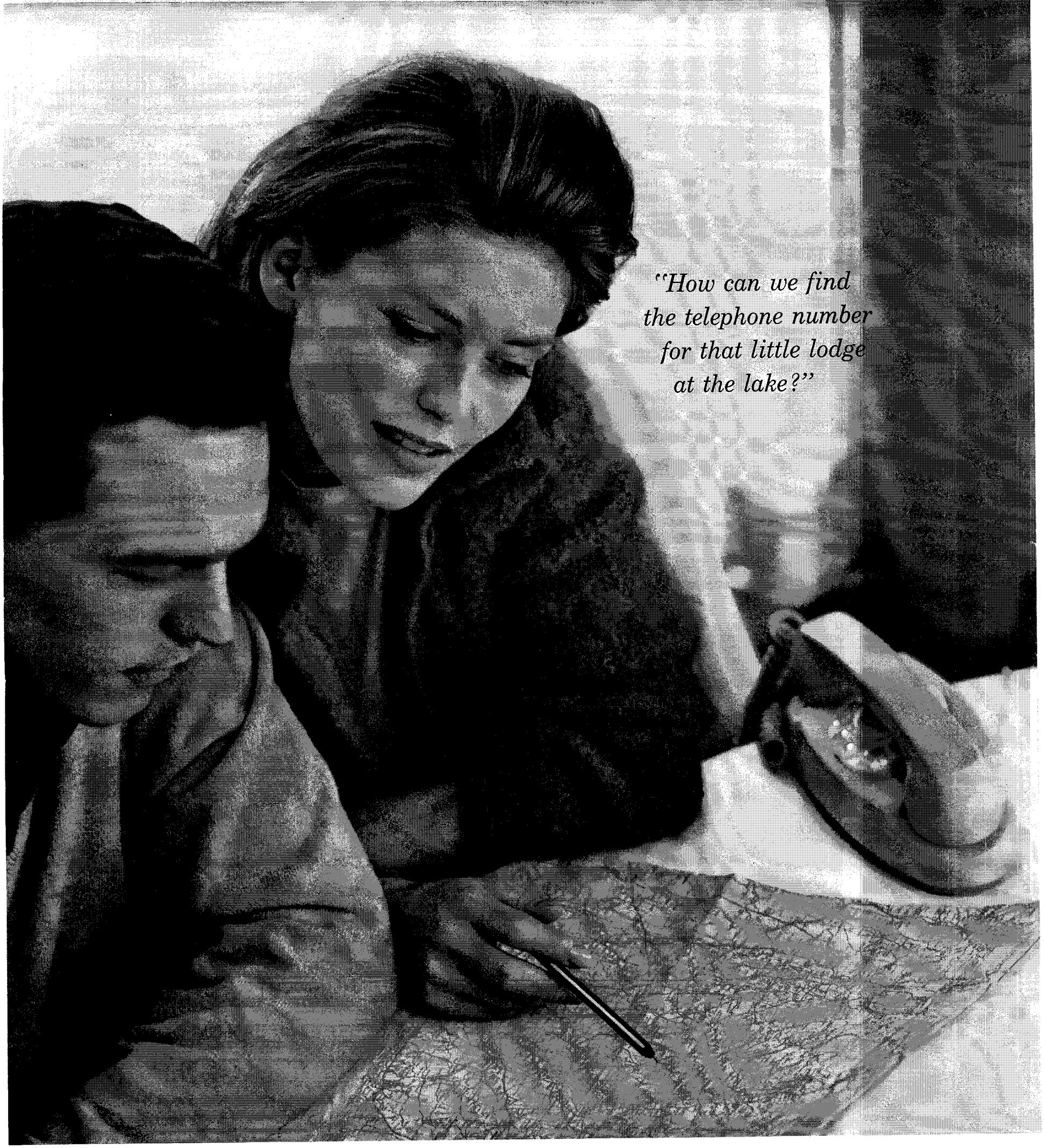

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The Saturday Evening
POST

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Benj. Franklin

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From the editor

William A. Emerson Jr.

There are a lot of editors' columns—I hope this one will be less slick, and less ingratiating than most. What I want to avoid is the obvious, irrelevant details about authors or editors. Who cares if a given author of a given article in the current issue has a kangaroo for a pet, or what its name is. Unless the creature can waltz or tip its hat or do sums properly, it's just another bounding marsupial and we would do better to try to work out an idea instead.

In a sense, an editorial column should be fermented. I mean that all the ingredients, the iron and the trace elements and the mother should be there and be discernible. That it should be a living organism. Then the flavor can tell where it came from, what sort of soil it was rooted in and something of its quality. It should have the reality of a very personal communication to the readers. The character of an editor's column should reflect his character and the nature of the relationship that he has with the readers. If things are working right and he is in touch, the editor is in constant dialogue with his readers.

I speak to thousands of *Post* readers every year and get letters from tens of thousands. Sometimes the response is harsh: "Bring back the old *Post*" or "We burned the last disgraceful issue"; more often it is kindly or questioning. When I reflect on the questions, the most frequent and serious have to do with "the truth." The readers' concern about the truth is tremendously important to us because it is fundamental to good journalism, and getting at the truth is our central idea.

Put in the simplest terms, the philosophy of the *Post* is to get at the truth or the reality of the thing in question, and with this truth to improve the country. This is not a sack of bluebirds—it is a tough, ambitious goal, and it undeniably is the basic assignment in journalism. It is very difficult because the truth is not fixed; it is as much alive as life and always changing.

Dietrich Bonhoeffer, the Protestant theologian who was martyred by the Nazis near the end of the Second World War, wrote that "Telling the truth is expressing the real in words." That's not as easy as it sounds, but it's what we try to do in this magazine.

Bill Emerson

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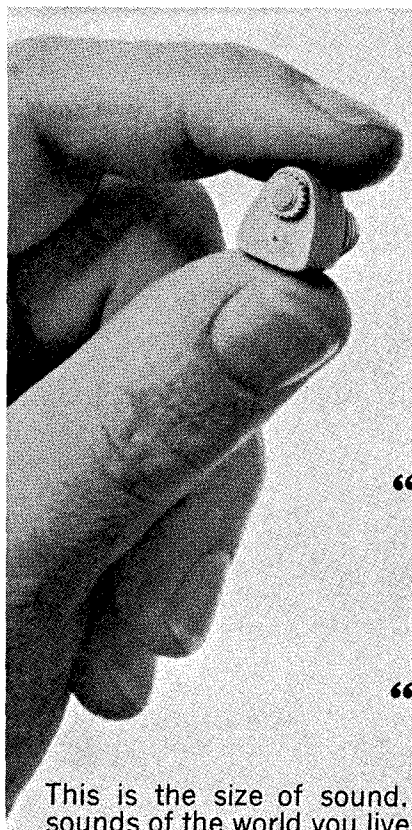

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This is the size of an astonishing Zenith hearing aid. One of our 16 different models. So tiny, you wear it in your ear.

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Letters

Morality and the CIA

Gentlemen:

Thank you, Thomas W. Braden, for your article I'M GLAD THE CIA IS 'IMMORAL' [May 20]. At the present time, the CIA is the most efficient means of combating the threat of Communism, and the element of secrecy is essential to its effective operation. I agree that there is some danger in giving one organization so much power, but it is surely more dangerous to let Communism go unchecked.

J. A. LARSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

Mr. Braden's defense of the CIA is somewhat convincing as far as he goes. In the situations cited, the ends may have justified the means.

But if the CIA, fearing disapproval, conceals its work even from our congressmen, who is running our government? Has the Constitution been scuttled? Should we ordinary citizens even bother to vote?

FRANCES A. GRAVES
Kirkland, Wash.

Sir:

In his article Thomas Braden speaks of spending $15,000 to pay off strong-arm squads in Mediterranean ports to divert Communist opposition. But doesn't that all belong in a class "B" movie, not a class "A" country that expects the rest of the world to emulate it?

ROHN ENGH
Star Prairie, Wis.

Dear Sir:

Since when has it become "immoral" and "disgraceful" to defend one's country by using the same weapons used by those who would destroy it? The truism "fight fire with fire" still holds.

VIOLETTA BLAUVELT
Ilion, N.Y.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Braden says that the operation he initiated was a "good idea." I quite agree, if he means that it accomplished a purpose. But the Communists and Nazis also have had many such "good ideas," and if in the Braden tradition we adopt many more of them, one day we may find ourselves no different from our enemies.

JOHN J. HOFFMAN
Snyder, N.Y.

Letters to Thurber

Dear Sir:

My husband's away at a meeting, the children are feeling their oats, the dog is throwing up, and I've always regretted not writing to James Thurber to tell him I loved him.

Please tell Elizabeth Cleland Acosta I love her for sharing her experience with Mr. Thurber [JAMES THURBER, I LOVE YOU, May 20]. I wish I had a similar one.

HILDEGARD C. BLACK
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

What next—a housewife revealing her correspondence with Alf Landon?

MARIAN MILLARD
Meriden, N. H.

Powell runaround

Dear Sirs:

Bruce Jay Friedman's account of the runaround he received while trying to talk to the elusive Adam Clayton Powell [ADAM POWELL AT THE END OF THE WORLD, May 20] gave me a picture of Powell that no direct and formal interview could have. Thanks for the look at the atmosphere that surrounds the controversial congressman.

ARLENE MICHAELS
Chicago, Ill.

Editor:

My first thought when reading about Adam Powell was simply—is this the man who helps to represent the American people to the world? And we help to support his outrageous behavior? Shame on the American people!

MILDRED R. GALLAND
Bakersfield, Calif.

Fiction humdinger

Dear Sirs:

I commend you for printing the fiction piece JACK DRISCOLL'S REVENGE by William Price Fox [May 20]. The *Post* is one of the few magazines left which continues to provide high-grade writing.

JOHN GARSON
Pasadena, Calif.

Dear Sir:

William Price Fox's story is a humdinger. Please print more of his work—a good story is hard to find these days, and this writer is wonderful.

HAZEL A. SPRING
San Antonio, Tex.

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WINSTON MENTHOL

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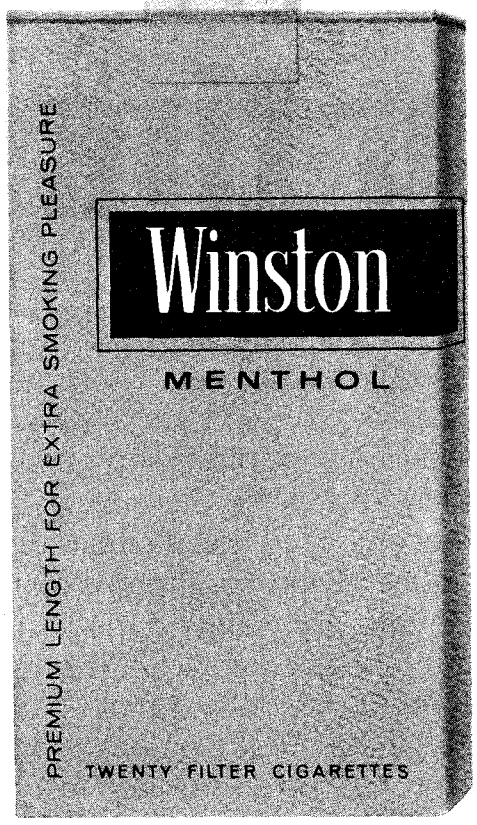

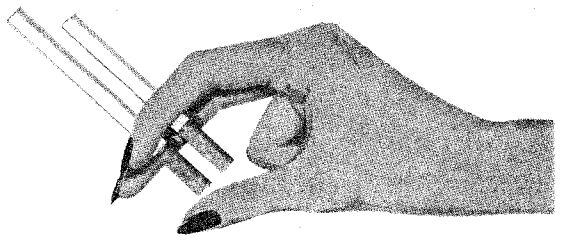

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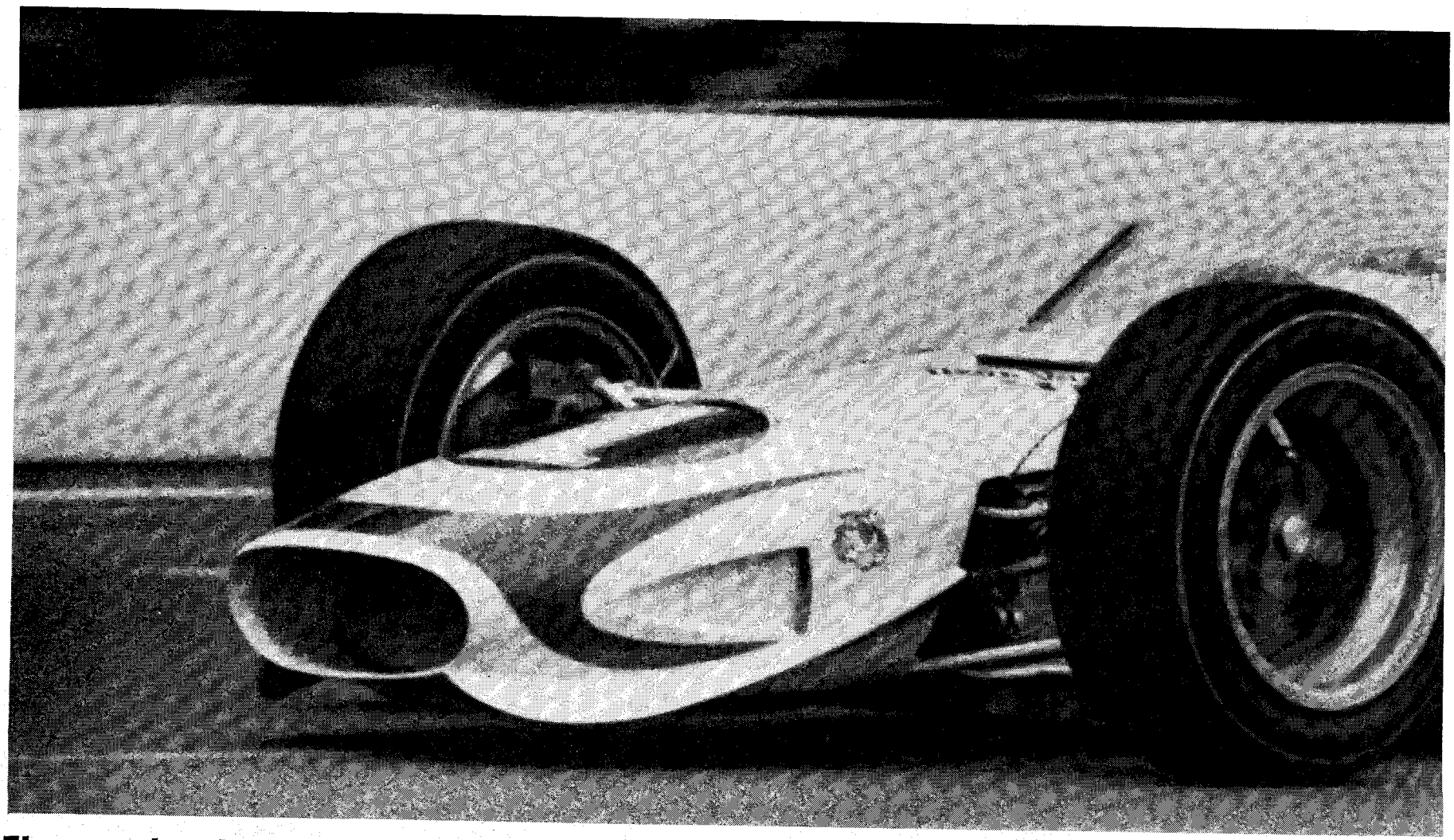

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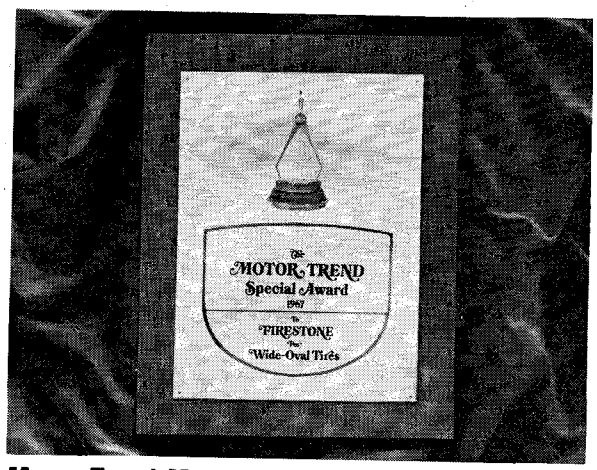

Motor Trend Magazine's Special Award won by Firestone Wide Oval tire.

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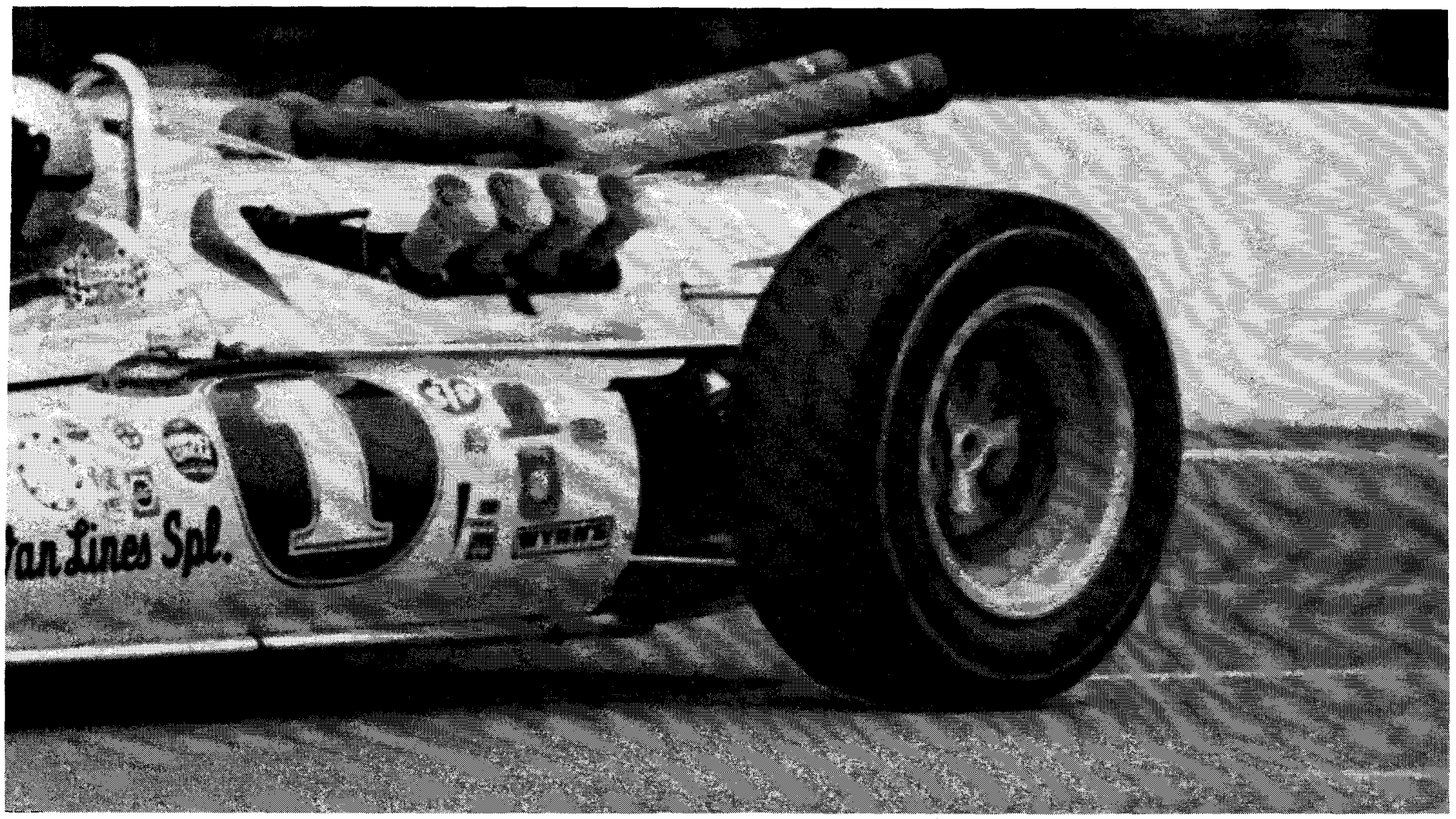

Championship Cars: Firestone—fastest Indianapolis 500 tires ever. Set new qualifying record at 168.982 mph.

Sports Cars

Late Model Stock Cars

FIRESTONE'S WINNING RECORD MAJOR WORLD-WIDE RACING—1967

Firestone 68. . . . Others 19

Firestone's Winning Record (U.S.)

Indianapolis 500	**Firestone**	**45**	—Others 6
Daytona	**Firestone**	**20**	—Others 7
Darlington Motor Speedway	**Firestone**	**22**	—Others 6
Pikes Peak	**Firestone**	**42**	—Others 9
Trenton Speedway	**Firestone**	**18**	—Others 5
Milwaukee 200	**Firestone**	**17**	—Others 3
Phoenix National Championship	**Firestone**	**17**	—Others 4
Riverside	**Firestone**	**4**	—Others 3
Atlanta Motor Speedway	**Firestone**	**10**	—Others 5
Charlotte Motor Speedway	**Firestone**	**9**	—Others 6
Yankee 300	**Firestone**	**4**	—Others 1
Peach Blossom 500, Rockingham	**Firestone**	**2**	—Others 0

Firestone

THE GREATEST TIRE NAME IN RACING

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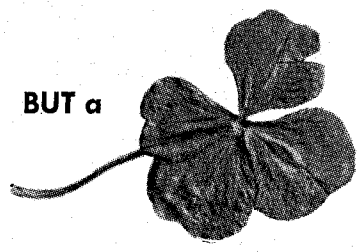

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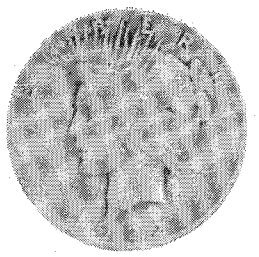

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Letters

Medicare

Dear Sirs:

Since I as yet have had little first-hand experience with Medicare, I was glad to read Steven M. Spencer's report on the program's first year [MEDICARE: HEADACHE OR CURE-ALL? May 20]. The article was interesting and well-written, and I now have a much better concept of what Medicare is all about.

MARGARET SANDFORD
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Sir:

I read with interest your article on Medicare. But for the real gravy train, come to New York State, where under Medicaid practically everyone is eligible. In fact, I'm thinking of giving up my practice for an "administrative" position where I'd treat no patients but take home a generous salary for telling my colleagues how to properly shuffle the forms.

DR. DENISON W. YOUNG
Syracuse, N.Y.

Treblinka

Dear Sir:

Many thanks for bringing us Jean-François Steiner's interesting and important book [THE REVOLT AT TREBLINKA, Part I, May 20]. In his story Mr. Steiner has pointed out a basic difference between man and beast. Any animal can be forced into subjugation; but man, no matter how terrible things are or seem to be, sooner or later will have the courage to fight back.

DAVID I. GOLDSTEIN
St. Louis Park, Minn.

Dear Sir:

It is indeed to your credit—at a time when so many want to forget—that you have decided to follow up Sybille Bedford's penetrating story of Auschwitz [THE WORST THAT EVER HAPPENED, Oct. 22, 1966] with one on Treblinka, a place less known to the general public than Auschwitz—but one in many respects more monstrous since its sole purpose was the efficient destruction of a whole people.

Treblinka is presently maintained as a silent shrine, a monument to Jewish tragedy and German guilt. Hardly anyone goes there today. Yet it stands in the midst of the same deep, quiet forest, in a clearing which abounds with the most beautiful, multicolored wild flowers. Where once stood the barracks, gas chambers and crematoria, there now stand rocks and stones—like an old Jewish cemetery—each bearing the name of a destroyed Jewish community. In the center of the clearing stands a simple monument; and off a little to one side, bearing witness to the horrors of the past, is the pit and the pyre with its charred wood ties.

No tour buses reach the area, no excursions are taken there. Unfortunately, the easiest approach to Treblinka from Warsaw is inaccessible, due to the fact that a connecting bridge over the Bug River is down—apparently the existing interest and traffic do not warrant the expense of its repair.

PROF. JOSEPH R. FISZMAN
University of Oregon
Eugene, Oreg.

Fish story

Dear Sir:

Stewart Alsop's article FISH ARE MORE INTERESTING THAN POLITICIANS [May 20] was wonderfully refreshing to read. Only one thing was left out: a mention of the pike, after he has devoured those bluegills! He becomes big and beautiful and perfectly delicious. He is a savage when he is alive; but poached, with fresh grated horseradish and chopped hardboiled egg and melted butter sauce, he is certainly a meal for a king.

Good luck to Mr. Alsop and his ecological balance!

LILIAN B. FINAN
Chappaqua, N.Y.

Dissent and democracy

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your May 20 editorial WHY DEMONSTRATIONS? I certainly agree that it is important that Americans have the right to disagree with government action, and you expressed that point well.

EVELYN B. MOORMAN
Springfield, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Perhaps it is picayune to find fault with an editorial that makes the point that the right to demonstrate is a vital part of our democracy. However, as one of thousands who did take part in the New York mobilization for peace, I felt that there was an unfair implication in the editorial that we were a "scruffy" group marching under Viet Cong flags. Among the people I know who demonstrated were doctors, lawyers, businessmen, insurance executives, ministers, teachers, students and housewives. And I didn't see anyone carrying flags other than American and Canadian.

STEPHANIE M. MAY
Bloomfield, Conn.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

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A normal air conditioner has two buttons: the low button and the high button. This Whirlpool, however, has three: the night button, the normal button and The Panic Button.

The extra button, needless to say, is designed especially for times of dire emergency. Like, for instance, when you've been trapped in a 4th of July traffic jam and spent five hours baking in an oven on wheels and then, just when you thought you wouldn't live another ten minutes, you finally get home and throw open the door, only to be driven back by a blast of heat that nearly singes your eyebrows. Then, blinded by sweat, you rush through the inferno and, with your last ounce of strength, lunge at the air conditioner.

That's when you push The Panic Button.

But to avoid any possible confusion at this desperate moment, please be advised of one thing. The Panic Button doesn't say "Panic Button" on it. It says "Super Cool." Don't let that throw you though. It's merely another way of saying the same thing.

That help is on the way—*fast.*

The cabinet The Panic Button comes in also deserves mentioning. It's Whirlpool's ultimate effort to create a style that looks good with absolutely anything. Mongolian Modern, Kuwait Colonial, anything your wife might have taken a fancy to.

As they say in the army—no sweat.

Whirlpool CORPORATION

The Panic Button.

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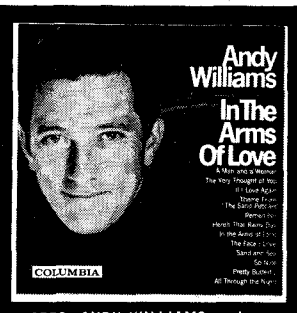
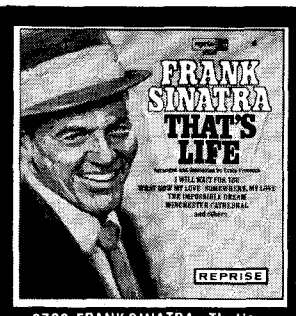
3684. HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS—S.R.O. The Work Song, Mame, etc.

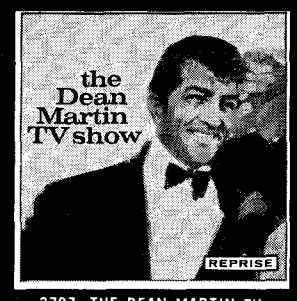


3759. ANDY WILLIAMS — In The Arms Of Love, Sand And Sea, Remember, 7 more

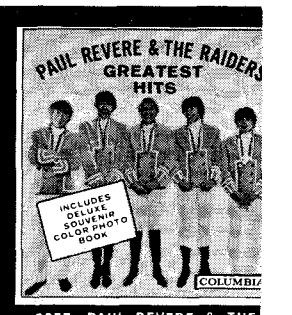
3790. THE SUPREMES Sing Holland • Dozier • Holland. Love Is In Our Hearts, etc.



3728. FRANK SINATRA—That's Life. Winchester Cathedral, Somewhere My Love, etc.

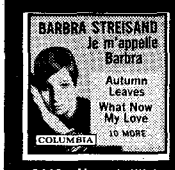


3707. THE DEAN MARTIN TV SHOW. The One I Love, If I Had You, S'posin', etc.



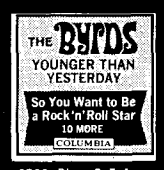
3857. PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS—Greatest Hits. Just Like Me, Kicks, 12 in all

Come on in where the hits are!



3443. Also: I Wish You Love, Free Again, Le Mur, Martina, etc.

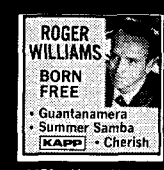
3734. Plus: All By Myself, What'll I Do, Coastin', etc.



3766. Plus: C.T.A.—102, Time Between, Mind Gardens, etc.

3782. Musical fantasy for the young at heart

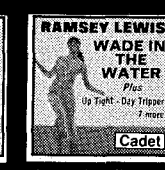
3735. Also: England Swings, Color My World, 12 in all



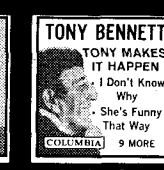
3679. Also: Strangers In The Night, Sunny, etc.

3818. Also: Miss Amanda Jones, She Smiled Sweetly, etc.

3747. Plus: Dear Heart, Yesterday, Unchained Melody, etc.



3551. Also: Hurt So Bad, Message to Michael, etc.



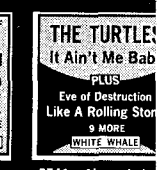
3888. Also: Country Girl, Old Devil Moon, 7 more

3755. Also: Dancin' In The Dark, Moo glow, 12 in all

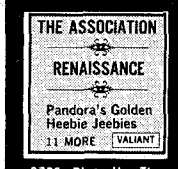
Come on in where the stars are!

3784. Also: Anna, A Lover's Concerto, A Felicidade, etc.

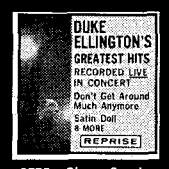
3432. Also: Come Running Back, Any Time, 7 more



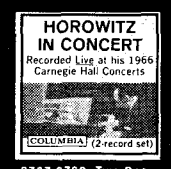
3741. Also: Let Be Me, A Walk The Sun, 12 in all



3733. Plus: I'm The One, All Is Mine, No Fair At All, etc.



3775. Plus: Creole Love Call, Black And Tan Fantasy, etc.



3767-3768. Two Record Set (Counts As Two Selections)

3789. Also: I Wish You Love, Who Can I Turn To, 8 more

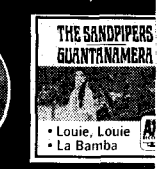
3361. Also: Is This My Destiny, You Comb Her Hair, etc.

3762. Also: Sixteen Tons, Bang Bang, The Lonesome Road, etc.

3465. Also: Sometime Lovin', The King Of Names, 12 in all

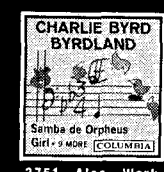
3732. Also: Sand and Foam, Writer In The Sun, Museum, etc. *

3890. Here is a treasure for your classical library...this special two-record set counts as one selection only



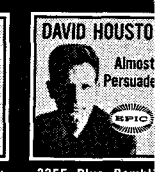
3617. Also: Angelic Carmen, La Mer, E amorado, etc.

Come on in where the bargains are!

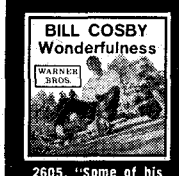


3751. Also: Work Song, I'll Be Around, 11 in all

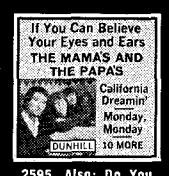
3670. Also: What Now My Love, My Foolish Heart, More, etc.



3355. Plus: Rambl Rose, Tonight Y Belong To Me, etc



2605. "Some of his funniest material."—Billboard



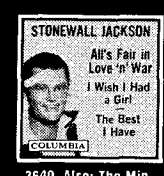
2595. Also: Do You Wanna Dance, Spanish Harlem, etc.

3731. Plus: Weight Of Your Words, Two Rooms, The Visit, etc.

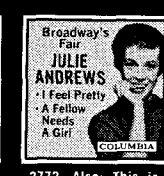
3648. Also: Little By Little, Losing You, Goin' Back, etc.

2640. "The Mormon Choir sings like one voice." Eve. Bulletin

3720. Also: My Baby, Get Ready, Don't Look Back, etc.

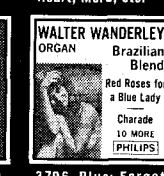


3640. Also: The Minute Men, Still Awake, twelve in all



2772. Also: This is New, Looking For A Boy, 12 in all

2673. Also: On A Clear Day, All Or Nothing At All, etc.

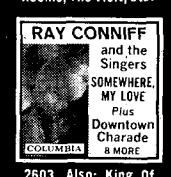


3796. Plus: Forget Domani, My Darling, Go-Go Theme, etc.

3366. Also: Set M Free, Dedicated Fo lower Of Fashion, et

2509. He plays it as Beethoven would have played it.

3712. Plus: One By One, I'll Go Crazy, Nothin' Yet, etc.

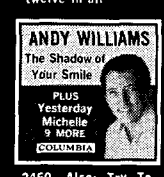


2603. Also: King Of The Road, Days Of Wine And Roses, etc.

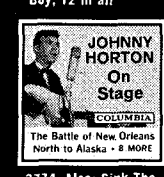
3667. Also: Johnny, Changes, Forget His Name, Diet, etc.

2672. "The best musical of the season."—CBS News

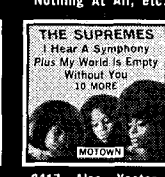
3786. Also: Sweet Love And Happiness, You Had A Call, etc.



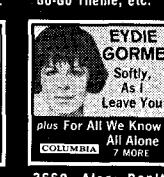
2460. Also: Try To Remember, A Taste Of Honey, etc.



3774. Also: Sink The Bismarck, Rock island Line, etc.



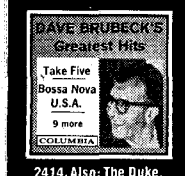
2417. Also: Yesterday, Unchained Melody, 12 in all *



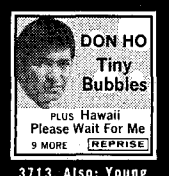
3669. Also: Don't Worry 'Bout Me, You've Changed, etc.

2416. Plus: Gree Green; We'll Sing The Sunshine; etc.

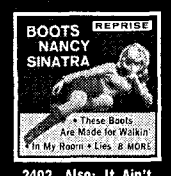
You get them all from the Columbia Record Club!



2414. Also: The Duke, Camptown Races, Trolly Song, etc.



3713. Also: Young Land, Happy Me, The Lights Of Home, etc.



2402. Also: It Ain't Me Babe, Flowers On The Wall, etc.

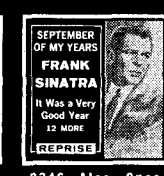
2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc. *

3719. Also: Circle, Dolores, Ginger Bread Boy, etc.

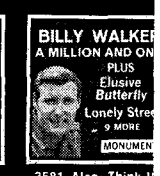
3696. Real Bargain! Two-record set counts as one selection. Dandy, Daydream, Summer In The City, 96 Tears, 29 more

3693. Also: Don't Touch Me, It's Only Love, 12 in all

3714. Plus: The Last Time, Satisfaction, I'm Alright, etc.



2346. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.



3581. Also: Think I' Go Somewhere Ar Cry Myself to Slee

2398. Also: Melodie D'Amour, Jamaica Farewell, etc.

2290. Also: Born Free, The Song From Moulin Rouge, etc.

3586. Plus: The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, 12 in all

2214. Alborada del Gracioso, Ritual Fire Dance, etc.

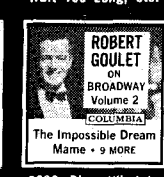
3656. Plus: Brasilia, Dear Heart, A Spanish Rose, 12 in all

2413. Plus: P. T. 109, The Cajun Queen, Steel Men, etc.

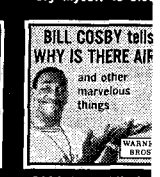
1645. Delightful performance of Grofé's soaring tone poem

3676. Plus: Message To Michael, Pretty Flamingo, 12 in all

2409. Also: The Wild Mountain Thyme, Pauvre Ruteboef, etc.



3668. Plus: What Is A Woman, Walking Happy, 7 more



2184. More hilarious reminiscences this great comedia

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COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

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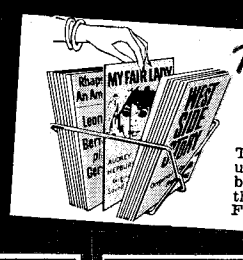

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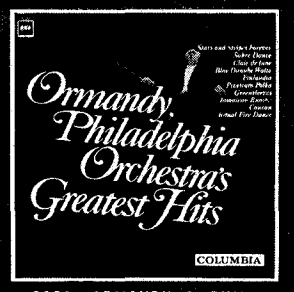


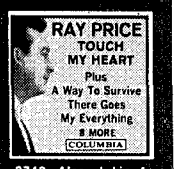
3628. ORMANDY & PHIL. ORCHESTRA'S Greatest Hits. Clair De Lune, etc.

2430. HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — Whipped Cream & Other Delights.

3750. Plus: Sitting Here Baby, Little Bit Strong, 6 more

3855. Plus: Free Again, Nice 'N' Easy, Girl Talk, etc.

3866. Plus: Lara's Theme, Free Again, Blue Bongo, etc.



3749. Also: I Lie A Lot, Enough To Lie, Swinging Doors, etc.

3472. Also: I Need Help, I Had It Made, Oo Papa Doo, etc.

3783. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Autumn Rhapsody, etc.

3244. Plus: That Kind Of Girl, Words Of Love, 9 more

3555. Plus: Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart, Money, etc.

2887. "The most fun since Tom Swift."—Wash. Sun. Star

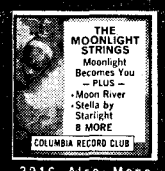
3615. Also: Swanee, I'm Yours, The Impossible Dream, etc.

2881. "Full of flavor, vitality and warmth."—Billboard

3577. Also: The Way You Look Tonight, I Won't Cry, etc.

3370. Also: Homeward Bound, Strangers In The Night, etc.

2606. Also: Live Wire, Quicksand, Wild One, 7 more



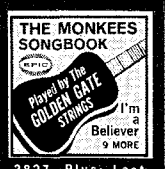
3916. Also: Mona Lisa, That Old Black Magic, 12 in all

2639. "The best musical score of '65."—Am. Record Guide

785. Also: White ghtin', Ain't Gonna e, 12 in all

3414-3415. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections)

3398. "One of the most successful Negro comics."—Var.



3827. Plus: Last Train To Clarksville, Mary, Mary; etc.

3674. "The most entertaining evening in town."—Cue Mag.

2696. Also: Running Scared, Blue Angel, It's Over, 12 in all

3632. Also: Louise, Undecided Man, Good Thing, 12 in all

2704. A hit parade of all-time light classical favorites!

3867. Sixteen Weeks, Hello Heartache, Do Me A Favor, etc.

2875. Works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Dvorak, Copland, etc.

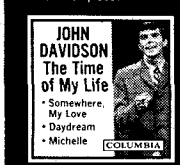
3652. Also: Lavender Blue, Norwegian Wood, 12 in all

3614. Plus: Michael, Sad Tomorrows, Sinner Man, etc.

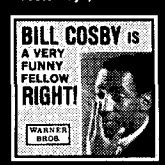
2407. Where Am I Going, C'est Se Bon, Yesterdays, etc.

3869. The Shadow Of Your Smile, Funny Man, The Goose, etc.

2403. Also: Big Man In Town, Toy Soldier, Ronnie, etc.

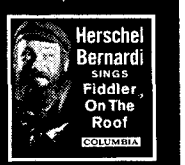


3608. Also: Blowin' In The Wind, A Taste of Honey, etc.



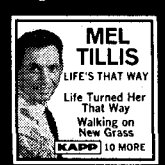
2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.

3653. Also: Baby's Coming Home, Too Much of Nothing, etc.

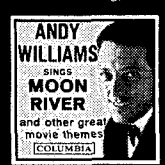


3513. All the music from Broadway's mightiest musical.

1530. Greater than ever . . . winner of 8 Academy Awards



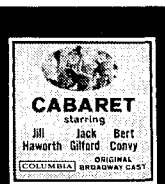
3823. Also: Unmitigated Gall, Sweet Thang, Ruby, etc.



1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, 9 more

3590. Plus: One In A Million, I Love You Yes I Do, etc.

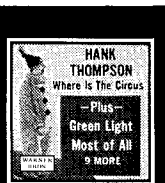
2276. Also: Kansas City Star, In The Summertime, etc.



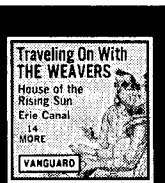
3675. "Stunning musical. Brilliantly conceived."—N.Y. Times

3578. Also: One Note Samba, Berimbau, Tim Dom Dom, etc.

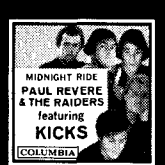
2247. Also: Mockin' Bird Hill, I Can't Stop Loving You, etc.



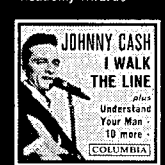
3655. Also: Number One On The Hurt Parade, 8 more



3591. Also: Gotta Travel On, Eddystone Light, 16 in all



2615. Also: There She Goes, All I Really Need Is You, etc.



1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

3587. Also: Don't Keep Me Lonely Too Long, In Person, etc.

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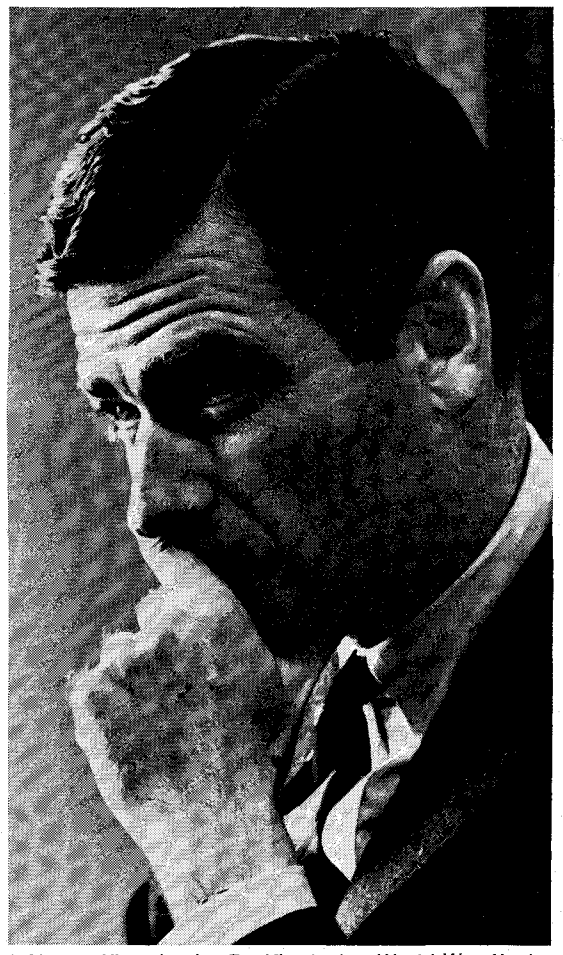

A Navy officer in the Pacific during World War II, the author was Republican governor of Oregon for eight years before election to the U.S. Senate in 1966.

Speaking Out

THE DRAFT SHOULD BE ABOLISHED

By SEN. MARK O. HATFIELD

For many years the merits and deficiencies of the draft have been debated by both the public and by Congress. On June 30 the law expires. It now seems certain that we will extend it—with some modifications—for another four years.

In doing so, we are consenting to a system that is inherently unfair, monstrously inefficient, and pernicious in its invasion of the individual liberty that eight generations of Americans have fought to preserve. I believe the draft is basically wrong; we should get rid of it.

With our nation at war in Vietnam, many will be horrified by this suggestion. But the facts are that, even with 3.4 million men under arms today, we do not need a draft; we can afford not to have a draft; we are long overdue in ending this invasion of the liberties of our young men.

The inequities of the draft are obvious. Critics have pointed to deferments that discriminate in favor of the wealthier and brighter young men who can go to college. Less-privileged groups suffer—including even people from other countries. I was shocked to learn recently that several young Peruvians who were here as students or on work permits had been drafted, and that three of them had been killed in Vietnam.

The nature of Selective Service itself has produced inequities. There are more than 4,000 local draft boards, each with wide latitude in interpreting and administering draft regulations. Indeed, there are no clear, uniform standards as to which boy is to be called up and which is to be left free.

Several years ago, when I was dean of students at Willamette University in Oregon, I also served as military adviser. I could see how some draft boards differed. The members of one board, for example, felt that as long as a student was a warm body in a college classroom, he could keep his deferment. For the members of another board, it was a different story: The moment a student fell one one-hundredth of a grade point below the accepted line, away he went.

The most basic inequity of the current system is the fact that a smaller and smaller minority of our young men is carrying the burden of national defense. The principle of "universal sharing" of the national-defense effort—the principle on which the system was sold to the public years ago—is a transparent falsehood today. As President Johnson has admitted to Congress, "The unavoidable truth is that complete equity can never be achieved when only some must be selected and only some must serve."

Currently, only about 46 percent of the men reaching the age of 26 have seen military service. By 1974—at pre-Vietnam war levels—that figure will shrink to 34 percent. Even under today's crisis conditions, the military services draft only about 300,000 men a year out of a draft-eligible pool that totals nearly 12 million. I submit that we cannot tolerate a system that capriciously requisitions two years out of the lives of some young men while allowing others their liberty.

The draft has long been accepted on the theory that it is the only practical method of providing the military with the necessary quantity of men. This justification has served for too long to excuse national complacency. To be sure, the draft does provide the necessary *number* of young men. But the "success" of this system must be measured against its costs and inefficiencies.

According to the Pentagon's own figures, the current turnover rate among draftees ranges between 92 and 95 percent. Men who did not want in are naturally eager to get out. They are replaced by other men who do not want in. All these men go through the same cycle of training and assignment. Since it costs at least $6,000 just to train the average foot soldier, the total training cost for draftees now in uniform—men who will leave the service the moment their two-year hitches expire—approximates three billion dollars.

Even this sum cannot buy fighting men of the quality we now need. Since the peacetime draft was instituted in 1940, the nature of military strategy and technology has undergone radical change. No longer do we merely require large masses of GI's. Weapons have become more sophisticated, and so we need a higher percentage of specialized personnel who, in turn, require extensive training. The draft is not designed to satisfy this need. In fact, it frustrates it. The high turnover rate produced by the draft ties down many of the services' most experienced personnel, at least 10 percent of them, in training new recruits. Some 70 percent of the Army's enlisted men have less than two years' experience. At any given time, the equivalent of as many as 14 infantry divisions (210,000 men) may be categorized as students, trainees or transients. As Brig. Gen. Lynn D. Smith has noted: "As soon as we are able to operate as a unit, the trained men leave and we have to start all over again."

For more than 25 years we have accepted the draft as an immutable fact of life. Our keen sense of the value of liberty has been dulled by habit. Simply stated, conscription is involuntary servitude. It is complete usurpation by the Government of an individual's freedom of choice. As Daniel Webster put it—in speaking against a draft proposal in 1814—"The question is nothing less than whether the most essential rights of personal liberty shall be surrendered and despotism embraced in its worst form."

To my way of thinking, there should be one and only one circumstance when a free nation should condone the draft—and then reluctantly. That is when preserving the liberties of us all requires the sacrifice of liberty by some; when it is clear beyond any reasonable doubt that military manpower needs are so great that only coercion can produce the necessary numbers of men.

For personal liberty is not a privilege. It is not a concession granted by Government that must be paid for by military service. It is the guaranteed right of democracy. It must not be compromised.

The deprivation of individual liberty is not the only danger of conscription. There is also the danger that the Government may be unable to resist the temptation to indoctrinate hundreds of thousands of young men with ideas inimical to the workings of a free society. This attitude has been demonstrated by no less an authority than Lt. Gen. Lewis Hershey, director of the Selective Service System. Testifying before a House committee in June, 1966, he made this remarkable statement in defending the draft and opposing a volunteer army:

"I do not want to go along on a volunteer basis. I think a fellow should be compelled to become better and not let him use his discretion whether he wants to get smarter, more healthy or more honest. . . ." Now who is going to decide what is "better" for each recruit? The Federal Government? That is not the American way. That sounds like Russia.

For the past three years, the Johnson Administration has conducted a seemingly endless series of studies on the draft. Last March the President sent his recommendations to Congress. Under the President's plan, deferments for all graduate students (except those preparing to be doctors, dentists and ministers) would be abolished. The age priorities for induction would be reversed; 19-year-olds would be drafted before 26-year-olds. The manpower requirements of the services would be met through a lottery.

A lottery! The Administration calls this scheme FAIR (for Fair and Impartial Random) selection. A colleague of mine points out that FAIR is really an acronym for Futile and Irresponsible Roulette.

The lottery approach does not remedy the basic inequity of the draft—the injustice of forcing one man to serve while allowing another man his liberty. As Bruce Chapman asks in his book, *Wrong Man in Uniform:* Is injustice handed out by a machine any more tolerable than injustice handed out by other men? Nor does the lottery method reduce the inefficiency of the draft, increase the quality of military personnel, or alter the fact that forcing young men into uniform contradicts our belief in the right of the individual to freedom from governmental interference. The

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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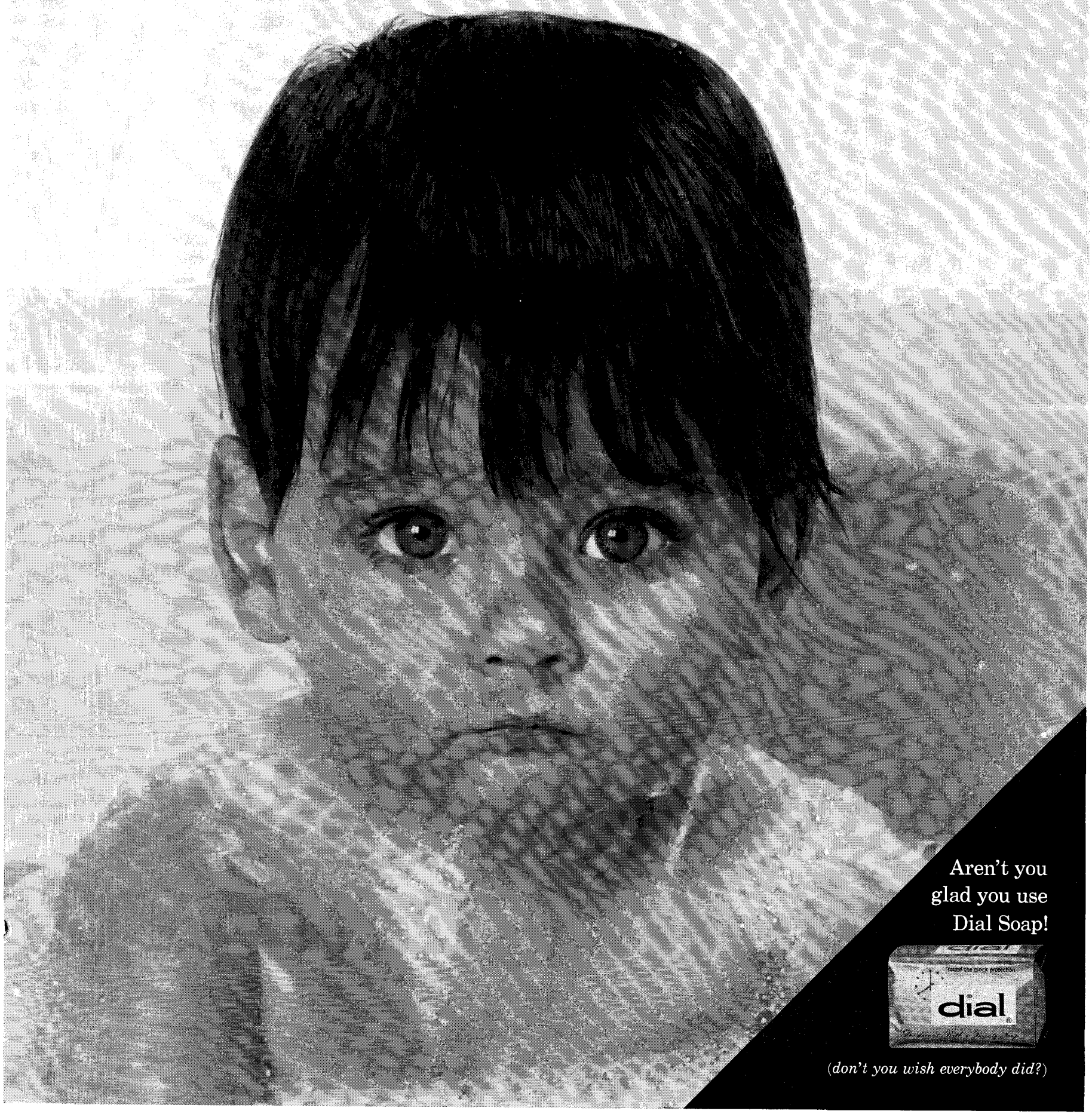

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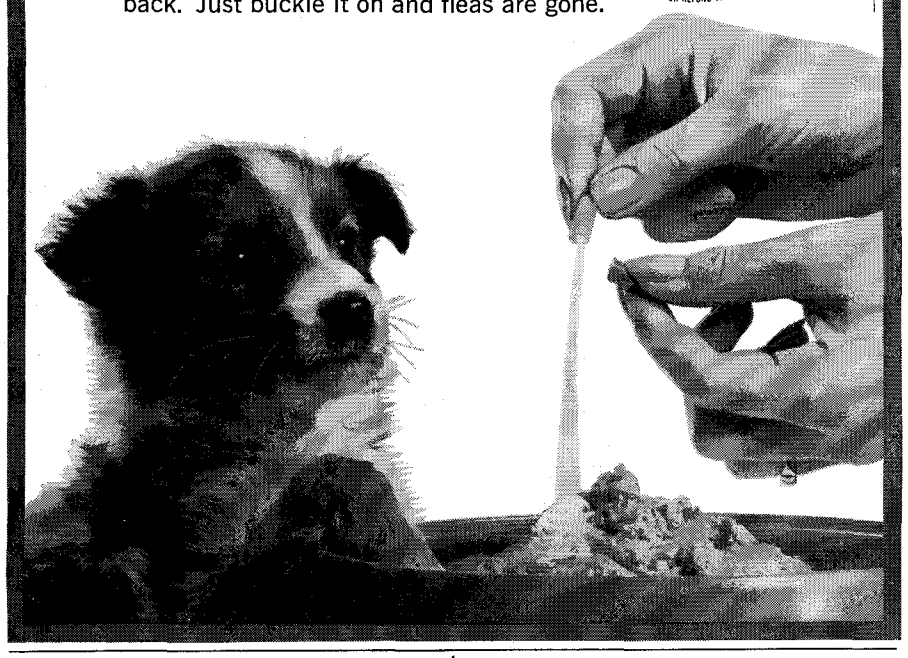

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SPEAKING OUT

lottery just makes the denial of personal liberty a little more arbitrary.

Obviously, the U.S. requires a sizable military force. The question is which system of manpower recruitment best meets our needs. The ideal system should provide the maximum amount of individual liberty; it should be fair; it should supply the services with the necessary quantity—and quality—of men as economically as possible. In my opinion, an all-volunteer military would satisfy these requirements far better than the draft.

Many argue that a voluntary system could not provide enough men at reasonable cost. The evidence is to the contrary. Despite the war in Vietnam, the Marines needed few draftees in 1966, and the Air Force, Navy and Coast Guard none at all. The only service dependent upon conscription is the Army. And of its 1.45 million men, about 60 percent are volunteers.

Critics of a volunteer military like to cite a Pentagon study which shows that 38 percent of all volunteers entered service only because they felt the draft was breathing down their necks. Even if this is true, the fact remains that we still have more men in our manpower pool than the military can possibly handle. Each year more than 1.9 million men reach draft age. Of these, even under war conditions, only about 300,000 must be drafted. Surely, with reasonable pay scales, fringe benefits and a progressive recruitment program, the military could induce that many men to enlist.

Another step that might be taken to insure the success of a voluntary system would be to accept many men who now try to volunteer but who are rejected because of "deficiencies." As General Hershey has stated, "the volume of requests . . . indicates to me that significant numbers of young men not qualified for military service really want to serve."

Don't misunderstand me. I am not suggesting that we lower our standards for combat duty. I simply feel that by adjusting our present mental and physical standards and by providing special training, we could enable thousands of "unqualified" young men who want to become members of the armed services to have that chance.

It also seems to me that the number of volunteers actually required by the military could be reduced by substituting civilians for servicemen in many jobs. According to the Pentagon's own figures, only a small percentage of men are involved in combat. More than 50 percent are listed as "mechanics and repairmen, administrative and clerical, crafts and services." In June, 1966, Assistant Secretary of Defense Thomas D. Morris said that the Pentagon had already filled 74,000 such positions with civilians. We can do better. I'm convinced that we could hire a civilian as a bartender at an officers' club, or as a clerk-typist, for less than the estimated $18,000 a year that it costs to maintain the average foot soldier—the man who often performs these jobs.

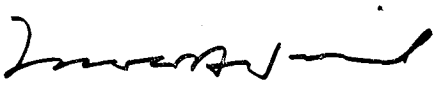
Finally, under a voluntary system, the services would need to recruit fewer men simply because the turnover rate (which ranges between 92 and 95 percent among draftees) would be drastically reduced. Using Defense Department figures, Prof. Walter Oi of the University of Washington has computed that if all recruits were "true" volunteers, the turnover rate would plummet to 16.9 percent. An all-volunteer force would enjoy increased status, and this would encourage many to enlist without further inducements.

Some members of Congress are currently being influenced by a study submitted to the President last March. This report rejected the idea of a voluntary military force primarily because it supposedly lacked "flexibility." I submit that a voluntary, professional military force, coupled with a strengthened reserve system, could respond to a crisis more quickly, more effectively, indeed more "flexibly" than any force composed of draftees. As Brig. Gen. Lynn D. Smith has pointed out, 43 percent of the Army at any given time has less than one year's experience, meaning they are raw recruits. In the past, when confronted with crises that demanded an *immediate* buildup, the Pentagon has declined to rely upon draftees. During the Korean War, for example, more than 600,000 World War II veterans were called back into service while 1.6 million potential draftees were ignored. During the Berlin crisis, approximately 150,000 reservists were called back to duty.

Critics have also claimed that under a voluntary system, we would find ourselves with an all-Negro military. That argument has racist overtones. It implies that Negroes have different goals from whites. It denies all the progress that has been made in recent years to raise the standards of the Negro. Critics also say that a voluntary system would lead to the development of a military elite and would thus be a threat to civilian control. The danger of military elitism comes primarily from senior officers who are and always have been professionals. At the top we have and will continue to have civilian control.

The question is no longer whether a voluntary military is feasible or desirable but rather whether we can afford it. The Pentagon cannot say: Its cost estimates range from $4 billion to $17.5 billion. Dr. Oi has estimated that we would have to allocate roughly $8 billion for the salary increases to attract such a force. This sum must be measured against the economies that would inevitably result from a reduction in the turnover rate. The savings in training costs, material and maintenance, would be significant—perhaps billions of dollars. It seems to me that the economics of ending conscription may not be as terrible an obstacle as the draft's defenders insist.

We must have the foresight to accept logic over habit, reason over the retarding security of tradition. We must dispel the myth that the draft, besides being undesirable, is also inevitable. Again and again Congress will be asked to extend the draft. Our committees will provide one "study" after another. But the time for studies is over. In my opinion, Congress should enact legislation immediately to provide for an orderly transition to a volunteer military. It is never too late to start moving away from the draft—and toward the restoration of liberty, equity and military efficiency that a truly volunteer military would bring.



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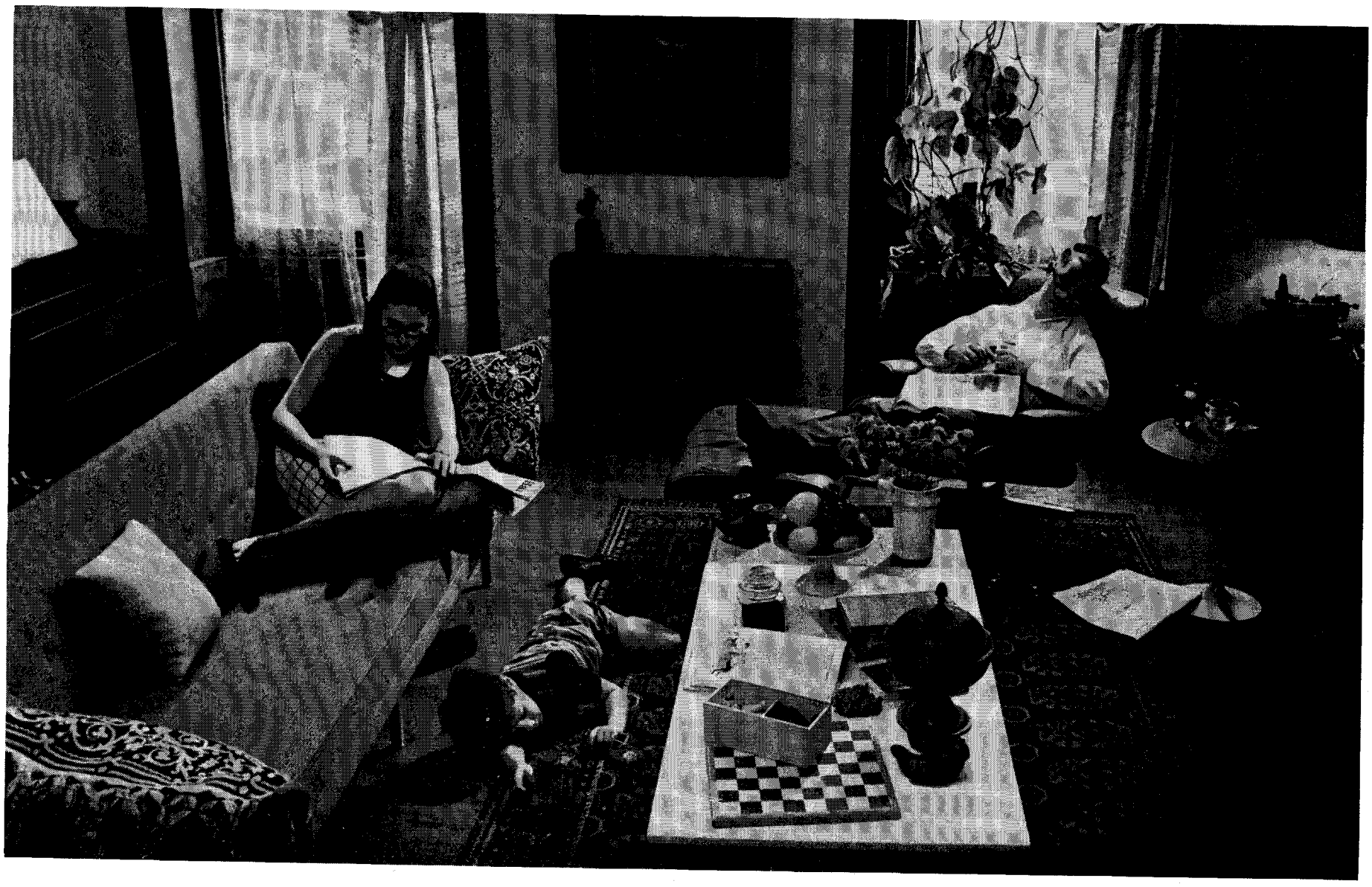

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■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

Our only real ally

WASHINGTON:

Why is the American Government doing all it can to lose the only really useful ally that the United States has left in the world? The question is prompted by the terms General de Gaulle recently laid down for Great Britain's joining the Common Market. His terms are very clear.

To become truly "European," Britain must undergo a "profound transformation." Britain must cut its commonwealth and other global ties; marry the pound to the franc instead of the dollar; abandon support for the United States position in Vietnam; and discard "all sorts of special agreements" by which Britain is "tied to the United States." In short, if Britain is to be permitted to join the Common Market, Britain must cease to be an ally of the United States.

Yet it remains official American policy to encourage Great Britain by all means to join the Common Market, thus destroying the Anglo-American alliance. Surely this is a bit odd. As one of Britain's most experienced diplomats remarked on a recent visit to Washington, "I can't for the life of me understand why you keep pressing us to join the Common Market when it's so clearly contrary to your own interests."

If Britain joins the Common Market, we will no longer have a single major ally, in the true sense of that word. Francophile orators like to call France "our oldest ally." But if France is an ally at all, it is a worse-than-useless ally. Consider the recent record.

This country did everything possible, short of going to war, to help France in its grubby colonial war in Indochina. In return, in our great trouble in Vietnam, the French have happily sabotaged us at every opportunity. France was one of the two greatest beneficiaries of Marshall Plan aid. In return, the French are now doing everything they can to undermine the dollar.

The U.S. has committed hundreds of thousands of men and tens of billions of dollars to the defense of Western Europe. In return, the French have kicked NATO out of France, and made no contribution worth mentioning to Europe's defense. Europe needs no defense, according to de Gaulle, because "there will be no war, I can assure you that." Why will there be no war? Because, as de Gaulle has also said, the American nuclear deterrent is "the essential guarantee of world peace."

Thus, if France is ever threatened, France's oldest ally will instantly come to the rescue, risking the lives of a hundred million or so Americans in the process. This Gaullist reasoning is a fine example of the famous "*logique Française*." French logic can be summed up in the phrase, "What's yours is mine and what's mine's my own." The French are totally blind to any national interest except their own.

The British, to be sure, have never been blind to the British national interest, but they have always been aware that an alliance is a two-way street. In our trouble in Vietnam, the British have stood by us, however reluctantly, even when the Labor majority in Parliament was virtually nonexistent. In recent months especially, the pressure on Harold Wilson's government to break with the United States over Vietnam has risen steadily. Much of the pressure comes from the British intellectuals, who, like their American opposite numbers, have eagerly swallowed the myth that only American intransigence stands in the way of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam.

Recently, Foreign Secretary George Brown went out of his way to explode the myth. "The only barrier" to negotiation, he said, "is that at no stage have we had a response from Hanoi. . . . We have made all possible efforts [but] they have all come to nothing because at the end of the day North Vietnam would never come to the table." This is, of course, the simple truth. But to tell the simple truth about Vietnam, in England even more than in this country, is to invite a relentless barrage of abuse from every intellectual organ. Brown is a brave man, and Britain is a useful ally.

In the postwar years, the British and the Americans have had their differences, of course, notably during the Suez crisis in 1956. But by and large Great Britain and the United States have been allies in fact as well as name, while the French behaved like allies only so long as it suited their financial convenience.

All this is, of course, a matter of opinion—and no doubt of outrageously biased opinion. The bias derives at least in part from the plain facts as recited above. But it also derives in part from personal experience, notably the experience of spending two and a half years in the British Army, and several months in the French Resistance, in the last war.

I enjoyed the *maquis* much more than the British Army, partly because the French are more fun to be with than the British. The French are wonderfully likable and entertaining people, and they can also be amazingly brave and altogether admirable in many ways. But the truth is not in them—not, at least, where *la belle France* is concerned.

In the *maquis* everybody lied happily to everybody else all the time. One *maquisard* would boast of how he had strangled 10 Boches with his bare hands, and another would raise the ante to 20 Boches. It was a game. But there was a point at which it ceased to be a game.

When our area was liberated, de Gaulle himself appeared and made a speech to the assembled *maquisards*. "*C'est vous, les Français, qui ont libéré la France*," he said—"You, the French, have liberated France." It was a bald-faced lie, of course, but every Frenchman present believed it devoutly. All Frenchmen are capable of devoutly believing anything good about France, and anything bad about any other nation, which is one reason why the French are useless as allies.

The British are perfectly god-awful in all sorts of ways. But they respect the truth, and are capable of facing it, one reason why they won the last war and the French lost it. They really do care about political freedom, and not only their own. And they have an inner toughness which makes them useful people to have around in a tight spot.

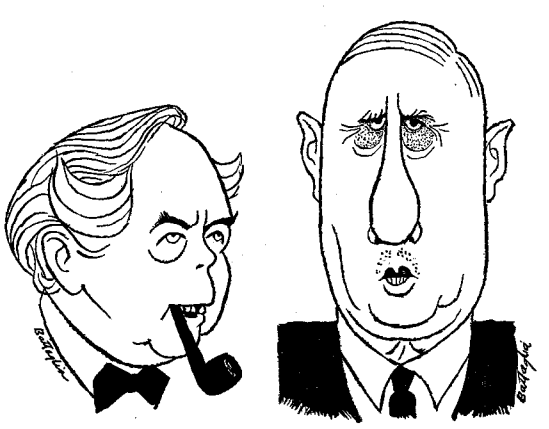
The spot we are in is getting tighter all the time. This is why it seems so odd that we should be actively encouraging the only really useful ally we have to cease to be an ally, and to become instead part of a French-dominated, profoundly anti-American "European" community.

The truth is that, because we are obsessed with Vietnam, we have been following a knee-jerk policy in Europe. In the days of the "Grand Design" for a united Europe closely allied with the United States, the policy made sense. It has now been utterly outdated by events, but our knee goes on jerking—we go on urging the British to join the Common Market, no matter how outrageous the terms laid down by de Gaulle.

This country and Britain ought to be examining with utmost seriousness some kind of "Atlantic arrangement" as an alternative to British submission to de Gaulle's demands—and without being put off by clichés about Britain becoming the "fifty-first state."

Winston Churchill was fond of pointing out that the United States and Britain together made an unchallengeable combination. This is still true, empire or no empire, gold drain or no gold drain. And it is of course why de Gaulle, with his bitter jealousy and paranoiac distrust of "les Anglo-Saxons," is so eager to break up the Anglo-American alliance for good, before he dies. There is no sane reason why we should help him do it.

Stewart Alsop



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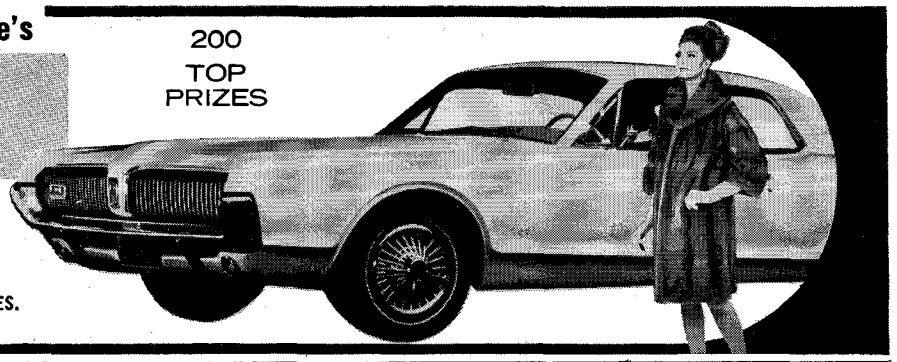

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What happened when Albie Watkins got the bomb.

By RICHARD LEMON

Albie Watkins called a press conference the day he got the bomb, but nobody came to it. He was not surprised; nobody had been coming to the things Albie Watkins did for 42 years. Albie had got the bomb because he was bored with his work as a lab technician, and his doctor suggested he take up a challenging hobby. While he was working on it, he imagined that he might be making some sort of solo breakthrough which would cause a stir, but the reflexes of a lifetime had prepared him for disappointment. So he sighed and typed up six press releases and mailed them to the papers and waited for something to happen. When nothing did, he got angry and went out and got drunk. "I've got the bomb," he told the bartender.

"What bomb?" the bartender asked, although he didn't much care.

"The Hydrogen Bomb," Albie said. "I've got it. Like the Red Chinese."

The bartender thought about it a moment and said, "That's impossible," and walked off. A moment later he came back. "Where?" he asked.

"At home," Albie said. "Where else?"

"What will you do with it?" the bartender asked.

"I don't know," Albie said.

The bartender thought again. "You should give it to the Government," he said.

"No," Albie said. "I want to keep it. They have enough anyway."

The bartender shrugged. "Suit yourself," he said.

A few days later the bartender mentioned to another customer, a Mr. Boyle, that Albie Watkins had the bomb. "What's he want with it?" Mr. Boyle said.

"Beats me," said the bartender. "He don't come in often."

A few days after this, Mr. Boyle got mixed up in a discussion about China and, finding himself with nothing to say, he mentioned that he had heard about a man who had the bomb. "Albie Watson, his name is," Mr. Boyle said. One of the men in the discussion doubted that Albie Watson had the bomb. "My cousin's in the Army," he said. "He'd know about it if somebody had the bomb."

"Well, he does," Mr. Boyle said stubbornly. "I know it for a fact."

"My cousin's been in eighteen years," the man said. "He'd know about it." A few weeks later he saw his cousin's mother and remembered about Albie Watson. He was a man who hated to be wrong, so he told her to find out about it next time she wrote her son. She said she would, but she didn't. She didn't like her nephew because she thought he was a conceited person, always up on his high horse. She told the garbage man instead. "My nephew has a friend who's got the bomb," she said.

"People are crazy these days," the garbage man said, and disappeared with the garbage pail. So she went next door and told Mrs. Wappings, because Mrs. Wappings had new wallpaper and was acting complacent about it. "By the way," she said," a relative of mine has the bomb."

"I wouldn't want one," Mrs. Wappings said.

"I suppose some people wouldn't," the aunt said primly. "It's a clean bomb," she added, and went home with what she hoped was nonchalance. It burned Mrs. Wappings up, so the next time she called her brother, who was high up in ward politics, she told him. "My neighbor's cousin has the bomb," she said. "All your connections and you never get me anything."

"I'll look into it," said her brother. When he had hung up, he told his secretary, "Ethel's neighbor's cousin's got the bomb."

"And?" said the secretary.

"She wants one too," he said. "Look into it."

"Where'd it come from?" asked the secretary, flopping her pad in front of her.

"*You* find out!" the brother snapped. "I can't do everything!"

A couple of days later Mrs. Wappings got in a discussion about needlepoint and, since she didn't do that, she remembered about the bomb. "My friend's brother has the bomb," she said.

"I used to do a little crocheting, too," said a Mrs. Oppelman, who was not easily distracted. "But I found the needlepoint more rewarding."

"I think you do miss the colors with the crocheting," said a Mrs. Morocopia.

"My brother may get me the bomb too," said Mrs. Wappings, but nobody had anything more to say so they all went home. Mrs. Wappings was disgusted with them. A few days later she bumped into Mrs. Morocopia, who was civic-minded.

"I wonder about that bomb you mentioned," Mrs. Morocopia said.

"What about it?" said Mrs. Wappings.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Morocopia. "It's not me, of course, but you know there are some people who might object to a thing like that."

Mrs. Wappings thought a moment. "I don't see why they would," she said.

"They put on those marches and cause a stir," Mrs. Morocopia said, thinking of the crazy college friends her next-door neighbor's boy had brought home on his Christmas holiday. "We have always been a quiet neighborhood," she added.

Mrs. Wappings felt uneasy with this kind of talk. "Well, I am not one to fly in the face of public opinion," she said, attempting righteousness.

"Of course, it's up to you," said Mrs. Morocopia, and went on her way feeling pleased with herself for her dutifulness. Mrs. Wappings mulled it over bitterly for a while without coming to a conclusion and then went home and called up her brother. "I'm calling about that bomb," she said.

"Nothing to it," said her brother. "My secretary met a man named Boyle who has friends in the business. He says it's old hat."

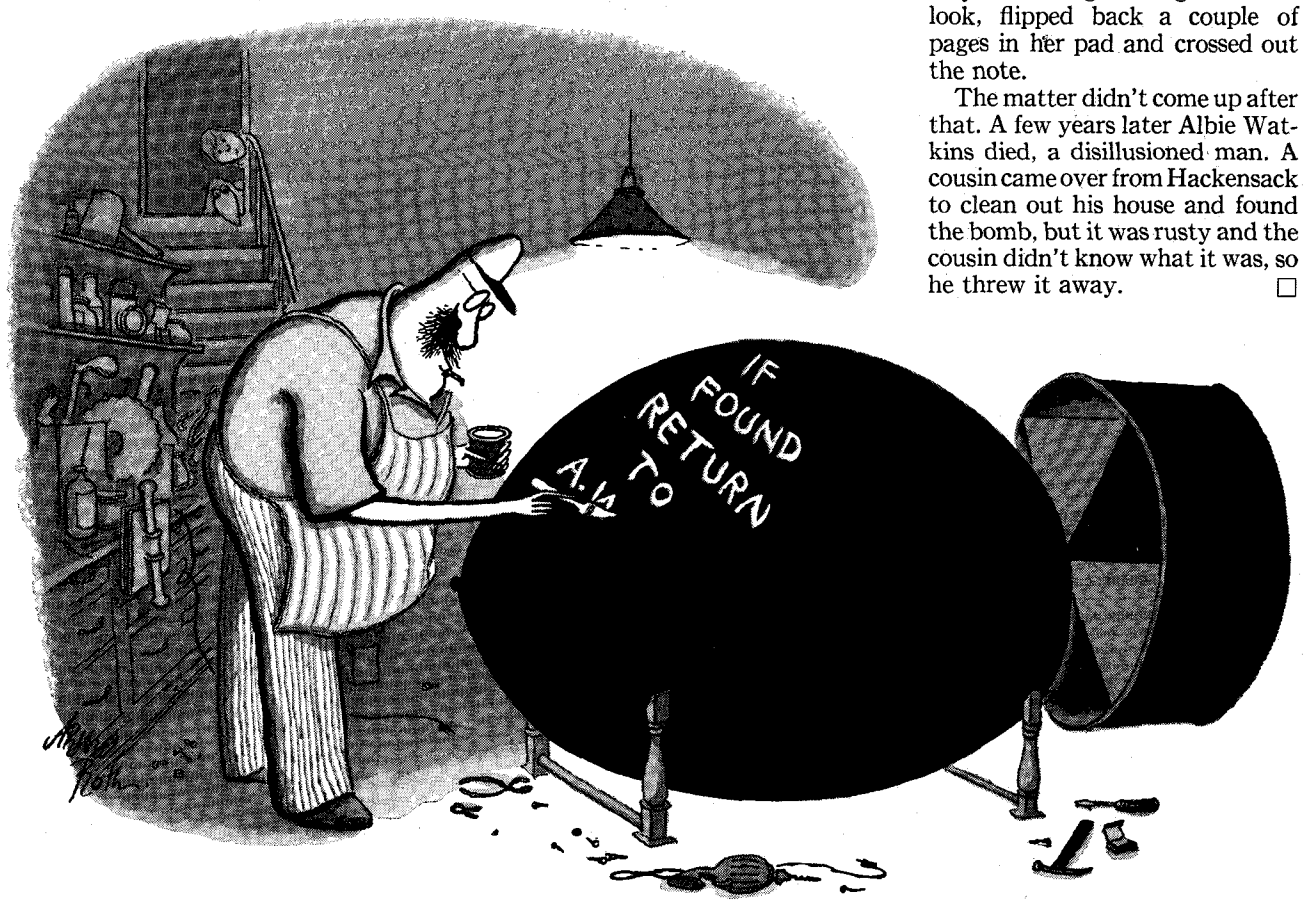
"It is?" said Mrs. Wappings.

"Been around for months," said her brother. "Anybody can get one. Want me to set it up?"

"Of course not," said Mrs. Wappings grandly. "It was a silly idea. You know I don't have space for nonessentials."

"Forget the bomb," the brother told his secretary with a sigh. She gave him a look, flipped back a couple of pages in her pad and crossed out the note.

The matter didn't come up after that. A few years later Albie Watkins died, a disillusioned man. A cousin came over from Hackensack to clean out his house and found the bomb, but it was rusty and the cousin didn't know what it was, so he threw it away. □



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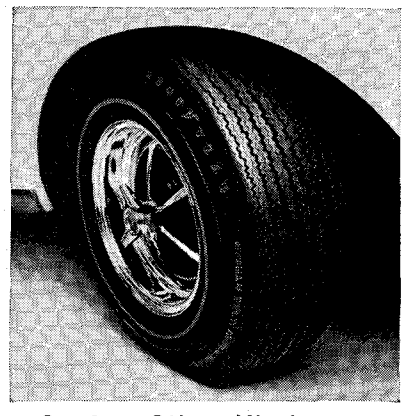

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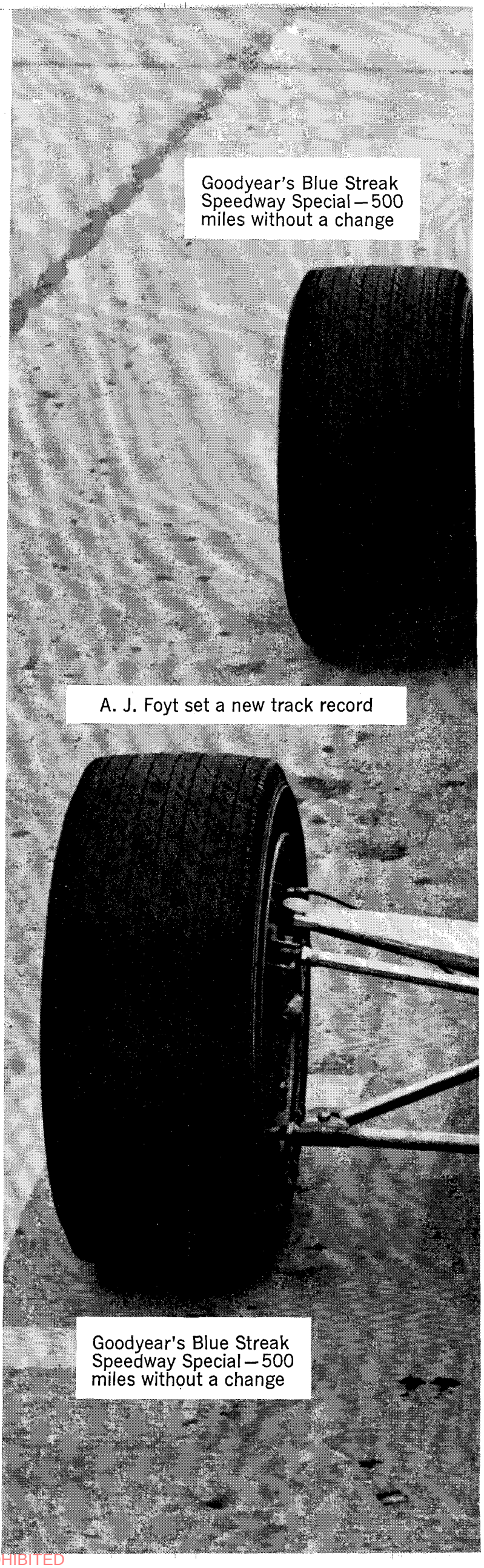
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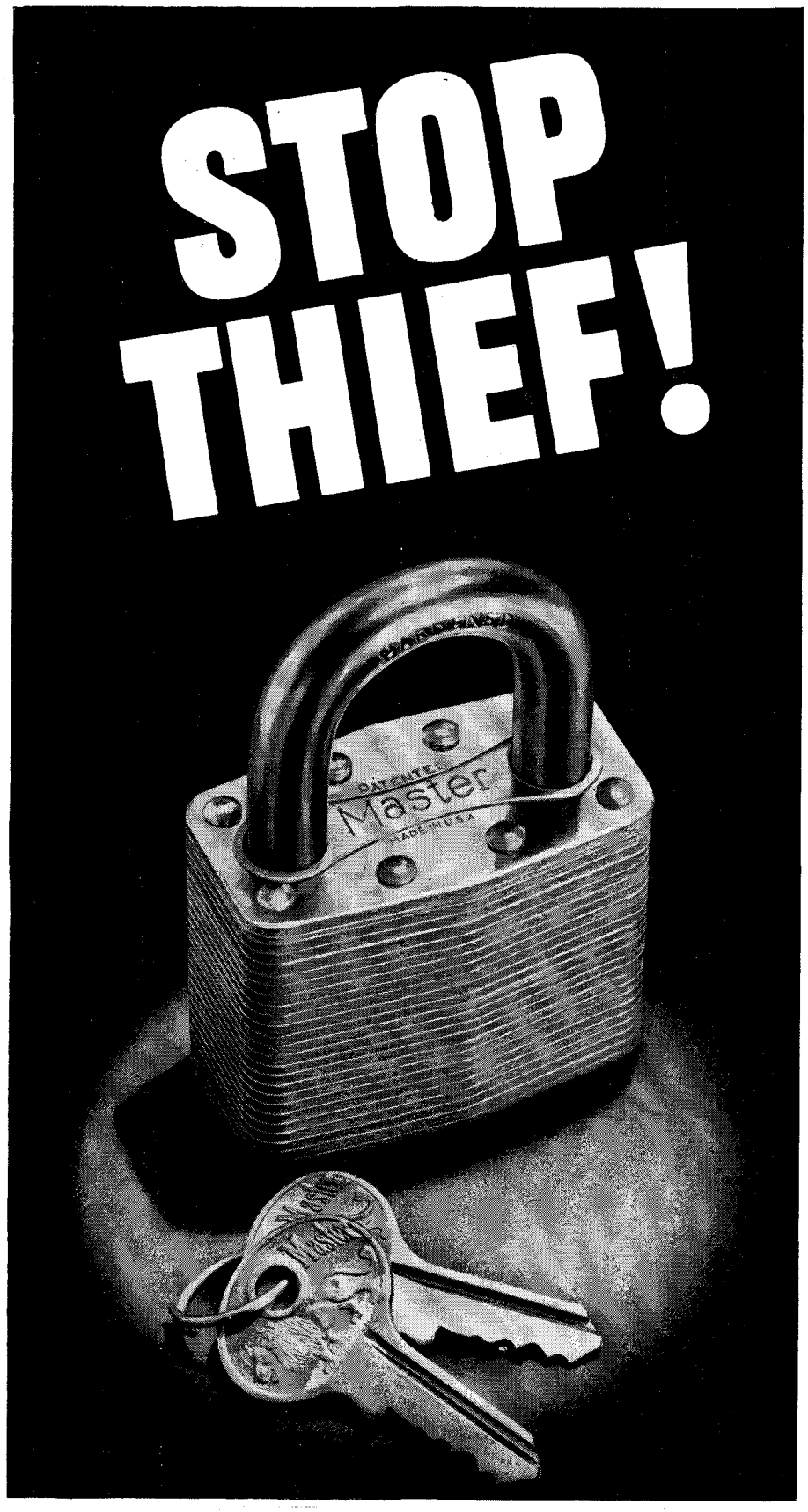

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Alcatraz Island is covered with flowers now: orange and yellow nasturtiums, geraniums, sweet grass, blue iris, black-eyed Susans. Candytuft springs up through the cracked concrete in the exercise yard. Ice plant carpets the rusting catwalks. WARNING! KEEP OFF! U.S. PROPERTY, the sign still reads, big and yellow and visible for perhaps a quarter of a mile, but since March 21, 1963, the day they took the last thirty or so men off the island and sent them to prisons less expensive to maintain, the warning has been only *pro forma*, the gun turrets empty, the cellblocks abandoned. It is not an unpleasant place to be, out there on Alcatraz with only the flowers and the wind and a bell buoy moaning and the tide surging through the Golden Gate, but to like a place like that you have to want a moat.

As it happens, I sometimes do, which is what I am talking about here. Three people live on Alcatraz now. John and Marie Hart live in the same apartment they had for the 16 years that he was a prison guard; they raised five children on the island, back when their neighbors were the Birdman and Mickey Cohen, but the Birdman and Mickey Cohen are gone now and so are the Harts' children, moved away, the last married in a ceremony on the island last June. One other person lives on Alcatraz, a retired merchant seaman named Bill Doherty, and, between them, Bill Doherty and John Hart are responsible to the General Services Administration for maintaining a 24-hour watch over the 22-acre island. John Hart has a dog named Duffy, and Bill has a dog named Duke, and although the dogs are primarily good company they are also the first line of defense on Alcatraz Island. Marie Hart has a corner window which looks out to the San Francisco skyline, across a mile and a half of bay, and she sits there and paints "views" or plays her organ, songs like *Old Black Joe* and *Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep*. Once a week the Harts take their boat to San Francisco to pick up their mail and shop at the big Safeway in the Marina, and occasionally Marie Hart gets off the island to visit her children. She likes to keep in touch with them by telephone, but for 10 months of last year, after a Japanese freighter cut the cable, there was no telephone service to or from Alcatraz. Every morning the KGO traffic reporter drops the San Francisco *Chronicle* from his helicopter, and when he has time he stops for coffee. Nobody else comes out there except a man from the General Services Administration named Thomas Scott, who brings out an occasional congressman or somebody who

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wants to buy the island or, once in a while, his wife and small son, for a picnic. Quite a few people would like to buy the island, and Mr. Scott reckons that it would bring about five million dollars in a sealed-bid auction, but the General Services Administration is powerless to sell it until Congress acts on a two-and-a-half-year-old proposal to turn the island into a "peace park." Mr. Scott says that he will be glad to get Alcatraz off his hands, but the charge of a fortress island is not something a man gives up without ambivalent thoughts.

I went out there with Mr. Scott one afternoon not long ago. Any child could imagine a prison more like a prison than Alcatraz looks, for what bars and wires there are seem perfunctory, beside the point; the island itself was the prison, and the cold tide its wall. It is precisely what they called it: The Rock. Bill and Duke lowered the dock for us, and in the station wagon on the way up the cliff Bill told Mr. Scott about small repairs he had made or planned to make. Whatever repairs get made on Alcatraz are made to pass the time, a kind of caretaker's scrimshaw, because the Government pays for no upkeep at all on the prison; in 1963 it would have cost five million dollars to repair, which is why it was abandoned, and the $24,000 a year that it costs to maintain Alcatraz is mostly for surveillance, partly to barge in the 400,000 gallons of water that Bill and the Harts use every year (there is no water on Alcatraz, one impediment to development), and the rest to heat two apartments and keep some lights burning. The buildings seem quite literally abandoned. The key locks have been ripped from the cell doors and the big electrical locking mechanisms disconnected. The tear-gas vents in the cafeteria are empty and the paint is buckling everywhere, corroded by the sea air, peeling off in great scales of pale green and ocher. I stood for a while in Al Capone's cell, five by nine feet, number 200 on the second tier of B Block, not one of the view cells, which were awarded on seniority, and I walked through the solitary block, totally black when the doors were closed. "Snail Mitchel," read a pencil scrawl on the wall of Solitary 14. "The only man that ever got shot for walking too slow." Beside it was a calendar, the months penciled on the wall with the days scratched off, May, June, July, August of some numberless year.

Mr. Scott, whose interest in penology dates from the day his office acquired Alcatraz as a potential property, talked about escapes and security routines and pointed out the beach where Ma Barker's boy Doc was killed trying to escape. (They told him to come back up, and he said he would rather be shot, and he was.) I saw the shower room with the soap still in the dishes. I picked up a yellowed program from an Easter service and I struck a few notes on an upright piano with the ivory all rotted from its keys and I tried to imagine the prison as it had been, with the big lights playing over the windows all night long and the guards patrolling the gun galleries and the silver clattering into a bag as it was checked in after meals, tried dutifully to summon up some distaste, some night terror of the doors locking and the boat pulling away. But the fact of it was that I liked it out there, a ruin devoid of human vanities, clean of human illusions, an empty place reclaimed by the weather where a woman plays an organ to stop the wind's whining and an old man plays ball with a dog named Duke. I could tell you that I came back from that island because I had promises to keep, but maybe it was because nobody asked me to stay.

Joan Didion

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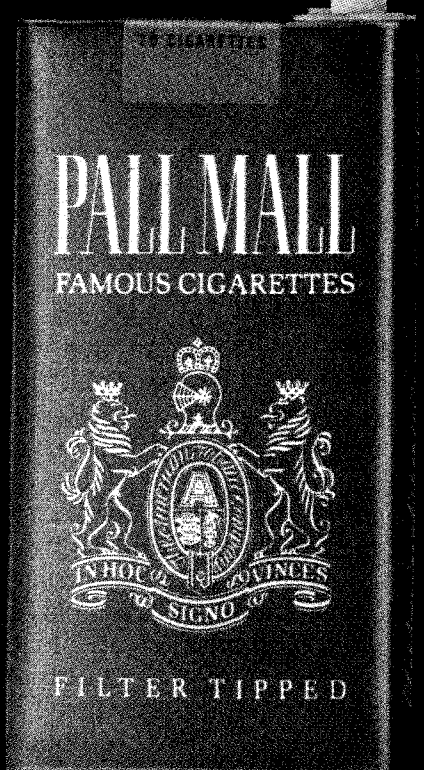

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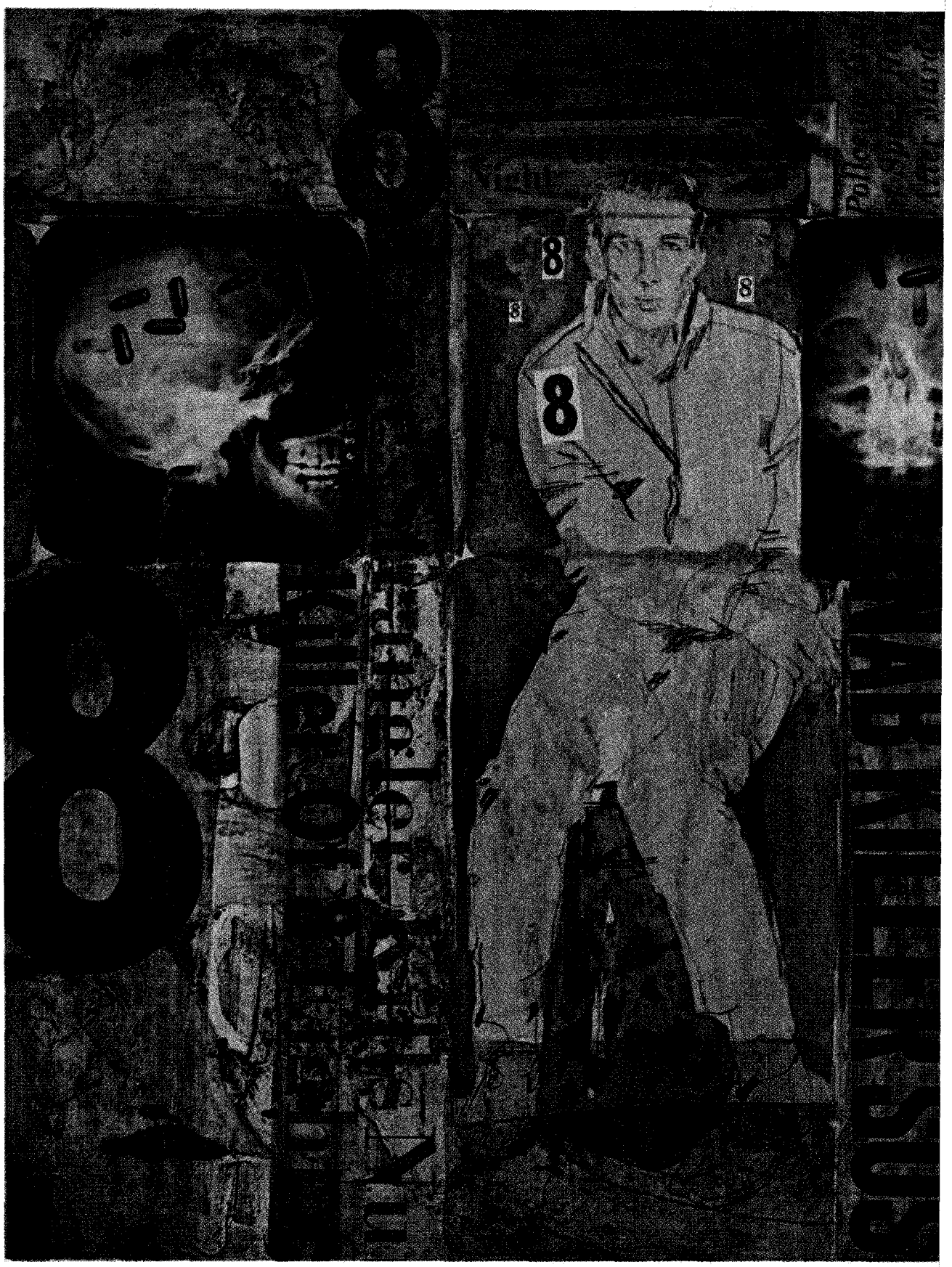
The Saturday Evening POST

Born to raise hell

THE MIND OF A MURDERER

Richard Speck, the killer of eight young Chicago nurses, told a psychiatrist all he knew about the violent life that had led to tragedy. Here is his story.



By Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M.D.

At 12:30 P.M. on July 29, 1966, a young man was brought to Ward 1 of the hospital at Cook County Jail on Chicago's Southwest Side. A nurse and a doctor helped him into bed No. 11 in a corner of the narrow olive-drab ward. Only 10 of the 20 other beds were occupied. From one of them, four beds away, a Negro prisoner sat up and screamed at the newcomer, "I'll kill you, you bastard! I'll get you, sure as God!" The rest of the patients stared in silence. The young man looked startled at the outburst but said nothing. He turned and faced the brick wall, clenched his eyes and tried to sleep. A guard was posted at the foot of his bed. The young man was Richard Speck, accused of murdering eight nurses.

The jail psychiatrist, Dr. Marvin Ziporyn, was making his regular rounds of the patients, chatting quietly. He stopped by the newcomer's bed to exchange a few words with the guard. The psychiatrist glanced down at Speck, who was propped up on two pillows. The prisoner wore a regulation white hospital smock, loose around the neck and revealing on his upper chest pockmarks like those that pitted the hollow cheeks of his pale, angular face. Beneath a mass of sandy hair slicked back from a high forehead, his watery blue eyes flickered apprehensively. His dry, colorless lips hung half open. Speck looked

©1967 by Jack Altman and Marvin Ziporyn, M. D., from the forthcoming book BORN TO RAISE HELL.

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haggard, tense and considerably older than his 24 years. He had lost a lot of blood from cuts on his right wrist and the inner side of his left elbow—the result of a suicide attempt. During treatment he had also suffered an inflammation of the heart sac. The strength his muscular body once had now seemed to have seeped away.

Ziporyn walked away and was approached by the head nurse as he left the ward.

"Are you going to talk to him?" she asked.

"Speck? No, I don't want to jeopardize his rights," the psychiatrist replied. "He might say things to me that could hurt him." But the decision was not for Ziporyn to make, as he discovered a few minutes later in the office of the chief warden, Jack Johnson. The warden asked:

"Do you think Speck is suicidal?"

"No idea."

"Well, I think you should go down and see him. See whether he is suicidal and tell us what precautions we should take."

This was the bald assignment, in its way a routine task, but in Speck's case, the horror of the murders had immeasurably raised the stakes. He had already attempted suicide once since the murders. Warden Johnson did not want Speck making another such attempt.

The state's attorney's office had made unusual efforts, following recent Supreme Court decisions on interrogation, to protect the prisoner's rights. The warden was concerned with protecting the prisoner against himself. It was the psychiatrist's job to anticipate the risks.

This was the immediate task, but it did not represent the limit of Ziporyn's responsibility. Johnson had given him the broadest of mandates when he started work at Cook County Jail in 1965.

Ziporyn worked out his own program in the jail, providing group therapy for women prisoners and individual therapeutic counseling for inmates in need of it, advising on whether they could benefit from activity in the prison's workshops for printing, carpentry, baking. He also prescribed medicine and submitted diagnostic reports to the courts on request. He was required to make a report on each interview with a prisoner, but the content of those interviews was left entirely to him.

In the case of Richard Speck, Ziporyn was to calculate the chances that the prisoner might try to commit suicide. Ziporyn would have to probe the thoughts, memories, worries and fears, and also the fancies and whims that made up the man, Richard Speck.

'Did you do it?'
'Everybody says I did it.
Must be so.
If they say I did it,
I did it.'

Speck was lying in bed reading a magazine when the psychiatrist returned. It was a sticky July afternoon. A large electric fan whirred from the corner opposite Speck's bed. As Ziporyn approached, the prisoner stared fixedly at the magazine. Ziporyn coughed and said quietly, "Mr. Speck, my name is Dr. Ziporyn. I'm the jail psychiatrist, and I've been asked to find out a little bit about you. Mind if we talk?"

Speck shrugged and continued looking at the magazine. He said nothing. The psychiatrist went on, "Do you like to read?"

Without looking up, Speck muttered, "Nope." He paused and added, "I don't read too well. I just like to look at the pictures."

"Can you read at all?" Ziporyn asked. "I'd like you to show me." He took the magazine and asked Speck to read an advertisement. In a Texas drawl, stretching out each word in a halting rhythm that had nothing to do with the sense of what he was reading, Speck stumbled his way through two lines of text. The only words that came without difficulty were familiar brand names.

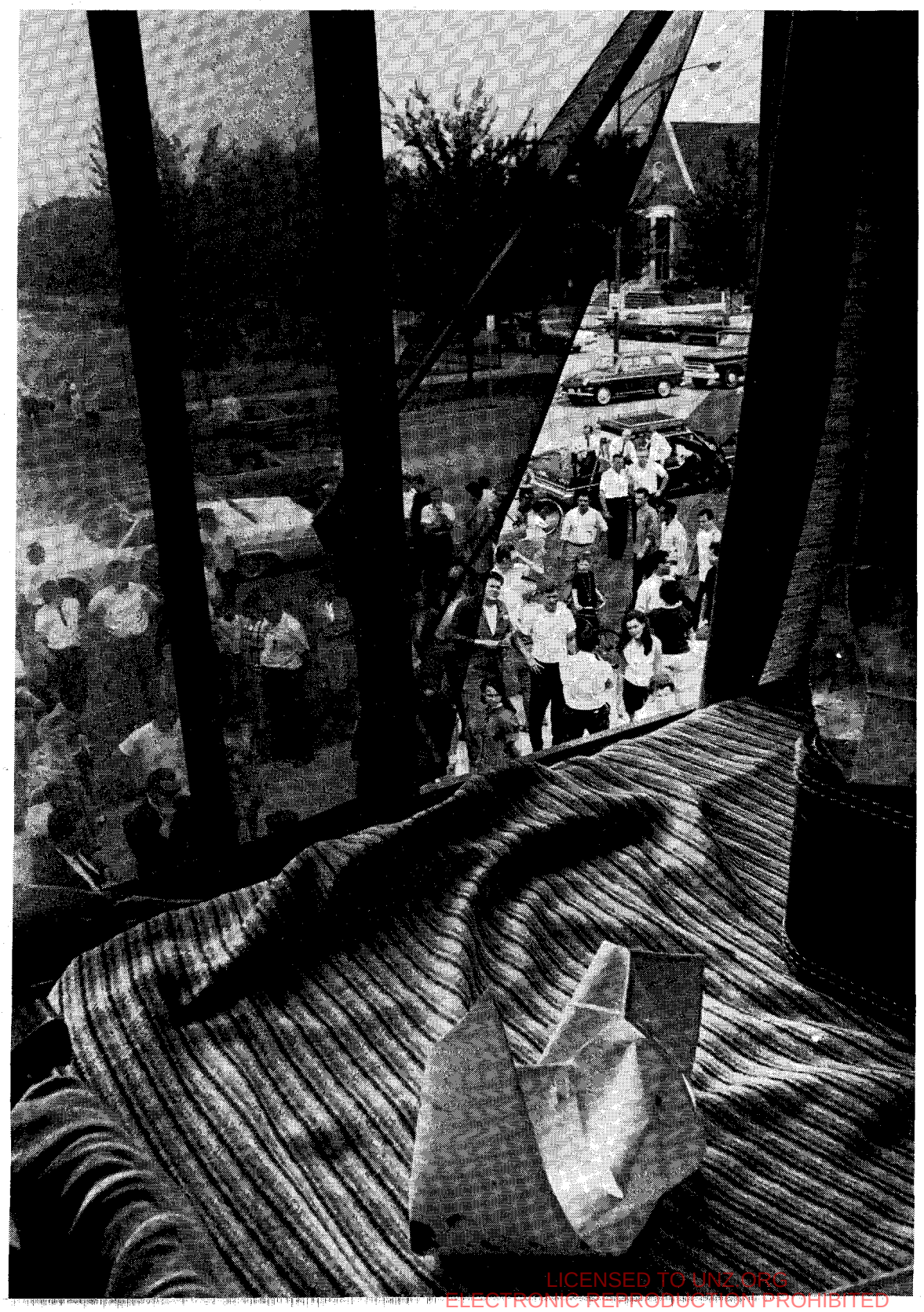
"You see?" he said blandly. "I just don't read well, do I?"

Speck's manner remained remote. Ziporyn asked Speck to name the year, the month, the day, where he was, who the President was, the Vice President, the mayor of Chicago. The date, the place and Lyndon Baines Johnson he knew, but then he halted. Ziporyn followed up with two tests in which he spoke numbers and words in sequence and asked Speck to repeat them in sequence. Speck did badly at it.

Given the careful warning that he would have to repeat the numbers and the sentence, a normal person could recite them back. Speck's failures of mental status and memory suggested possible brain damage. Ziporyn went on with a subtraction test, at which Speck also did badly.

The psychiatrist asked, "Did you ever get hit on the head?"

"Plenty of times," said Speck, showing more interest in this than in the arithmetic questions. "When I was playing in a sandbox, I hit myself on the head with a claw hammer. Accidentally. I knocked myself out. Then, a few years later—I must have been about ten—I was playing with some kids. They chased me, and I climbed into a tree. I hid there for a while, maybe ten feet from the ground, and lost my hold. I fell on my head. My sister found me. She thought I was dead. They told me I was out for about an hour and a half. About five years after that, I did it again. This time I was running down a street and ran my head straight into a steel awning rod. I was knocked out again. That thing must have gone right into my brain. See that patch of light-colored hairs on my head? That's where the awning rod hit me. On top of that I've been pistol-whipped by cops, and



The bedroom in which the long night of murder began.

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I've been beat up in bar fights. Hundreds of times."

Cause for brain damage seemed sufficient right there. Ziporyn then asked a series of questions that were standard primary tests for indication of schizophrenia. Speck's answers satisfied Ziporyn that he showed no cognitive or perceptive defects indicative of schizophrenia. But the psychiatrist needed evidence of a secondary nature, based on Speck's psychological history.

"Do you ever hear voices?" Ziporyn asked.

Speck blushed and did not seem to want to reply. Ziporyn waited. After a long pause Speck said, "Well, sometimes." He paused again and added, "When I take drugs."

"Whose voices?" Ziporyn asked.

"You'll kind of think I'm silly, I mean it sounds ridiculous, but they're like my conscience talking to me. They warn me, tell me, 'Don't do it,' when I'm thinking of doing something bad." Speck was obviously embarrassed. With great deliberation he added, "But I want you to know, it only happens when I'm on drugs."

"What kind of drugs?"

"Yellow-jackets and red-birds." [Slang names for habituating barbiturates capable of causing hallucinations and bizarre actions.] "And then sometimes I shoot myself with inhalers. You know, glue and stuff."

"And do you drink?"

"Boy, do I drink."

"What?"

"Anything I can lay my hands on—wine, beer, whisky, gin, you name it. I drink from the time I get up till I get drunk and fall back into bed. Sometimes it makes me feel real good. But sometimes it puts me in a real bad temper, and then I get into fights."

Speck talked slowly, quietly, in a monotone. What part his real or apparent involvement in the murders was playing in his behavior was not yet evident. Ziporyn decided it was an appropriate moment to approach the subject. He took a deep breath and said, "Dick, you know that everybody is saying you killed these nurses. What happened?"

"I don't know anything more about it than you do," Speck replied.

"Did you do it?"

Speck sighed deeply and replied in a low voice, with a shrug of resignation: "Everybody says I did it. Must be so. If they say I did it, I did it."

Ziporyn repeated his question.

"Did you do it?"

"Look, I was drinking that day. I told you how I drink. And I had six red-birds. To tell you the truth, I don't know nothing about anything from eight o'clock that night till I came to, about eleven o'clock the next day. All I remember is I met three sailors in a tavern on the South Side in the afternoon. We had some drinks, then we went off some place and had a fix—a shot in the arm. I don't know what it was exactly, but it wasn't heroin. It was something in a blue bottle, I think, I don't remember a thing after that. I couldn't tell you or anybody else what any of those nurses looked like."

"You remember going into the building, the place where they lived?"

Speck smiled quizzically and looked around the room. Then he said, "You know, my lawyer told me not to talk about this to anybody."

"But this is part of the jail routine. You can tell me," said Ziporyn.

"Is it? Well, I guess it's OK then. Nope, I don't remember going into no building."

"What did you do when you came to, the next day?"

Speck snorted self-mockingly and said, "Same thing I always do. Went out and got drunk again."

"Did you hear about the murders when you went out?"

"Yeah, I heard something about it."

"You didn't connect it with yourself?"

Speck considered the question and shook his head with a look of surprise on his face. It seemed to be striking him for the first time that his feeling of detachment was a little odd. "No," he said slowly. "No, I didn't make no connection, not till I heard my name on the radio."

"Were you frightened at all?"

"No. By that time I was too drunk again to feel anything."

"And how do you feel about it now?"

The tired air of resignation deepened in his voice as he drawled, "Well, if I burn, I burn."

There was a pause, and then he spoke again. "When I heard what they said I'd done, on the radio, I just felt there was no point in living. If I

Drawings by Fred Otnes

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was that kind of person, then I was no good to anybody any more, no good to myself neither. First I tried a bottle of sleeping pills, a whole bottle, but that was no good. I had to do something, I had to find some way. I mean, what's the use of living, somebody like me? So then I tried cutting myself, with a razor blade. But that didn't work either, did it? I'm still here."

Ziporyn nodded. Speck's depression was deepening, and the psychiatrist decided to stop the interview. He left Speck and went to tell Warden Johnson what he wanted to know.

Yes, Speck was suicidal. He was emotionally unstable, impulsive, depressive. Throughout the 65 minutes of the interview his mood had shifted constantly—sometimes bland, then cheerful, then depressed, never the same for more than two or three minutes at a time. Ziporyn recommended standard psychiatric tests. And the usual practical precautions against suicide.

Ziporyn was assigned to see Speck on a regular basis. This meant he would see him whenever he came to the jail, which was usually twice a week.

Ziporyn was able to reconstruct many of the events of mid-July that had brought his new patient to Cook County Jail, but there were gaps. Police investigation had been quick and largely efficient. The surviving nurse, Corazon Amurao, furnished an account of the accused man's arrival on the scene and described the events that led to the murders. There was, however, no eyewitness to the actual killings, of which Speck professed total ignorance. The police had announced that they were satisfied they had the right man.

The scene of the murders was a sedately middle-class neighborhood on the southeast edge of Chicago. On the south side of East 100th Street, between Luella and Crandon avenues, is a block of six simple two-story houses, with pastel-green wooden façades and buff brick walls. Three of the houses were rented by the South Chicago Community Hospital as a residence for 24 of their 115 student nurses. Across Crandon Avenue, on the southeast corner of East 100th, is the red-brick branch office of the National Maritime Union.

As she later told the police, Miss Amurao, a 23-year-old Filipino exchange nurse living at 2319 East 100th, started to get ready for bed at about 10:30 P.M. She and two roommates shared a front bedroom on the second floor. At 11 P.M. the young

'I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only going to tie you up. I need your money to go to New Orleans.'

women heard a knock on the door of the room.

"I opened the door," Miss Amurao said in her statement, "and a man was standing there. The first thing I noticed about him was the strong smell of alcohol."

She described the man as about 25, six feet tall, fair-haired, weighing about 170 pounds. He wore a black jacket, dark trousers and black shoes. According to the police version of her statement, he carried a small black gun in one hand and a knife in the other. He told her, "I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only going to tie you up. I need your money to go to New Orleans."

Motioning with the gun, he told Miss Amurao and the other two girls to go to a bedroom at the back of the house, where he found three more girls. He made all six lie on the floor. Repeatedly assuring them that he did not want to harm them, he took a sheet from a bunk, methodically tore it into strips and bound each girl.

At 11:30 another nurse, Gloria Davy, returned from a date and was met by the intruder. She was led to the back bedroom and was bound with the others. Half an hour later Suzanne Farris came home with her friend Mary Ann Jordan. They, too, were met by the man and taken to the bedroom. He asked them all where they kept their money, and they gave him what they had.

Of the nine girls lying on the floor, six were senior nursing students and three were exchange nurses from the Philippines. Only eight of them actually lived in the house. The ninth, Mary Ann Jordan, intended to stay overnight with Suzanne Farris, who was engaged to be married the following spring to Mary Ann's brother, Philip. Mary Ann, 20 years old, lived at home.

Nina Schmale, 24, of Wheaton, Ill., had been a Sunday-school teacher for four years and had worked as a volunteer nurse's aid at the Du Page Convalescent Home before coming to South Chicago Community Hospital. Patricia Matusek, 20, was a local swimming champion and member of a water-ballet team. She was to start work in the Chicago Children's Memorial Hospital when she finished her training in September. Pamela Wilkening, 20, came from Lansing, Ill. Nursing had been her goal since early childhood.

Perhaps the prettiest of the girls was Gloria Davy, a 22-year-old brunette. She had worked for a year as a nurse's aid at Our Lady of Mercy Hospital in her hometown, Dyer, Ind. She was president of the Illinois Student Nurses Association, and planned to join the Peace Corps after finishing her training.

The Filipino girls—Merlita Gargullo, 22, Valentina Pasion, 23, and Corazon Amurao—were all graduates of Manila nursing schools. They had arrived in Chicago two months before for postgraduate training. Now, they and the six American girls lay at the mercy of a stranger, a man who had, as the sole survivor was later to tell the police, "soft eyes, a very gentle appearance."

One by one he took the girls out of the back bedroom. Each gave a muffled cry as she was led from the room, but otherwise, Miss Amurao related, there were no screams, no sounds of violence. At

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the time, she said, she had no idea of what was happening. During one of his absences from the room, she rolled herself under one of the bunks set against the wall. She lay there, petrified, through the night. At 5 A.M., when the nurses regularly awoke to get ready for the hospital Jeep that picked them up for work, Miss Amurao heard an alarm clock go off in one of the other bedrooms. Apart from that, not a sound. Thinking the man might still be in the house, she lay still for another hour and then wriggled out from under the bed. She freed herself and crept out of the bedroom along the hall to her own room at the front of the house.

As she went from room to room on the second floor she found the bodies of her friends. She smashed the screen of her bedroom window and crawled onto the two-foot-wide ledge that ran along the front of the house, about 10 feet from the ground. There she cowered, screaming for help.

"Help me, help me. Everybody is dead. I am the only one alive on the sampan." In her terror she imagined herself back in the Philippines.

Two houses away, Mrs. Betty Windmiller heard the screaming and rushed to the street where she met a neighbor, Robert Hall, walking his dog. Together they ran to number 2319, where Miss Amurao was crouching on the ledge, screaming, "My friends are all dead, all dead, all dead. I'm the only one alive, oh God, the only one. My friends are all dead." While other neighbors emerged and tried to calm Miss Amurao, Mrs. Windmiller and Mr. Hall called the police.

Daniel Kelly, a policeman who had been cruising through the area in a patrol car, entered the house through the rear door, which he found open. Inside he found Gloria Davy lying naked, face-down on a divan in the downstairs living room. He recognized her as the sister of his former girl friend, Charlene. According to the published portion of Coroner Andrew Toman's autopsy, Miss Davy was strangled by a strip of clothing.

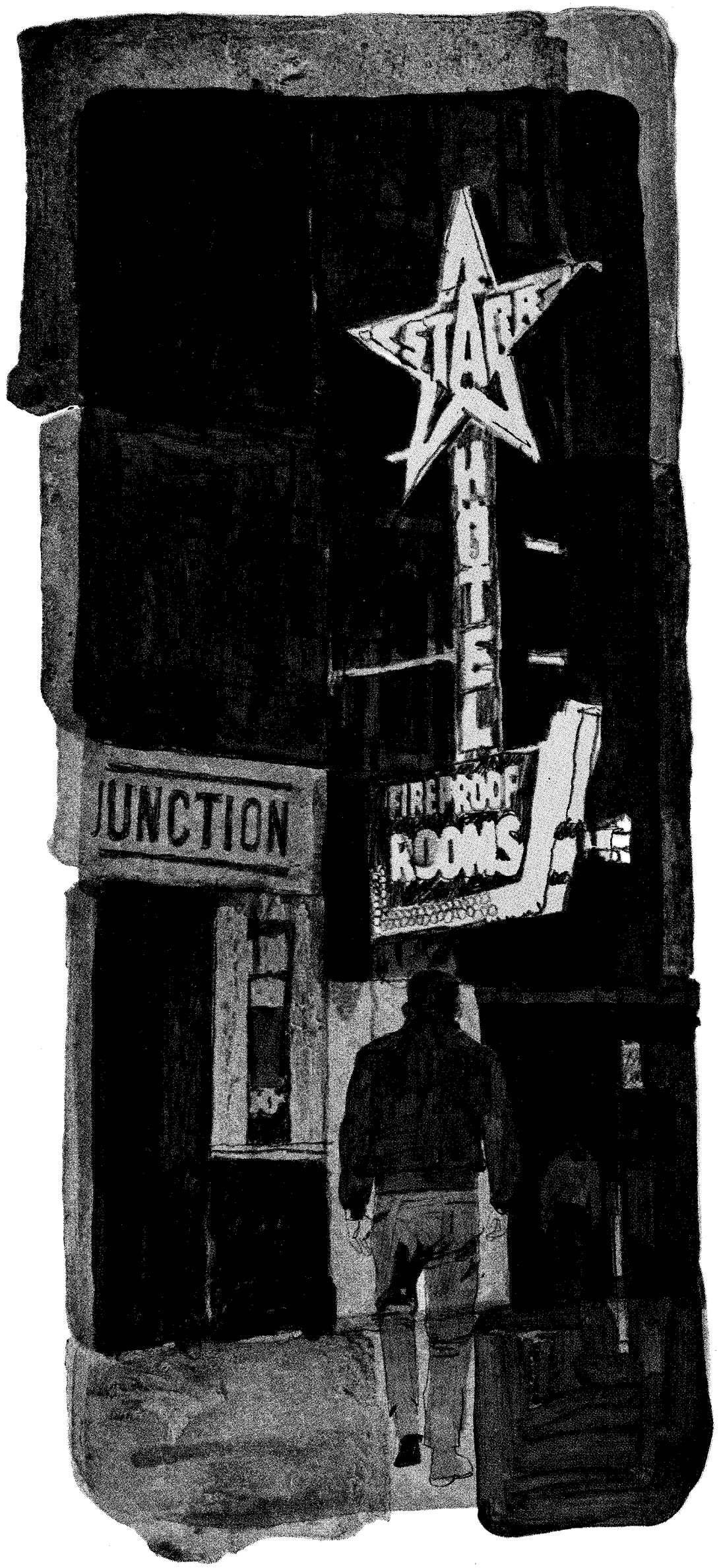
She had been sexually assaulted.

The other bodies were upstairs. Patricia Matusek was found in the bathroom, lying on her back. She had been strangled. In the doorway of the front bedroom, through which Miss Amurao had crawled to scream for help, lay Mary Ann Jordan, stabbed in the heart, through her left breast, in the neck and in the left eye. Beside her was Suzanne Farris. She had been stabbed several times in the back, slashed across the neck and chin and finally strangled. Pamela Wilkening was strangled with a strip of sheet and stabbed in the left breast. On the floor of the other front bedroom the body of Valentina Pasion, who had died of stab wounds in the neck, was found lying across that of Merlita Gargullo, who had been strangled and stabbed. Nina Schmale lay on the bed, stabbed in the neck and strangled. Miss Davy was the only one whom police described as having been left completely naked.

More than 30 fingerprints not belonging to the nurses were found by police on the walls, the furniture and the girls' belongings. The only extraneous item reported at the time was a man's sweat-soaked T-shirt, lying on a desk in the living room.

Miss Amurao was taken to a hospital, where she was placed under mild sedation while police interviewed her for two hours. By 8:30 on that Thursday morning the description of the intruder had been circulated to patrol cars touring the neighborhood. Twenty minutes later they learned that a man of that description had left two bags with an attendant at the gas station opposite the National Maritime Union, telling the attendant that he was seeking work there. At the N.M.U. office police learned that a man had been there in the past few days looking for a job aboard a ship to New Orleans. They found his name on an application form: Richard Speck.

Speck had had a number of jobs as a seaman, and his photograph was filed with the U.S. Coast Guard. The police included the picture among 180 others of men with (*continued on page 70*)



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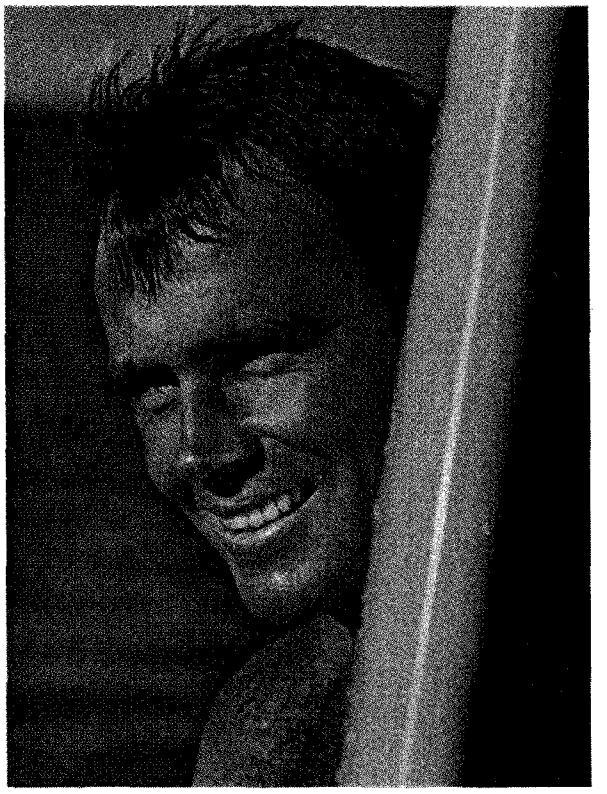
Edwards angles down a monstrous wave at Hawaii's Waimea Bay, keeping just ahead of the breaking crest at right and picking up sufficient speed to climb back up the 15-foot wall of water.



The upper limits of surfing—by the 'unplugged' Californian generally acknowledged to be the finest surfer in the world.

I'll tell you what neat is. The force of a monster wave can pin you right down to the bottom. You lie there on your back—spread-eagled and heavy and helpless—and if you look up you can see those spinning fingers of turbulence reaching down to get you. They scoop you up inside of them, and you roll yourself up into a ball, and for a few seconds you are spinning around crazily in a world that is neither land nor sea nor air. This is real back-to-the-womb stuff, and this is how you get locked in on life.

There is a need in all of us for controlled danger; that is, a need for an activity that puts us—however briefly—on the *edge* of life. Civilization is breeding it out of us, or breeding it *down* in us, this go-to-hell trait. There are uncounted millions of people right now who are going through life without any sort of real, vibrant kick. The legions of the unjazzed.

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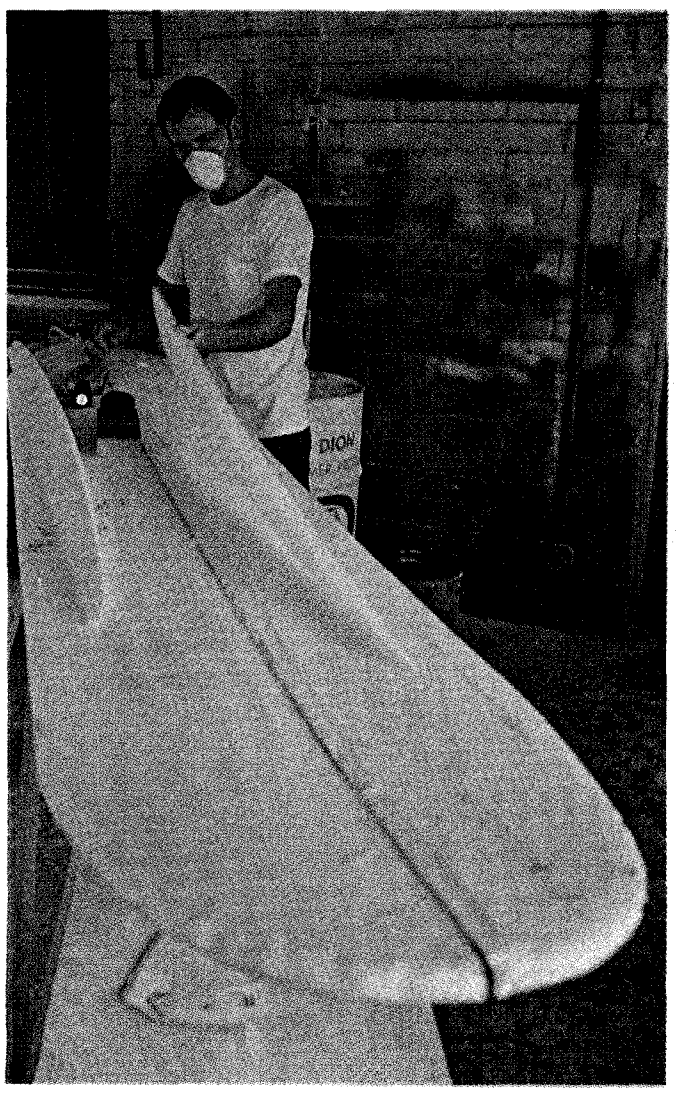

Office hours for a surf nut. Surfboard designer Edwards uses a plane to finish a board made of polyurethane foam.

'If it's one of those grim, zilch days, I can always go to work.'

But surfers have found one way. God knows, there are other ways. Each to his own special danger. Skiing is not enough. Sailing is near. Ski jumping is almost. Automobile racing has got it. Bullfighting makes you dead. The answer is surfing.

I am 28 years old, California umber in color, and have all of my fingers and toes. For the last four years my wife Heidi and I have lived at Dana Point on the California coast near Capistrano—a place that smells richly of the sea, which is 150 feet straight down the cliff. We moved to Hawaii (where Heidi was raised) this March, but our life isn't going to change. I always want to live this way. I have 38 pairs of surfing trunks.

In the mornings at Dana Point, Heidi and I would awaken to the sounds of the ocean; by just raising my head slightly from the pillow, I could look into the Pacific. It is the moment of big Executive Decision: If the surf is up, I go surfing. If the surf is not right, but the wind is up, I go sailing. Or, if it is one of those terrible, grim, zilch days, I can always go to work. The costume is the same for any of these three activities. I design surfboards for a living, which is exactly what I want to do for a living; I'm resigned to the fact that it is not going to get me named Industrialist of the Year.

On our surfing days at Dana Point, when the wind and the waves were right, Heidi and I and our friends assembled at the Poche Point Club, which is so exclusive you can't stand it. Exclusive: It is a little strip of beach on Beach Road, and anyone who happens to be there is a member. No cards, no dues, no minutes of the last meeting.

The surf at Poche Point is often jolting—it comes pounding in short and fast on most days, not exactly the sort of surf you will see in those beer ads or on book jackets. Rather it is the kind of ocean that disciplines you, trains you for the better stuff. It also breaks down your kidneys, tests your pelvic structure and shakes all the fillings out of your teeth.

Tough as it is, this is mood surfing. Every ride is guaranteed to be a wild one; the long rides are rare, and the overall effect is wonderful exhaustion. And every evening, whether the surfing has been good or bad, there is this magic time. You sit on the beach, still warm from the day's sun, and lean back against the seawall and look out at the ocean. You are stoked. Six, eight, ten people lined up against a wall, all jazzed by the water they have just conquered. There is this feeling of vast accomplishment.

In varying degrees anyone who surfs is a lot like us, really, even if their lives are more conventional. Out of the water they must go around in this other world and try to look like *people*. That is, with the big, baby-blue eyes and the average, who-shot-John look about them. On the inside is a kind of wild creature they keep pretty much under control. Surfers as a rule do not like to talk surfing to nonsurfers. They have this tendency to get all worked up, and pretty soon people are sidling away from them and saying, politely, from the other side of the potato-chip dip, "Oh, my, yes. How very nice. It sounds like such *fun*. . . ." And pretty soon you get this feeling in the air that perhaps you are out of the social contest.

The theme of life these days, I know, is that supersophisticated, bored thing, that Oh-God-Irving-where-will-it-all-end kind of approach. And anyone who betrays any jazz doesn't get to play. Therefore, the hell with it.

This is what surfing used to be like. You would catch the wave, leap to your feet, and ride it straight into the beach, through the soup and into the sand. Grind. Stop. And that was it. Hot dog in those days was still a thing you ate. But there were faint stirrings somewhere inside all of us.

The old boards had no rocker effect. They were straight. They were . . . boards. Marvelous, except for one chilling factor. From the top of a wave, say a five-foot wave, they would slide down the front shoulder—you were on your feet, properly positioned—and they would keep on sliding down.

With no lift on the nose, the boards would "pearl"—which means plunge straightaway into the water. They would ride to the bottom, the force of the wave would rifle them back up like a shot, often 15 feet into the air, and they would come down like an ax. We learned to stay underwater listening until we heard that thump of the board thwacking back down. Otherwise, no head.

Trying to prevent this made me a better surfer. The first thing I hung was two: Which meant hanging both heels over the back of the board to bring the nose up. Since I didn't weigh enough to counteract its diving force, I did better than that. I would leap to my feet, quickly get my heels over the back of the board as it began that deadly slide down the wave and, at what I hoped was the right moment, I would jump up and down on the thing to lift the nose out of the water. Sometimes it worked. But most of the time, there I was: lying doggo underwater, listening for that thump.

I guess I am the guy who invented angling off a wave. I wasn't trying to be fancy, I was just trying to keep the board from pearling.

In California we had spread out as far afield as San Onofre and Huntington Cliffs. We found that the water churning under Huntington Pier had gouged away the sand to form a deep area. Waves pounding over that area averaged about four feet and took on savage shape—with a certain curl coming down over the tops.

One day—by accident—I got caught in a curl. I was scared to death. Here, the whole object of surfing was to stand nicely erect and make it all the way into the beach. And here I was, crouched in some crazy, unconventional posture, flying along while the wave broke across my back and shoulders, in a sort of delicate balance between two worlds.

Understand, we knew nothing of trimming boards. You stood on the board where you got up or occasionally moved to the fantail to get the nose up. Anything else was nonsense. Still, in the curl, I had automatically trimmed the board into the wave until it was zinging along on the rail—and dropped into a crouch, not in any premonition of style but to stay on the thing as long as I could.

The Hawaiians had done this sort of thing more than a thousand years ago; they had done it better and in bigger surf. But none of the Hawaiians had left written instructions. We had just rediscovered it ourselves.

A couple of minutes in the curl changed my life. I spent the next few days trying to beat the break. When I had that under control I started toying with the break to see how closely I could beat it. The thing began to become clear: (1) you caught the wave, and just as your board began sliding to oblivion, you (2) stood up on it, leaned in toward the wave, and (3) the crazy thing turned—beautifully—swinging back up the shoulder of the wave. The curl breaking over jolted the nose around and you moved slightly forward to get more wave under the back of the board—and you and the curl raced each other to the beach.

I had found, by accident, life's big bag. The thing. There is this pounding, slamming sense of brief glory while sailing along in that white crash of water. And the board hisses along, like ten thousand yards of tearing silk. You are, for the moment, completely unplugged from life and complete unto yourself. Everything else, the people on the beach, the world around you, does not matter. The whole damn ocean is chasing you, and you are, now and then, beating it. Your blood races around crazily, and you are stoked like nothing before.

It was 1951. I was 13 years old.

The impact of surfing in big water is a thing you have to see to feel. In most surfing movies the sheer fright of it is often lost—because the film will show someone being hurtled off a board and then cut away or dissolve to another scene just as the force of the idea hits you.

The crash of big water makes a barrier every surfer must get over. It makes its awful sound inside your stomach; you hear it, not with your ears but with everything. It comes pounding *into* you.

Every finished surfer must go through this, just as every tightrope walker must one time stand poised with that lonely wire stretched out in front of him and murmur, "Me? Walk that thing without a net? Are you kidding?"

At Oceanside, learning the game, I can remember riding on days when the surf suddenly came up strong and the sea began to take on big, mean proportions. Instead of riding in—knowing it meant

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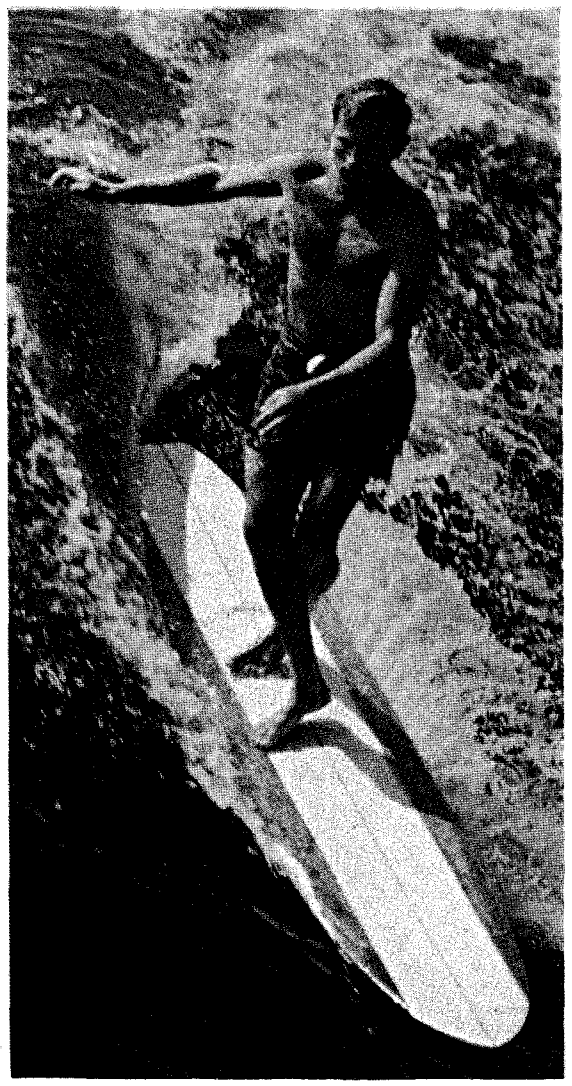
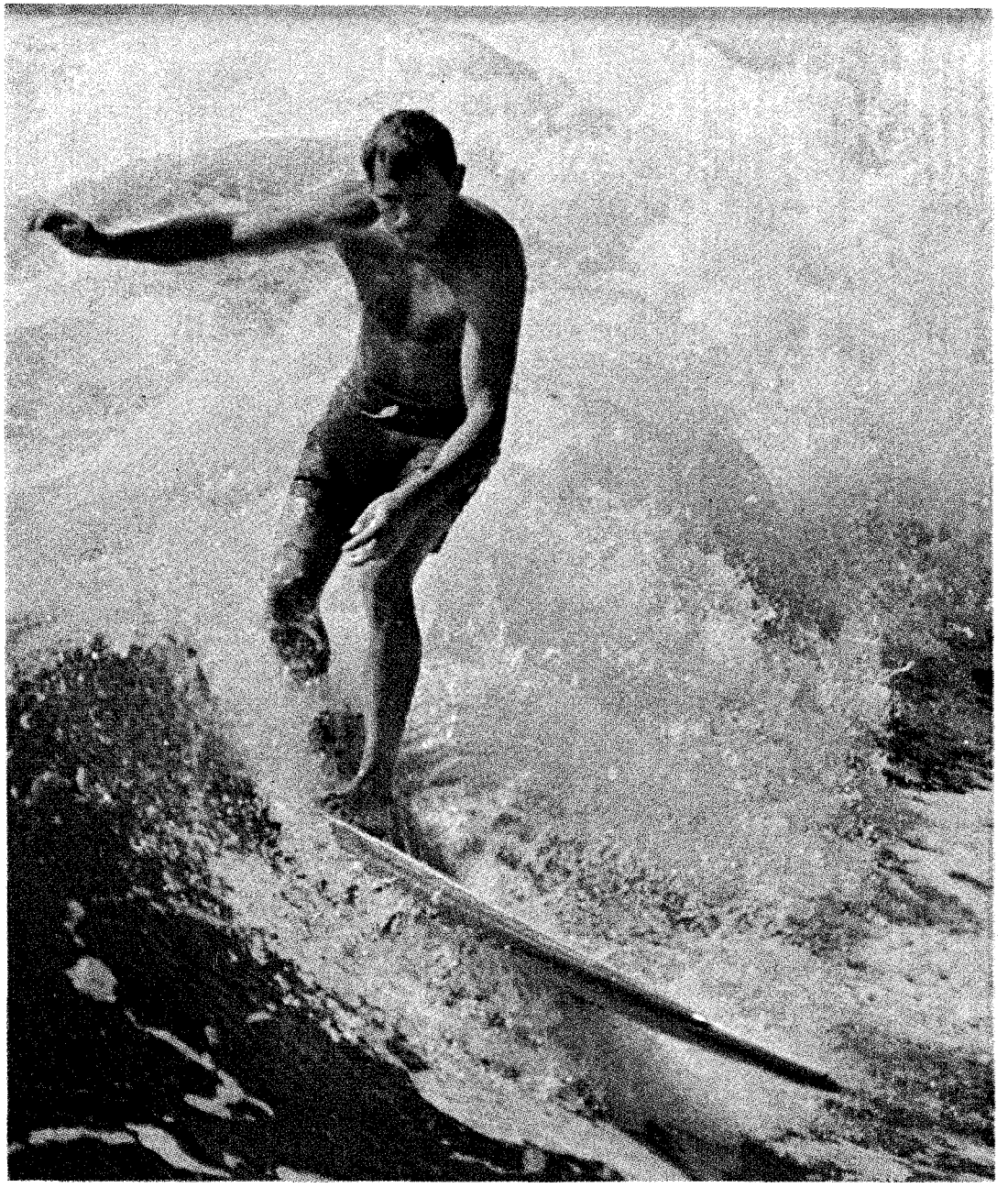




a wipeout—I would swing around and paddle out, beyond the crashing surf line, and sit there, waiting for calm. Often it would never come.

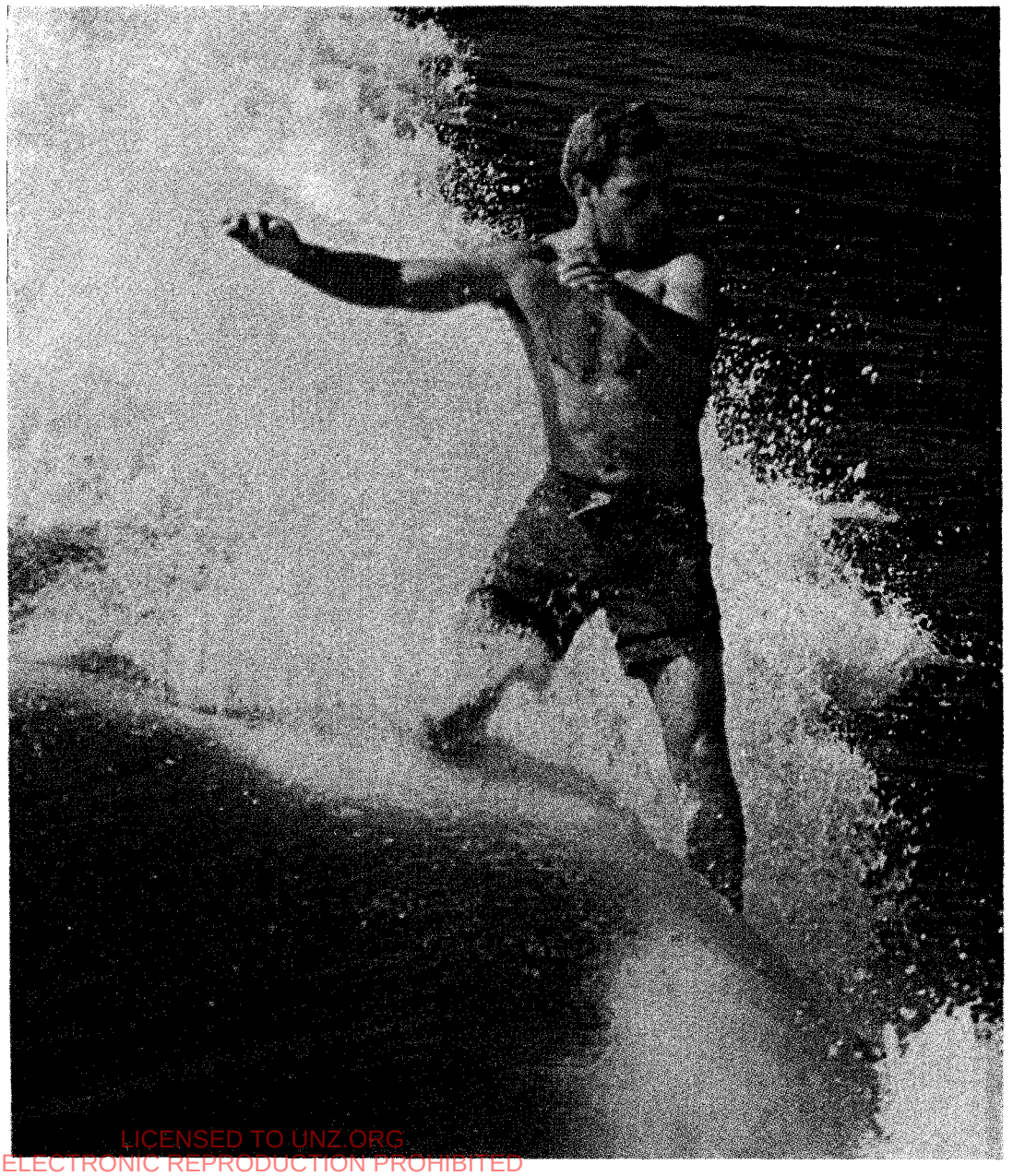
I would cry. I would sit there, half-frozen with fear, and stare back into shore where the waves were humped up with foam hissing along their tops. And after a while one of the lifeguards would slip on swim fins, plunge into the surf and swim out to get me. This is one of the tough parts of being a kid—being rescued on your own beach, in your own surf.

Any time the surf breaks about 15 feet along California it is a killer surf. At Dana Point, when it came up that high, crowds of people would come down. The word gets around on a sort of magic telegraph at such times. "They're riding Killer Dana," everyone would shout, and people would close their stores or run out of their houses to come down and watch. Surfers were crazy, they all knew. But they put on a hell of a show.

And, suddenly, there I was, in the 15-foot surf of Killer Dana, too young to ride it and too old to cry anymore.

I was so unplugged you wouldn't believe it. And in the one moment I looked over my shoulder at the humping-up sea and swung the board around shoreward I knew I was going to catch a 15-foot wave. The rest of it is engraved into my mind like electroplating: I came over the crest and started down. It was straight down, and it was dizzy. I'll never know quite how, but I got my feet under me and stood up on the board, arms up, flexed and full of fire. Behind me, the top of the wave sizzled, and for one quick second up there I could see all of Dana Point, Capistrano Beach, the beige hills off inland, Omaha, Nebraska, and everything.

Edwards "hot dogs," or plays around, on a tricky wave at Virginia Beach, Va., one of the best surfing spots in the East. Turning and braking, he stays ahead of the curl until it dissolves into "soup" at the beach (bottom).



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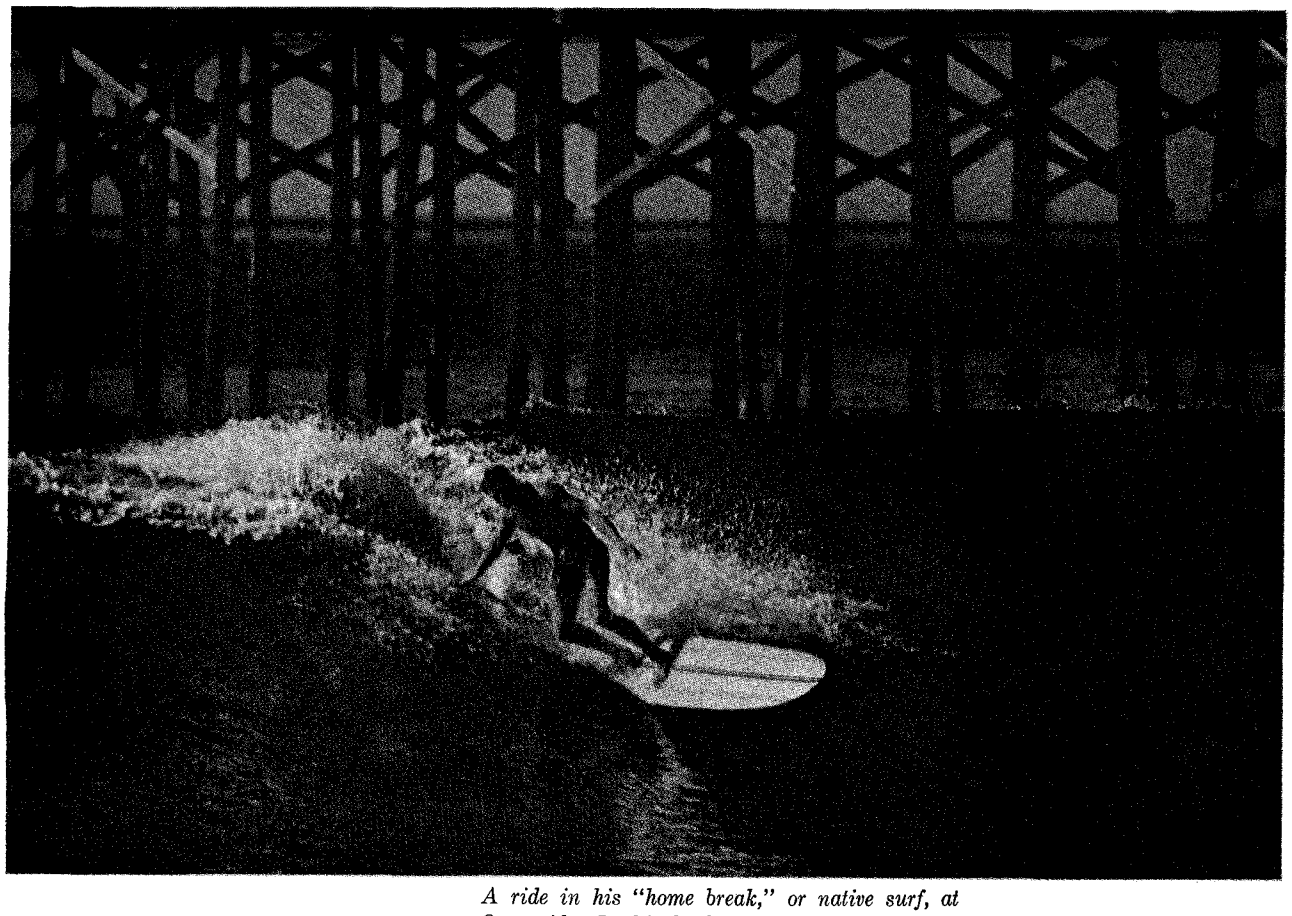


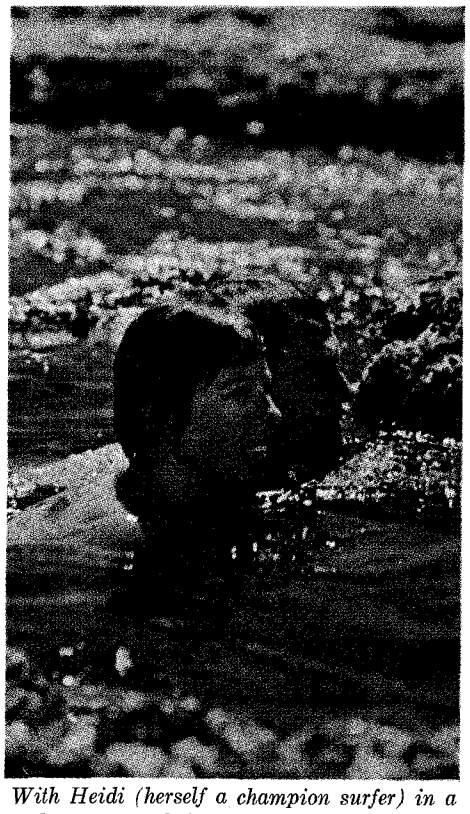
A ride in his "home break," or native surf, at Oceanside. In his boyhood, Edwards often had to be rescued here when trapped outside surf line.

Hot damn! I don't know why people ride those big waves—when you get up on the high, inside wall of one, the instinct is to get the hell away from it as fast as possible. Your blood is sort of careening around, all gathered at first in your head. Still, it is a fact that the odds are very much against your beating the wave if you take it straight in. Beat it to the bottom, yes, and then you can sail along briefly with the wave behind you. But at the bottom you have lost most of your momentum and the wave hasn't. If you turn around and look back up at it, it jumps right into you.

Halfway down I stepped one foot back and came into the bottom of the wave in a boxing stance; then I threw all of my weight backward and did a drop-knee turn. The board and I swung sharply in the direction the wave was breaking and the rail dug in—and suddenly we were running parallel. I dug in even farther and started back *up* the wave, and the people on the beach groaned in unison.

We went all the way back up to the top in this position, where the curl was coming over. And, in that instant, I was bored in on surfing. Locked inside life's bag for good. I cut back again, started down again—and all of my years of training paid off all at once. Suddenly, I was able to cut back and forth along the face of that wave, working it toward the beach—while the old-timers were taking them straight in.

At one point, full of the power and surge of it, I began catching rides straight toward the rocks, where the water was breaking high in plumes of white, deadly spray—and then, just when I was committed to crashing, I would swing back and skim past them. It was *trembly*. But it worked.



With Heidi (herself a champion surfer) in a rocky cove near their new Hawaii home. "I have always wanted to live this way," Edwards says.

You can never tell about Easterners. We had them all neatly categorized in our minds as people wearing lumpy tweed coats with suede patches on the elbows and dirty white buck shoes. It had seemed to us in California that surfing was rather strictly our own bag. But no.

Suddenly they were wild for it. Word was spread by teen-age telegraph that surfing was a kick, and all at once there was a whole generation of kids prestoked over the idea of being stoked.

There are 1,500 miles of coastline along the East and a couple of genuinely outstanding surfing spots—such as Virginia Beach, Va., and Gilgo Beach on the south shore of Long Island. The East Coast surf has never been known to come crashing home; the Continental Shelf hangs out there for more than 10 flat miles and inhibits the wave action. But what surf there is gets plenty of action.

And even when there isn't much surf, people will take their shiny $150 boards and go down and throw them into the water and stand on them—tenderly plugged, with the waves lapping up around their ankles.

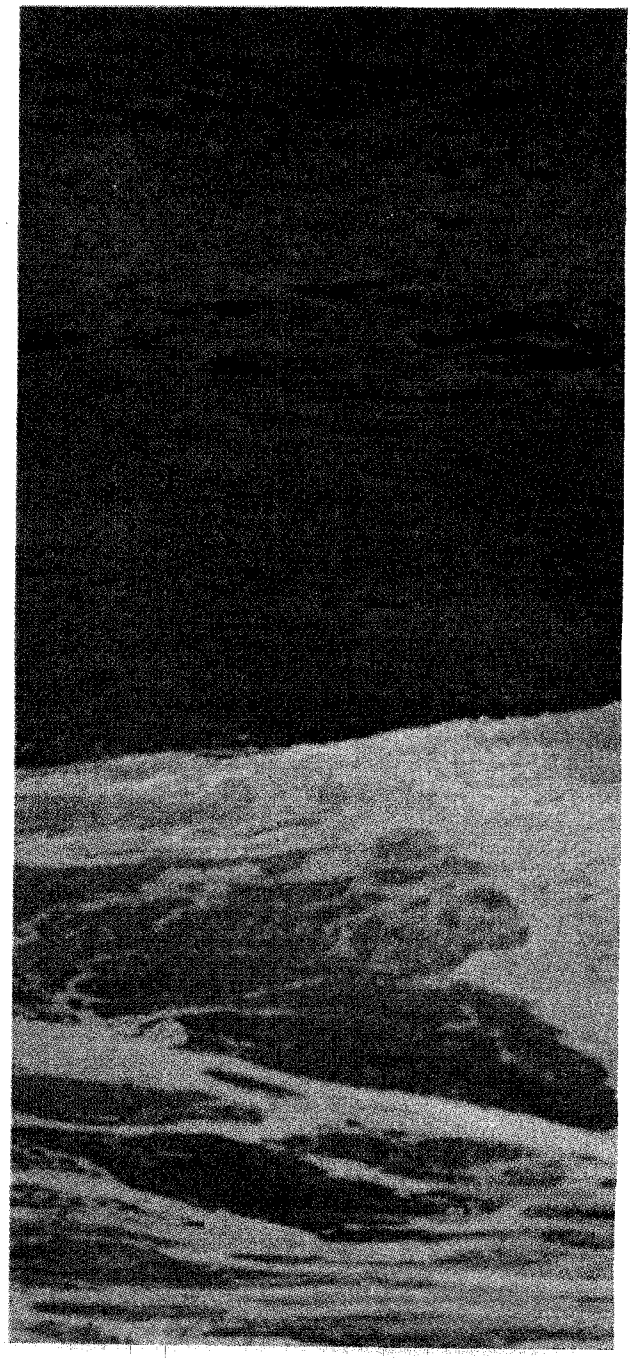
Or they paddle out and sit on their boards, bobbing gently up and down, and squint their eyes and watch the crowds on the beach watching them. At Gilgo, which is next door to Manhattan, you have to have a surfboard just to get away from the crowds.

Not long ago, surfing went through a stage called the Hang Ten Era. There is a lot to be said for it. Hanging Ten means that at the right point on the wave, you get all your toes out over the bow of the board, arch your back and get much of your stomach out over it also. The flying mood of zinging along in this position—not being able to see your board—alone on the crest of a wave, does a lot for your morale. It is a quick way to get bored in on life. If you happen to have six toes on each foot, you probably reeelly get plugged.

Everyone who surfs must one day go to Hawaii. It is a fact of life. Without it, surfers will develop this dent in their psyches that will never be fully hammered out until they have ridden that boiling green sea.

On my first trip, I took everything I owned: one suitcase full of surfing trunks under one arm and one board under the other. When we landed at the Honolulu airport, there were these nut-brown, doe-eyed girls swaying their bronzed hips to steel guitars and hanging orchid leis around everyone's neck.

"How do you find Makaha?" I asked them.



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When he started riding back up the wave, everyone on the beach groaned.

They know a loser when they see one. I sure as ıell didn't look like a Shriner. No lei. One of them erked a thumb.

"Other side of the island," she said.

I hitched a ride, and the people who picked me ıp swung out along the north coast of Oahu and ;topped along a lonely stretch of road. "Makaha s over there," they said. I climbed out, got my ;uitcase, got my board off the top of the car and ;tood there, alone, while they drove away.

I had heard about this all my life.

The beach off Makaha dives down sharply like ın underwater ski slope. And in come the mammoth ones. They hit the beach, and they surge back, creating a powerful backwash. When the water rushing out meets the next wave coming in, they erupt beautifully about 15 feet into the air, and the wind blows a mane of spray off the tops.

As the waves get bigger, they begin to break farther out. Perhaps another 100 yards. Looking beyond the waves in front, you see them—building up to 15 feet, perfectly formed—with curls bending over the top. Somewhere out there a shallow reef hides beneath the surface. The waves are pounding over it. The top three quarters of each wave is bending mightily and, suddenly, there is a large, open bowl of water—perhaps *another* 100 yards farther out. Perfect. If you can ever get to the thing. It is a *right* wall (which means you are a dead, immortal cinch to make a right turn when you finally get atop that wave. That is one decision you don't have to make; things are going to be tough enough as it is).

For a long time I stood and looked at it, as surfers will do, taking an imaginary ride on every wave; squinting my eyes and seeing myself in the bowl. I can't even remember if there were people around. It didn't matter. I simply pulled off all my clothes, staring fixedly at the surf, pulled on a pair of trunks, kicked my suitcase under some bushes and walked out into the water.

I made it beyond the first churning waves, shaking the water out of my eyes and looking farther out; I made it out to the far side of the bowl. I swung around and took the big set, pulled myself to my feet at the crest—and looked for a moment into Hawaii.

You must, one time in your life, stand up on the top of a monster wave with wind blowing spray like stinging little needles into your flanks and your back, and look shoreward into those incredible green and umber hills. You will wonder, not what you are doing up there, but how in the hell you are ever going to get back with all your arms and legs and board intact.

God, I thought, it's bumpier than it looks! Don't turn. Take it down to the bottom. *Then* turn. But for 50 yards I was driving the board, and it was bouncing and joggling. The board touched water only about four times on the way down. Remember to stay alive, that's what to remember. Where's the damned board? Don't forget to trim it; you've got to drop your back knee and turn right here. Any minute now. Turn right? Are you crazy? I'm going straight in. No. You are going to turn, idiot, because if you go straight into the bowl—remember how it looked from the beach, now—if you go straight into it, you are going to have the biggest damned wave you ever saw right down on top of your head. I turned right and ripped along, sailing along the edge of the bowl and looking down into it.

Behind me, rolling along like a wet freight train, the wave kept breaking just where I had been. This is as it should be.

It finally got me. It often does.

I lay below the surface and methodically counted all my arms and legs, rolling over and over inside a ball of turbulence. I wondered vaguely where the board was. (In the heavy water of Hawaii, you can't hear the board come down.) Sometimes the board is so far up into the air it is floating around like an airplane wing. You can stay down until you figure it has *got* to be down somewhere—and you come up and—zonk! *There* it is. And you have picked up what my friend Wayne Schafer casually calls a Ten-Stitcher.

Explorers found surfers at what is now Waikiki, at Waimea Bay, at Sunset Beach—and when the surf was up the whole town was up with it. The first missionary who saw this was shocked. He noted in his logbook: "The thatch houses of a whole village stood empty. Daily tasks, such as farming, fishing and tapamaking, were left undone, while an entire community—men, women

In a "junk surf" of small, choppy waves, Edwards crouches for balance and bounces along, keeping as close to the breaking part of the wave as he can without falling.

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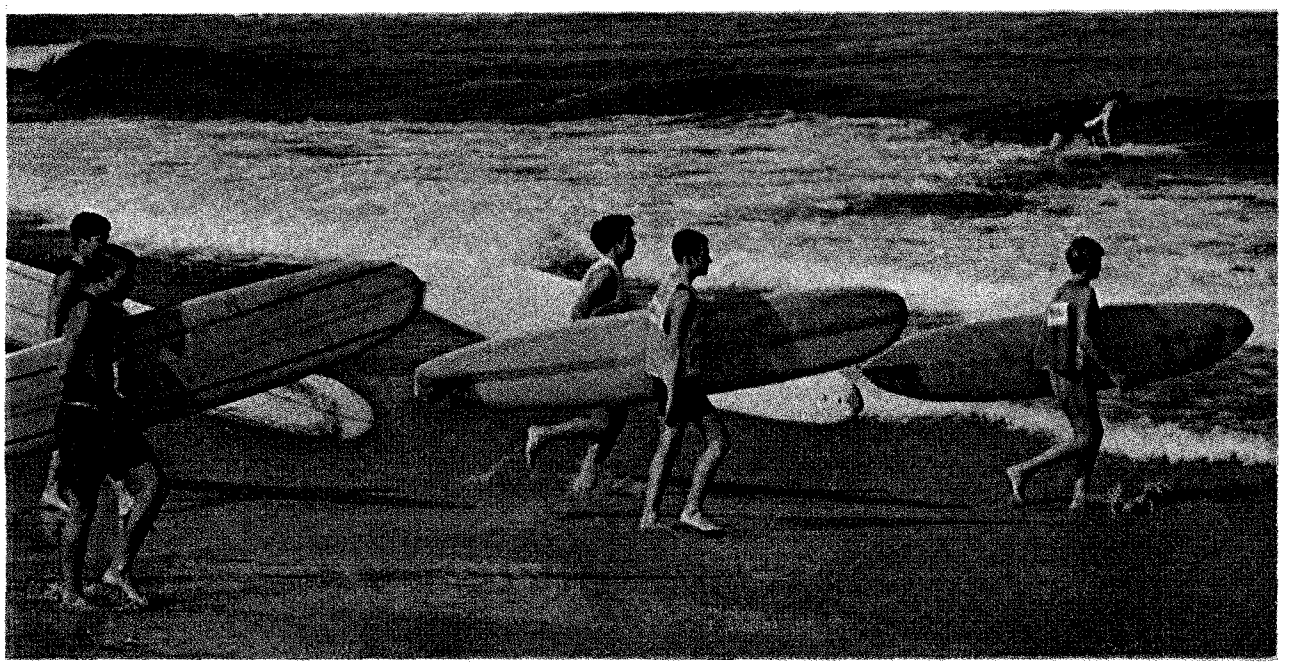
'The tube closed around me. It was like a whirling cathedral . . . overpowering, somehow quiet.'



"The hackers of surfing are coming . . . and the oceans are big enough for everybody." Entrants in a Redondo Beach, Calif., surfing contest make for the open sea.

and children—enjoyed themselves in the rising surf and rushing white water."

Disgraceful. But that is surfing, missionary brethren, and the urge still runs strong today to drop everything and head out into the water. Unhappily, not all us modern tapamakers can do it. Civilization has forced a certain discipline, and we bow with responsibilities. Still, I occasionally yield to the urge when things get tough; stalk out of my shop, pick up my board and stamp out into the water. And if someone should approach me in one of my transitory moods and say, "What are you doing out here, Edwards?" I can always say, "I'm designing a new surfboard. What the hell do you think I'm doing?"

Surfing continues to be full of high adventure. Consider surfing at sundown off Sunset Beach. The thing had started out big, and rays of the late-afternoon sun were just right against that craggy-green-ocher skyline. Then, suddenly, it got bigger. The waves at once—as they do in Hawaii—got too tough to handle.

Two friends of mine, caught in it, voted to move out away from the surf—out to sea. Sunset began to close out; it got dark. They swung around and paddled for Waimea Bay.

Waimea was closed out—too raging to surf. Still, there was no other place to go. One of them opted to dash for it. He took a wave in—an incredible ride—until it pitched him off. He made it to shore, weakly. The other man was never found.

It has almost happened to me. We were sitting on our boards between the big sets off Sunset—again in the late afternoon. One more ride. The sea began to grow steeper. Then we heard the surf breaking *outside* us, where we were sitting with our legs dangling in the water. We were in trouble.

I swung around and looked over my shoulder into a 12-foot wave. It was a solid advancing wall. Nothing you could ride. There was what appeared to be another 12 feet of foam riding and boiling along on top of it.

I bailed out, pointed myself toward shore and it hit me. In another instant my abandoned board was 200 feet away, hurtling at a grotesque angle, all pitched up and bobbing on the surface of the monster. I headed for the inbound riptide. My friend the riptide.

It also was closing out. Still, by staying erect and relaxing ("Relax, now, Edwards, you're going to be all right. Are you sure I'm going to be all right? Well . . .") I managed to ride the thing in. When my feet hit the beach, I glanced at my waterproof watch. It had taken 45 minutes.

Bruce Brown and I were on the Hawaiian leg of *Surfing Hollow Days*. We had shot some footage at Sunset Beach, and I could see from the top of Sunset's humped-up waves that something was happening at the beach next door.

It was called Banzai.

For one thing, the waves were perfect. The surf was rolling in 15 feet high. Running along the top of each wave was an enormous curl. More than a foot of spray was zinging off the top in the wind, and from the beach I could hear it sizzle. The curls were bending over to form tubes, Holland Tunnels, the sort of tubes a man could actually get inside. If he was lucky. No. If he was crazy.

Bruce and I walked over and sat on the beach and watched the thing, taking imaginary rides on the sets as they came hammering home. And each time, mentally, we wiped out.

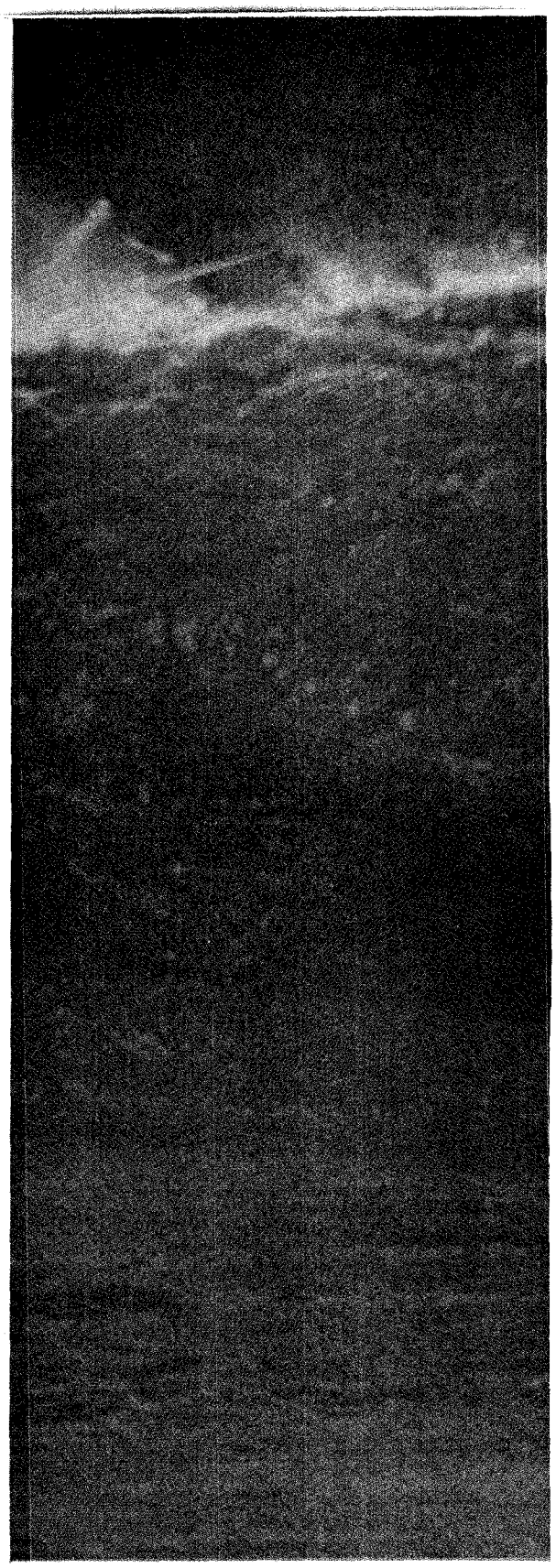
I asked around about it. Casual. Wild-eyed.

"Great sets," they all said, nodding wisely. "But what you don't know is that the bottom is full of coral; I mean full. Whoo-eee. Less than five feet under the water. You fall off your board there, you get cut into little old pieces."

But I was getting, deep inside, that prepumped feeling. The next day the water was calm and flat, and I went back to explore Banzai. I paddled out into it and looked down into a sort of blue-green coral horror. I kept looking down into it and thinking, "Oh, God, and I've got to do it too." I went back and looked at Bruce; he looked at me, and he knew I was committed.

Next day, on schedule, the wind changed and Banzai came up again, viciously. It began to slam and hammer in about 18 feet high.

Out in the sea I saw the wave I wanted, and I



took a deep breath and kicked the board around to let it surge up behind me. As it rose, I glanced over at the beach to check my lineup and began to paddle. It rose higher—then higher—and the big kick of it started to come on. I swung the tip of the board straight out into the air and stood up.

I hadn't counted on the view. The view at my feet. Here I was, 18 feet aloft on the crest of the wave—and at the bottom of it, where the water was sucked away, lay the jagged teeth of a jillion coral spires. Hot damn! I thought, fleetingly, and rode straight down into them.

Ashore, Bruce had no time to set up the tripod; he began to shoot from the hip, holding down the button and running along with the wave.

The wall was vertical. I took it to the bottom and then stepped back and dropped one knee; the coral was surging up. Then the board came around, smoothly, and suddenly I was parallel.

The tube lay up there, all curled over. Boiling. Moving faster than anything I had ever seen.

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Riding under the crest of an "over-the-head" wave (any wave taller than the surfer) at Pupukea, Hawaii, Edwards leans back to slow his board and let the breaking part catch up a little.

Here I come, ready or not. I tightened the turn and began to climb back up the face of the wave. I hunched my shoulders and slashed through into the tube. It closed completely around me.

My God! It was perfectly dry in there. You could have driven a truck through it. The pipe was swirling thinly on top, and it was a burst of green crystals with shafts of sunlight coming through it. It was like a whirling cathedral; immense, overpowering, somehow quiet. Only the inside edge of the board was dug into the water and we raced along together.

At one point, fighting for balance, I leaned back against the wave. It held me up. Then, suddenly, it began to collapse behind me, and between my legs. And the wave, as easily as it had swallowed me, spit me out the far side.

I was out of it. And I was over the safe, sandy part of the bottom. I was so jazzed I just went limp—blaaaaaaah—and fell off the board.

The Banzai Pipeline. I named the thing.

There is one more point left to ride: Kaena Point—where the surf churns in at 20 feet and more. It is the most fearful thing I have ever seen. It is too big. Too much. And not long after the Banzai Pipeline we went out to Kaena Point—where the cliff rises up over the savage sea—and stood there looking at it. George Downing, who is Hawaii's big-wave man, the daddy of them all, stood with us, staring into it.

"We'll pay you to ride it, George," we said. "We will take up a collection, see, and take everything we own and give it to you."

He kept staring into the flying, pounding surf. Finally, he muttered, half to himself, "Thousand dollars a wave. Nothing less."

No takers.

Still, it is there. Mount Everest was there.

Someday, maybe I . . .

After you've hung your ten, what do you do for an encore? Slowly, surfing is coming back around beyond that, beyond the jerky postures and contest rides of some modern riders, back to the graceful postures of the old times.

The hackers of surfing are coming. Which is fine. Surfing needs them—the legions of the unjazzed—trying this pagan game. There are days when I feel that every time I make a new surfboard it is like giving guns to Indians. But the oceans are big enough for everybody. Maybe if we stoke a few people, life will calm down a little.

Waves can't be the god of the sport; if they were, we would all live in Hawaii. It has got to be getting out in it that counts—surfing because you love to surf, and getting pumped full of life and whip and snap. I used to ride junk waves all day long, training for the good moments. You do this, and one day you are sitting out there all alone, waiting for a set, and someone will paddle up and ask how the surf is.

"Man," you tell them, "you should have been here an hour ago." □

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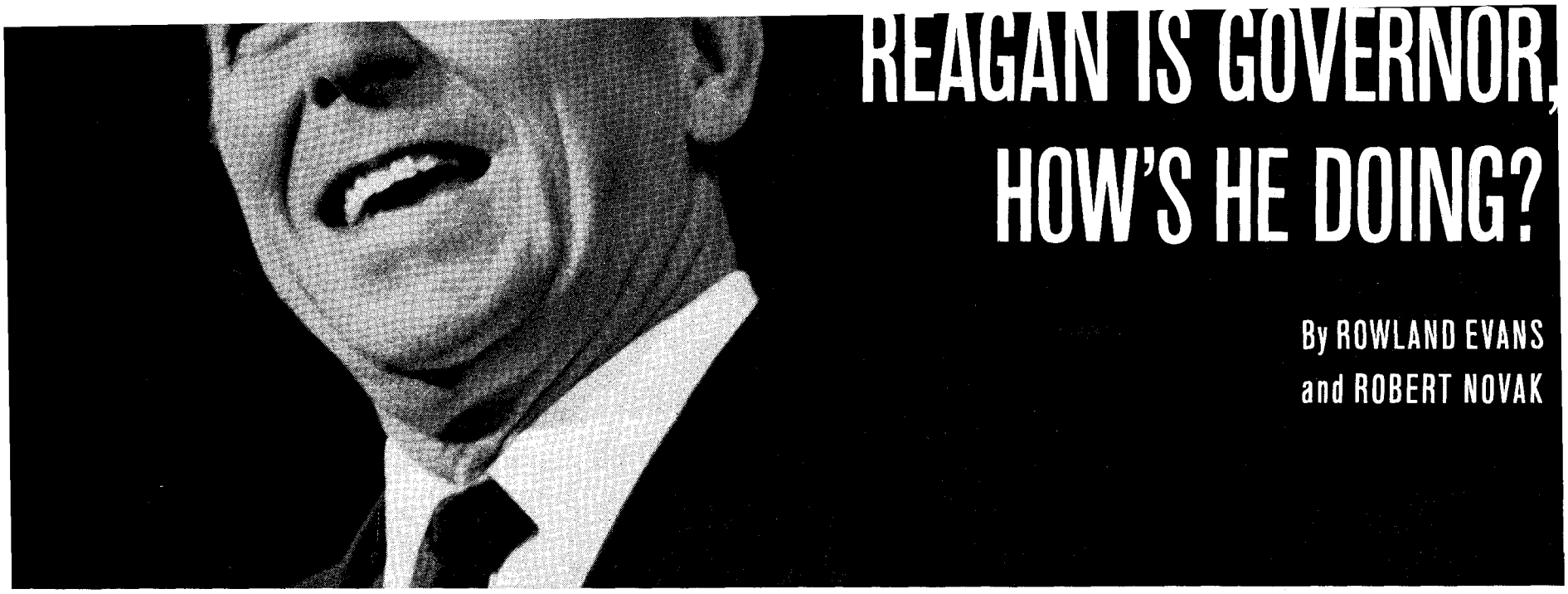

REAGAN IS GOVERNOR, HOW'S HE DOING?

By ROWLAND EVANS and ROBERT NOVAK

After six months in office, he has antagonized nearly everyone in California except the voters. Republican politician

Ronald Reagan grinned at the political reporters and syndicated columnists who had journeyed to Sacramento for a first-hand look at California's new governor. "I can always tell when the weather in Washington is bad by the way you fellows come out here," he said cheerfully.

Seen from the back of the press-conference room in the state capitol, Governor Reagan, at 56, could have passed for the winsome young sports announcer who left Des Moines for Hollywood 30 years ago to win fame and fortune playing George Gipp, Notre Dame's football immortal. The modified pompadour was a gleaming black, the teeth even and white, the belly flat. Close up, Reagan's face shows the lines of late middle age, but he handled himself with an easy and pleasing air of self-confidence reminiscent of the young actor—perhaps in the role of a reform governor on the *Late Late Show*. What's more, he treated his visitors to a choice sample of the Reagan rhetorical technique while defending his proposed meat-ax budget cuts in state-financed higher education.

"We do believe that there are certain intellectual luxuries that perhaps we could do without for a year or two without hurting the cause of education," said Reagan.

"Governor," asked Doris Fleeson, the peppery liberal columnist, "what is an intellectual luxury?"

Reagan's answer came with scarcely a pause. "Well, I would think a course like one over at Davis [one of the University of California's eight campuses], where they teach you to hang the governor in effigy," he said with a boyish grin. "That in my mind is an intellectual luxury. Of course, *I* may be prejudiced."

"You don't mean they teach that," she persisted.

"Four hours' credit for learning how to demonstrate—organized demonstrations," Reagan shot back. Actually, the course he was talking about is not a regular part of the curriculum at Davis at all. It is a course conducted off campus, and at no expense to the university—although Davis does give credits for it. Moreover, it is a sociological study of the methods and politics of demonstrations, not a course in How to Demonstrate. These small distinctions are mere quibbling, in Reagan's view. In fact, however, remarks like the one about teaching students to hang the governor in effigy are evidence of his strong suspicion and distrust of the academic community.

By contrast, Reagan has a deep-seated trust in the virtue and wisdom of the business community, with which he shares the conviction that government—staffed by professional politicians and career bureaucrats—is by nature more wasteful than most human institutions, and should be reduced to the barest minimum. The theme is one he sounded regularly during the eight years when he worked for the General Electric Co.; he was not only the host of *G. E. Theatre* on television but also a company lecturer in G. E. plants around the country. Although he left this job in 1962, when he took on the hosting chores for TV's *Death Valley Days*, it was "The Speech"—as his lecture on the horrors of the welfare state became known—that served as Reagan's bridge between show business and the business of government.

In the turbulent months since he crossed this bridge, Reagan has launched one foray after another to remake California's government—shaped by liberals of both political parties—in his own image. Time and again he has been hurled back by the harsh realities of politics and government—including the opposition of moderates in his own party. "The trouble with some of our good Republican assemblymen is that they got used to having a Democrat as governor," grumbles one Reagan aide. "They still act like they're the loyal opposition." But Reagan has never wavered in his aim to reduce radically the size and cost of state government. In pursuit of this objective he has chalked up the following record:

- He caused an uproar by proposing a 10-percent across-the-board cut in spending requests. This involved, most explosively, massive cuts in the budget for the state's huge and justly renowned

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Key aides Lyn Nofziger and Phil Battaglia discuss a newspaper clipping with their boss—and California's.

Anxious to pick a winner at their convention next year, are watching his performance closely. Here is what they see.

higher-education system, which includes the University of California, the state colleges and a galaxy of junior colleges. In addition, he proposed that the university and the colleges start charging a tuition fee of about $200 per student.

- He has proposed slashing more than 4,000 jobs from the state payroll over an 18-month span, including 3,400 in the field of mental health. He is instituting a wide range of other cost-efficiency measures with the aid of a blue-ribbon businessman's committee, which searches out areas for major economies, and of sharp-eyed aides who wander around state offices on the prowl for petty waste.
- Most spectacularly, in the field of finance, he has been compelled, largely because of California's fantastic population growth and the government's previous spending commitments, to submit a $5.06 billion budget—the largest in any state's history—and to propose a whopping tax increase.
- Finally, and far more significantly for the future, he has given a new and quite unprecedented cast to the state administration by filling important posts with businessmen, most of them strangers to government—and stanch conservatives.

On one or more of these counts he has succeeded in alienating the leadership of both parties in the legislature, the academic community, the *Los Angeles Times* and what passes for an Establishment in this fluid state. But the public is still with Reagan. If he were to face Pat Brown in a rematch today, he almost surely would win by even more than his million-vote margin of last November 8.

Nobody is more aware of this than Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, probably the state's shrewdest and toughest Democrat. Unruh's model in handling Reagan is the kid-gloves treatment given President Dwight D. Eisenhower by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson in the 1950's. As a professional politician, Unruh wants desperately to run against Reagan when the governor seeks reelection in 1970. That goal dictates, for now, letting Reagan enjoy his honeymoon with the public without heckling, in hopes that the sum total of the antagonisms he has provoked will in time turn the state against him. For instance, Unruh is particularly hopeful that Reagan's battle with the university will corral student youth for the Democrats—a hope bolstered by the sudden appearance of "Jesse Saves" buttons on the college campuses, presumably in gratitude for Unruh's fight for a higher budget.

If a bare-knuckles political street fighter like Jesse Unruh hesitates to tangle with the governor, it goes without saying that Reagan's moderate Republican critics are not about to provoke an open split. Yet there exists in their ranks a sort of shadow government of Republican moderates built around Lt. Gov. Robert H. Finch, who outpaced even Reagan's landslide victory last November. A former administrative assistant to Richard Nixon, Finch is becoming the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the out-of-power Republican descendants of Hiram Johnson and Earl Warren.

Finch's position is particularly ambiguous. Although he has been assigned such problem-solving tasks as finding jobs for the poor and developing local-transit systems, he is considered suspect by the Reagan inner circle—in no small part because of his old ties with Nixon. This coolness with the governor is forcing Finch into ever-closer contact with the liberal-leaning Republicans in the legislature, one of whom recently told us: "If Reagan gets into trouble with the voters next year, we may have to disconnect from him to save our assembly candidates."

Inextricably mixed up in the quiet tension between Reagan and the Finch group is the fate of Sen. Thomas Kuchel, the last survivor of Earl Warren's liberal Republicanism. Because Kuchel adamantly refused to support Reagan as the party's nominee for governor last year, he now faces an angry challenge in the 1968 Republican Senate primary from some of Reagan's supporters. To counter this, key moderate legislators have made it clear that the price for their continued allegiance to Reagan is some help for Kuchel from

Photographs by Fred Kaplan

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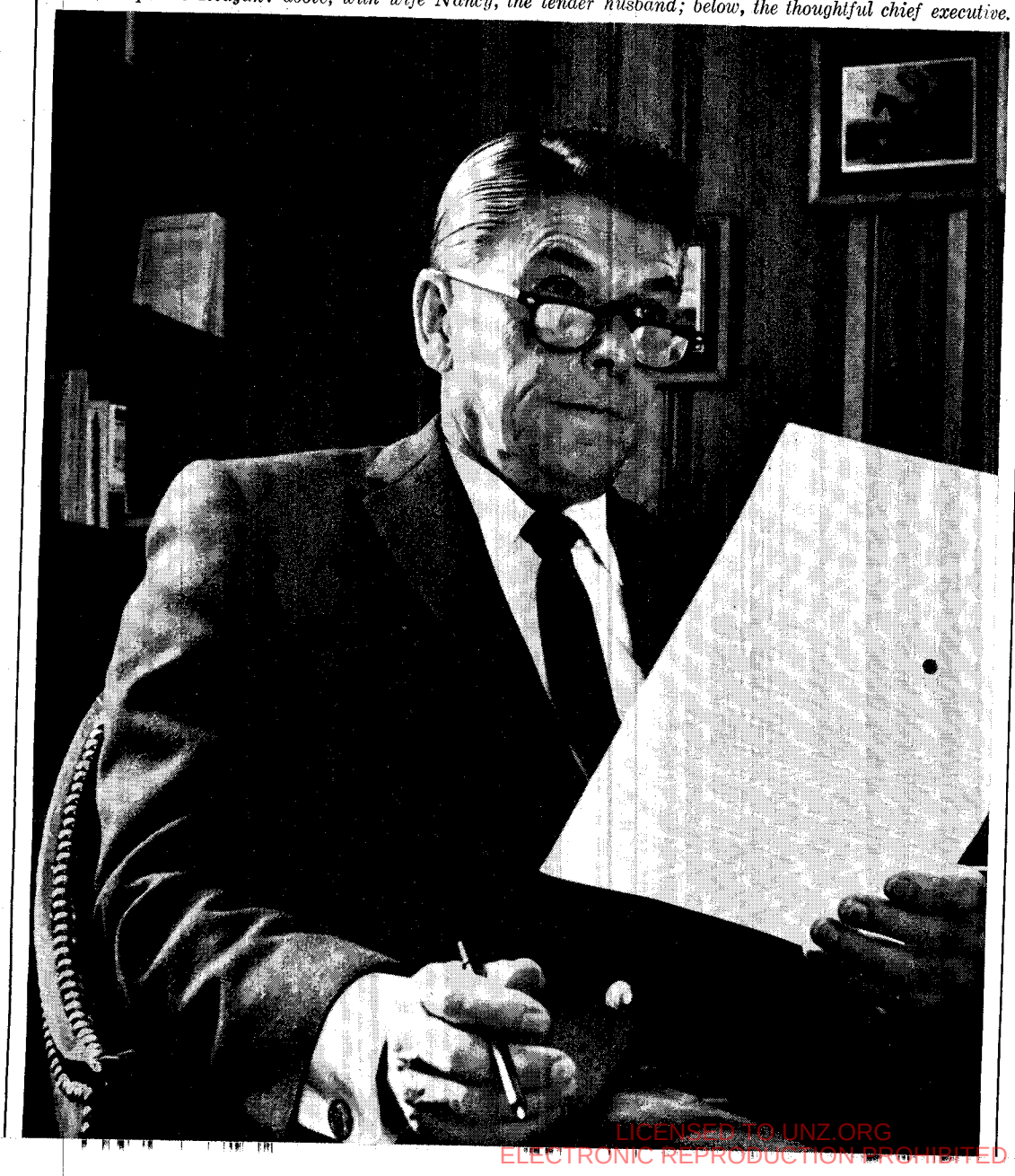
The non-public Reagan: above, with wife Nancy, the tender husband; below, the thoughtful chief executive.



'What Reagan needs to do is to ask the legislators over to his house to play poker and drink some booze. But that's not going to happen soon.'

the governor. Remarkably enough, Reagan seems to be paying the price. He ignored the right-wing California Republican Assembly, which whooped it up for State School Superintendent Max Rafferty, a fundamentalist educator, to buck Kuchel. Instead, Reagan pleaded with his adherents to follow the path of party harmony. This tacit plug for Kuchel materially eased the friction between governor and legislature.

In all this activity around Reagan, a great deal depends on his staff, most notably on two bright, aggressive and ambitious young men who scarcely knew Reagan before the 1966 election campaign and who, like him, are amateurs at the business of state government.

One is his executive secretary, Philip Battaglia, a balding, solemn lawyer from Los Angeles who is 32 but looks 10 years older. Unknown in California politics until he left his law office in 1966 to become Southern California campaign manager and then statewide manager for Reagan, Battaglia is learning as he goes. But unlike Reagan, he is blessed with a natural warmth and tact that have won him valuable friends in both the legislature and the bureaucracy.

Reagan's other key aide is burly, gregarious Franklyn (Lyn) Nofziger, who took a leave as Washington correspondent for the Copley newspaper chain to become Reagan's press secretary in 1965. Well-liked in his Washington days as an inveterate punster who casually favored a right-wing political philosophy, Nofziger has now taken a doctrinaire conservative position and displayed a tough-minded grasp of power and a taste for political conflict. If Phil Battaglia is the administration's Mr. Soft, Lyn Nofziger is Mr. Hard—one senior Republican assemblyman calls him "that cantankerous s.o.b."

Anticipating Reagan's trouble with the legislators, canny Phil Battaglia looked back into the history books to find out how three-term Gov. Earl Warren maintained smooth relations with the legislature 20 years ago. He found that Warren met regularly over breakfast with small groups of legislators to thrash out problems, and Reagan promptly reinstituted the practice. But the sessions have been considerably less than successful. "When he says something like, 'Well, I guess God would want it that way,' it just puts you off," complains one hard-bitten legislator.

Others are put off by the unusual security precautions that the governor's aides have taken since he received an unpublicized death threat from a crank shortly after his election. A state trooper has been put in the governor's office, two former members of the Los Angeles Police Department are on his personal staff, and his aides posted riflemen on Sacramento roofs during the inauguration. To many legislators, all

(*Continued on Page 46*)

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You only have to call them once when there's Chicken Noodle Soup for lunch

This lunch will never get cold waiting! Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup is the children's own special favorite. They love those generous plump noodles. That tasty chicken broth. Those bite-size chunks of tender chicken. Want your children to come running? Reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.

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SEARS SILENT GUARD TIRE GUARANTEE
Tread Life Guarantee
Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.
For How Long: For the life of the original tread.
What SEARS Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.
Tread Wear-Out Guarantee
Guaranteed Against: Tread wear out.
For How Long: 40 months.
What SEARS Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less a set percentage allowance.

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This is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee. Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

Tire guarantees are sometimes pretty hard to nail down.

They're usually riddled with legal wherefores and crammed full of ifs, ands, or buts.

We're putting our guarantee right here in the ad. On the tire. So we can hammer home our point.

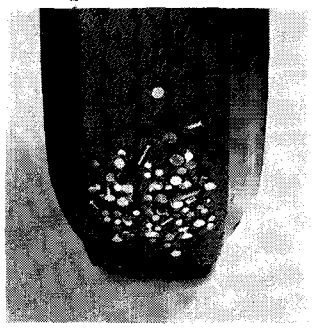
Sears, Roebuck and Co. has a new self-sealing tire.

It's called the Silent Guard Sealant.

You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

You could drive it with a hundred nails in it.

The Sears Silent Guard is



You could drive it with a hundred nails in it.

guaranteed to wear for 40 months. If it picks up a nail—or a dozen nails—we'll service it free. And if it fails during the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire.

Free.

No maybes.

And no one else can make that statement.

This is a lot of tire.

Maybe if the other tire people had a self-sealing tire like this, they'd have a guarantee like this.

The Sears Silent Guard is as close to being completely trouble-free as any self-sealing tire that ever came down the road.

A special patented sealant does the job. This advanced sealant is layered inside the tire.

Patented new sealant

It'll cling to just about any nail that can get in.

And it keeps the air from getting out.

The Silent Guard is priced from $42.04 to $51.38. Depending on your tire size. Including Federal Excise Tax. That's the advertised price—and that's the selling price. You never have to haggle at Sears.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at $90 and more. But you can't buy a better, safer self-sealing tire anywhere, for any price.

It's 28 per cent heavier than the average of new car tires.

Its tread is 15 per cent deeper and 14 per cent wider.

It's got 44 per cent more carcass strength.

And because of its advanced design, tests proved the Silent Guard gives you better traction, better wear, better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

That's a lot of better.

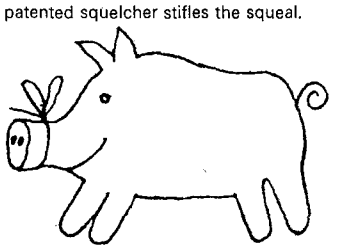
The Silent Guard is a good-looking job, too. It's got the new low profile. And new narrow whitewalls. Double-band whitewalls.

Protected whitewalls

And they're protected to stay white. There's a new scuffing bar above and below the whitewalls to protect them from being attacked by curbings.

You know that annoying squealing noise that most tires make on turns?

A patented squelcher stifles the squeal.

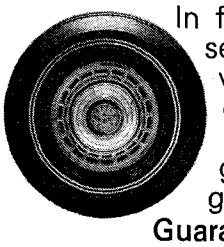


Well, the Sears Silent Guard has a patented squelcher to stifle the squeal.

And it's got a patented safety shoulder for added protection.

Beginning to get the idea?

Sears isn't going to put its guarantee on just any self-sealing tire.



In fact, this is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee. Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

Guaranteed by Sears

We don't want to sell you a lot of ifs, ands, or buts.

We want to sell you a tire that will get you home safely.

We honestly think it's the finest, safest self-sealing tire your wheel can go around with.

And it's guaranteed by Sears.

You may want to buy other things from us. A hammer, say. Or a mink coat.

Sears

You get more tire at Sears.

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(Continued from page 42)

this is pure Hollywood. "Whenever I see Reagan, there are two things that annoy me," says a Democratic legislative leader. "First, he always has an aide sitting there; he never sees me alone. Second, he acts like he's on camera."

"The thing Reagan needs to do," a Republican leader told us, "is to ask the legislators over to his house to play poker and drink some booze. But that's not going to happen any time soon."

Naturally aloof, Reagan does not join in the poker-playing, booze-drinking, after-hours political camaraderie of provincial Sacramento, which has little in common with his home ground in Southern California. Reagan's petite but strong-minded wife, the former actress Nancy Davis, feels no more at home there than he does. She took one look at the Victorian-style governor's mansion, with its heavy velvet curtains and gloomy interior, and decided the Reagans would have to find another official residence.

Living temporarily in a rented house in Sacramento, the Reagans eventually will move to a new governor's mansion to be built with funds raised by a public subscription and involving no state appropriation—a financing procedure disquieting to some legislators of both parties. Even after the move, however, it is unlikely that Reagan's wife and two children—Patty, 14, and Skipper, 9—will join in the informal social life of Sacramento's political community. "Ron is very, very protective about his family," an aide says gravely.

But the opposition from moderate Republican leaders in the legislature stems from more than mere irritation with the governor's aloofness. They feel, for example, that his proposal for a 10 percent cut in state spending was both unduly severe and impossible to attain. And then, when he came up with his prepared budget and considerably more modest cuts, Reagan further angered Republican legislators by his deep slash in the number of mental-health employees—which, typically, came as a complete and unpleasant surprise to the legislature when it was announced. Most of all, the Republican moderates are deeply disturbed by Reagan's running battle with the educational community.

Ironically, that struggle, which dominated Reagan's early months as governor, was not entirely of his choosing. Although as an ex-officio member of the Board of Regents, he voted with the majority to fire Dr. Clark Kerr as president of the University of California, there is no evidence that the new governor wanted a showdown so early in his administration. Moreover, the acrimony that marked the battle was due less to any intransigence on Reagan's part than to the unbridled vehemence of the opposition.

Although many people are delighted to see Reagan challenging the status quo in state government by budget-cutting and stirring up the bureaucracy, his struggle with the educators has angered and upset many others. The *Los Angeles Times*, the state's biggest and most influential newspaper, maintained its steadfast Republican tradition last fall by grudgingly endorsing Reagan, but it has broken sharply with him on the question of cutting appropriations for higher education. On the day after the *Times* took him to task for a contemptuous remark about the university's "subsidizing intellectual curiosity," Reagan told us, "I read that editorial and took a good cold shower. It really burned me up."

But if the *Times* and other spokesmen for moderate Republicanism are unhappy about Reagan's course in office, the money men who lavishly bankrolled his campaign are delighted. Millionaire oilman Henry Salvatori, one of Reagan's main financial supporters—and informal advisers—repeatedly uses the pronouns "we" and "us" in referring to the Reagan administration. "We" aren't worried whether the fight about the university budget drives off some scholars, he assured us, adding, "All those Nobel Prize winners don't do any teaching anyway."

Delegations of fat cats including Salvatori; oilman A.C. (Cy) Rubel; Holmes Tuttle, a Los Angeles Ford dealer; industrialist Leonard Firestone (a moderate who opposed Reagan for the nomination but backed him in the fall campaign) and Taft Schreiber, an executive of Music Corporation of America, the show-business colossus, periodically make unannounced and unpublicized journeys from Los Angeles to Sacramento for private dinners with the governor. Reagan aides are particularly sensitive about any suggestions that the Los Angeles money men are calling the tune in the governor's office, but Reagan undeniably prefers the concepts, the works and even the money of the private business community to those of government.

Although he blocked plans inherited from the Brown administration for a $150,000 renovation of the governor's office suite in the capitol at state expense, some of the improvements are being made with private financing. More significantly, Reagan has assigned the task of modernizing the state government to a group of 150 businessmen. No man who has succeeded in business, Reagan believes, needs any prior training or experience in government to handle the job as well as or better than a bureaucrat.

Nowhere is this philosophy better expressed than in Reagan's appointments to top state offices. Casting aside the conventional politician's instinctive tendency to maintain religious and ethnic balance in his appointments, Reagan has weighted his cabinet heavily in favor of conservative, white Anglo-Saxon businessmen, few with previous experience in government. Reminded of complaints that his appointments included no Jews, Reagan fired back with the name of Peter Weinberger, a San Francisco business executive he had named as state director of employment. When we observed that Weinberger is a practicing Episcopalian, Reagan replied with a long anecdote about comedian George Burns, who had forsaken the Jewish religion but still considered himself a Jew. Although charges of anti-Semitism—utterly unfounded—had been made against him during the campaign, Reagan obviously had just not considered the matter a political problem.

Even more revealing of his contempt for standard political operating procedure is Reagan's clear preference for businessmen in positions traditionally reserved for nonbusinessmen. Among these are the top spots in the Division of Labor Law Enforcement (a post heretofore given to a labor-union leader); the State Resources Agency (usually filled by a conservationist); and the State Welfare Agency (always held by a social worker).

Other Reagan appointments have been notable mainly for their right-of-center orientation. Burton Smith, immediate past president of the California Real Estate Association and leader of the fight against the state's open-housing law, recently won confirmation as real-estate commissioner (after being turned down once by the state senate). Frederick Morrissey, a professor at Berkeley who has long advocated lenient regulation of public utilities, was named to the Public Utilities Commission. And retired Maj. Gen. Andrew Lolli, a right-wing political activist in Orange County, now heads the Department of General Services.

Reagan particularly raised the hackles of Republican legislators with the appointment of a right-wing G.O.P. publicist named Rus Walton as deputy director of motor vehicles. Once executive director of the rightist United Republicans of California, Walton gained national notoriety in 1964 as producer of *Choice*, the campaign film that Barry Goldwater banned from national television because of its racist overtones.

Perhaps the most significant example of Reagan's approach to the job of staffing his administration was the way he selected his state finance director, a post of critical importance in heavy-spending California. Lt. Gov. Finch led moderate Republicans in pushing the appointment of a highly respected San Francisco lawyer, Casper (Cappy) Weinberger, brother of the new employment director. But Reagan's money men had clashed repeatedly with Weinberger during his stint as Republican state chairman (1963–1964), and they bitterly opposed him. "We finally decided that Weinberger was too political, and we needed a nonpolitician," a Reagan aide told us. The money men came up with a recommendation: Gordon Paul Smith, 50, head of the Los Angeles office of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, a management-consultant firm. Smith got the job, but his performance in the past four months has shaken the devotion of Reagan's inner circle to the theory that the nonpolitician is best fitted for public office.

"Smith's really a good man," says one insider, "but he just can't keep his big mouth shut." Smith's open-mouth policy, in fact, was responsible for setting the public image of the new administration: In a January 3 meeting with state officials, a few Republican legislators and university administrators, it was Smith who prematurely proposed the idea of establishing tuition at the university. The university officials immediately leaked this news to the papers. This put Reagan on the defensive before he was prepared to do battle and forced him to shelve the plan for now, although it is given an excellent chance of going into effect in 1968.

In a number of ways, the governor has had to trim his sails since taking office. Reagan campaigned heavily against welfare chiseling, for example, but Smith admits there's not a great deal to be saved by simple efficiencies. And Smith badly handicapped his boss by publicly acknowledging, long before Reagan's office wanted to concede the fact, that the across-the-board cut in spending just could not be realized.

But the governor's most important retreat has come with his proposal of a record-breaking $946 million tax increase, to balance the outsize budget, to meet old debts and eventually to permit a reduction in property taxes. Moderate Republican legislators informed him last fall that such an increase would be essential, but for weeks after the election Reagan and his key aides continued to insist that they could trim the budget enough to avoid it.

Ironically, Reagan now faces trouble in getting the tax increase passed. Democratic legislators (not including Speaker Unruh) are threatening to vote against any tax bill that doesn't contain a payroll-withholding provision. But Reagan is flatly and unalterably opposed to tax-withholding on "philosophical" grounds—"I think you ought to feel some pain when you pay your taxes, and withholding takes the pain away," he explained to us. The result may be an impasse leading to a fiscal crisis for California late in the year.

Failure to obtain additional funds could seriously embarrass Reagan, but the tax-hike proposal itself is not hurting him. He seems to be convincing the public that the blame for it lies in the improvident fiscal policies of defeated Democratic Gov. Pat Brown, which is indeed the case. Nor has the somewhat madcap early course of his administration hurt Reagan with the voters.

One reason for his continued popularity is that residents of the great Southern California megalopolis, benumbed by their burden of taxes and their freeway civilization, simply don't care about the cutdowns and slowdowns in state government that Reagan's economies will entail. Another is that, despite his retreat in some key areas, Reagan remains firmly attuned to the anti-government, anti-tax mood rampant in California. Although he has put off making any drastic changes in the welfare program, for instance, he still talks about "subsidizing immorality" by providing aid to mothers of illegitimate children. And while any major cutback in state spending seems to be nearly impossible, Reagan works hard at excising the minutiae of waste. His staff is delighted when it discovers—and discontinues—such activities of the state government as printing multicolored brochures on how to prepare potluck dinners or how to read a road map. Reagan has sold the governor's plane, and the use of commercial flights will reduce the cost-per-mile of official air travel from $4.45 to 87 cents. None of this will save a great deal of money, but it does strike a responsive chord with the public.

Moreover, it is not only in California that people are weary of taxes, and Reagan is playing to an audience that extends beyond the borders of his own state. In his campaign for the governorship last fall, he time and again pledged that he would light a "prairie fire" visible across the nation. Reagan's intimates are convinced that that fire is now blazing and might just possibly light his way to the presidential nomination next year.

Reagan himself stops short of making any such prediction, but he does find cause for satisfaction. "I can see and feel the apathy breaking up all over the country," he told us. "People really care again." □

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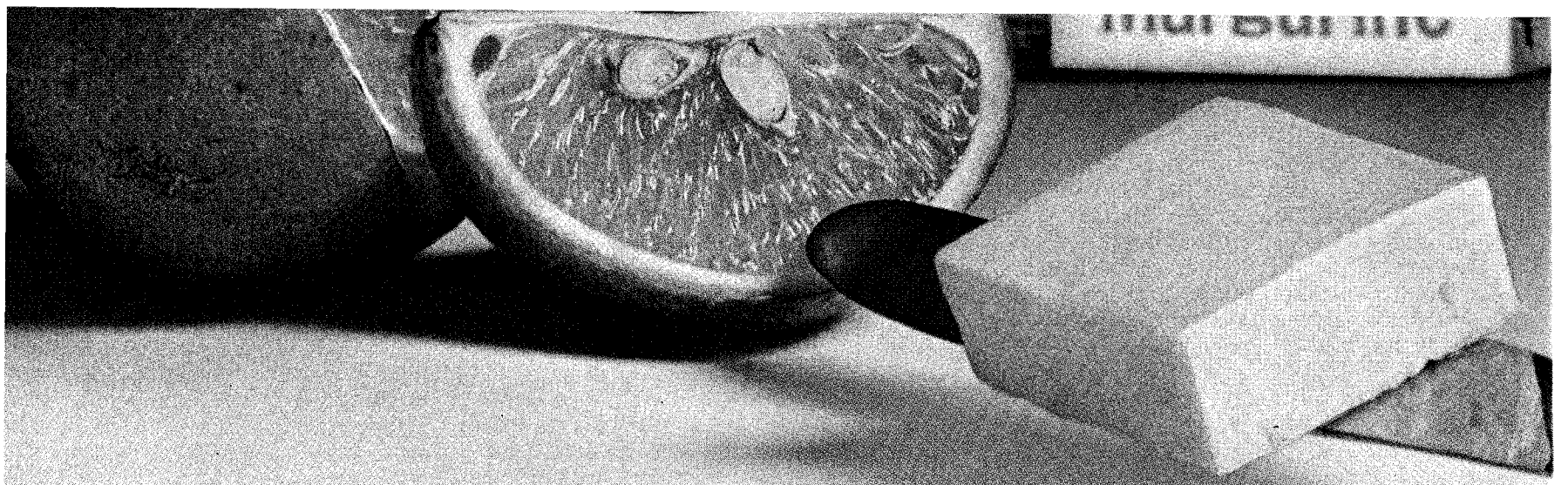

Vitamin C is the plus in oranges. Polyunsaturates are the plus in Mazola®

Eat an orange and you get more than just good taste. You get the "plus" of Vitamin C.

Use Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine and you get more than good taste. You get the "plus" of polyunsaturates.

Mazola 100% Corn Oil does more than make light, crispy fried foods and tangy salad dressings. Mazola Margarine, whose major ingredient is liquid Mazola Corn Oil, does more than make toast, vegetables or lobster taste better.

Mazola, used in place of the more saturated fats, is a simply delicious way to help balance the fats in your diet with polyunsaturates.

Mazola makes good eating good sense!

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Good man, bad man

I remember both of them. I remember Mr. Osterweil because I liked him, and I remember Jazz L. McCabe because for forty years I've hated him with all my heart.

By Jerome Weidman Illustrated by Louis Glanzman

One thing about the obituary page. It starts people talking. Men and women who for years have been afraid to open their mouths, they read a four-line item on the obituary page, and suddenly they become garrulous. I'm no exception.

Yesterday, if you had mentioned the name Jazz L. McCabe to me, I would have given you an innocent look and said, "Who?" Today, try and shut me up. This morning's *Times* reports that McCabe died last night at Mt. Sinai Hospital. A coronary at the age of seventy-three. High time.

His name was James, but down on East Fourth Street we called him Jazz because that's the way he signed his name: "Jas. L. McCabe." The first time I saw "Jas. L. McCabe," it was written at the bottom of a letter. The letter was typed. That threw my mother into a panic. She thought it was a *moof tzettle*, which is Yiddish for eviction notice. These were just about the only typewritten communications that arrived on East Fourth Street in those days.

"It's not from the court," I said, after studying the letter. "It has nothing to do with our rent."

"What is it, then?" my mother said.

"It's for Natie Goodman," I said.

"Then why did the letter carrier put it in our box?"

"Well, it's for Natie and me," I said. "The both of us."

This was not strictly true, but my mother was a peasant woman from a remote corner of Hungary, and she had come to America only a couple of years before I was born. Things went on in this country that she did not understand, and at the age of almost fourteen I had not yet developed any great desire to waste my time enlightening her.

Let me go back to before that letter came, to when I was only twelve.

I had a friend named Nathan Goodman. His father owned a grocery store at the corner of Lewis and Fourth streets, and the Goodmans lived two floors above us in a huge, dirty-gray tenement that faced the store. Natie was a great reader. Most kids on East Fourth Street were. A borrower's card for the Hamilton Fish Park branch of the New York Public Library was standard equipment for every kid on the block. The reason was simple. Art Acord in *The Oregon Trail* at the movie theater on Second Street cost a dime. *David Copperfield* cost nothing, not if you got to the front door of the library at nine o'clock on Saturday morning. Dickens was big stuff on East Fourth Street.

What got me involved with Jazz L. McCabe was Natie Goodman's laziness. Natie was a tough kid to get out of bed in the morning. He was late for *Nicholas Nickleby*. Some other kid got it. What Natie got was a book called *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill*.

My wife doesn't believe me. But I swear. There once was a book called *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill*, and it changed my life.

"I want you to read this," Natie said to me the day after he missed out on *Nicholas Nickleby*, and he handed me the book.

"Why?" I said. I was working my way through *Great Expectations*, and hated to be deflected.

"You wait and see," Natie said.

I didn't have to wait long. *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill* was a short book. It told the story of a group of boys, about the same age as Natie and me, who formed a Boy Scout troop with headquarters in a cave at a place called Bob's Hill. Don't ask me where Bob's Hill was. Probably somewhere in New England or out West, maybe even in California. Wherever it was, it was about as different from East Fourth Street as Addis Ababa is from Radio City. Furthermore, until I read this book I had never even heard of Boy Scouts. But I had never heard of London either, until I read *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The effect was the same. It was immediate, and it has lasted. I still feel about London the way Troilus felt about Cressida. The moment I finished reading *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill*, I ran down to the grocery store to find Natie Goodman. He was stacking empty cartons out in back, a chore for which his father paid him twenty-five cents a week.

"I know what you're going to say," he said, "and I'm way ahead of you. Let's start a Scout troop."

I had been going to say only that I liked *The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill* and intended to

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hotfoot it right over to the library and see if maybe it was one of a series of books, because if it was, I wanted to read them all. But as Natie had said, he was way ahead of me—and not for the first time, either.

"How can we do that?" I said.

"We write to the national headquarters," Natie said. "I looked it up in the telephone book. It's right here in New York."

Natie wrote the letter, but I helped with the phrasing, and we chipped in for the stamp. It cost two cents, and no nonsense about zones or zip codes. Two cents, no matter where you were writing to, Seattle or the Bronx. Actually, Natie and I were writing to Two Park Avenue, but the answer came from a man in New Rochelle.

It was a short, handwritten letter, and it was signed "Lester Osterweil." Mr. Osterweil said that the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America had advised him that Master Nathan Goodman and a friend, both of East Fourth Street in New York City, had inquired about organizing a Boy Scout troop in their neighborhood, and that he, Mr. Osterweil, had been asked to pursue the matter because he worked not too far from East Fourth Street. Mr. Osterweil asked if we knew the location of the Hamilton Fish Park branch of the New York Public Library (which was like asking Gertrude Ederle if she knew the location of the English Channel), because that was where he would like to meet us the following Tuesday at six P.M., a time he hoped was convenient for us, but if it wasn't he would be pleased to make a more convenient arrangement. In the meantime he begged to remain yours for more and better Scouting, sincerely Lester Osterweil.

In those days, when life was still uncomplicated, anything that I didn't have to explain to my mother was convenient for me, and to make things convenient for himself all Natie had to do was steer clear of the grocery store in which his father and mother were trapped until almost midnight every day except Friday, when they closed at sundown.

The following Tuesday evening, Natie and I were on the front steps of the library by five-thirty, and at six o'clock a tall, thin, hatless man with a sad face, wearing a dirty raincoat, came down the block and introduced himself to us.

Looking back on it now, I would guess that Mr. Osterweil was then around thirty, give or take a couple of years, but to me and Natie, who had just turned twelve, he looked as old as Calvin Coolidge. He talked like Coolidge, too. Not that I ever heard Coolidge talk, but there were a lot of jokes in those days about how rarely he opened his mouth and, when he did, how little came out.

The first thing Mr. Osterweil said was an explanation of what he'd meant when he wrote that he worked not too far from East Fourth Street. He was the manager of the F. W. Woolworth store on Avenue B between Fifth and Sixth streets, about a five-minute walk from the Hamilton Fish Park branch library. Mr. Osterweil's next words put me and Natie Goodman in his pocket forever. He asked how we'd like a couple of ice-cream sodas.

Between that night, when he came into my life, and the night, about two years later, when he left it, I learned a lot about Mr. Osterweil, but I don't remember how I learned it. For example, I don't know how I learned he was a bachelor and lived with his mother in New Rochelle in the house where both of them had been born. Not that at twelve I was what you would call shy, exactly, but I can't believe I ever asked Mr. Osterweil for this piece of information.

I have a theory—which I can't prove, but which I will never stop defending—that if you feel strongly about anybody, if you really love or really hate, you pick up information about them without trying, the way a blue serge suit picks up lint, because all your pores are always open, so to speak. Maybe I don't mean pores but antennae.

Whatever I mean, this much I know: What I remember about Lester Osterweil I remember because I was crazy about him, and what I remember about Jazz L. McCabe I remember because for almost forty years, until this morning when I read his obituary in the *Times*, I have hated the bastard. He was something, Jazz L. McCabe was. Something rotten.

Lester Osterweil was just the opposite. Goodness came out of him the way hot air comes out of politicians. He didn't even have to try. Maybe that's what drew him to the Boy Scout movement. There is something simple about it. Like the Golden Rule. If you want boys to be decent, if you care about helping them grow up to be good men—why, just get them out into the open, take them on hikes, teach them to tie knots, to make fire with flint and steel, to believe that the Kingdom of Heaven is not a bull stock market but a khaki uniform that a boy wins by proving he has accepted the ludicrous belief that it is admirable to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent. Silly, of course. I shudder to think what an ass I must have been at the age of twelve to believe such stuff. I have, however, a good excuse. I was corrupted by Lester Osterweil.

Not only did Mr. Osterweil believe all this, he built his life around his belief. He had very little money. This is no reflection on the F. W. Woolworth Company. I'm sure they paid their store managers a fair wage, that Lester Osterweil was paid as much as he deserved. If the money didn't go as far as he wanted it to go, that was his fault, not Woolworth's. Lester Osterweil wanted his money to go to the boys of East Fourth Street, but he didn't have enough to go around because his mother lived in a wheelchair and earned very little by sewing for her New Rochelle neighbors. Mr. Osterweil did pretty well, though.

He helped me and Natie Goodman and a dozen other kids to buy our first Scout uniforms. Troop 224, which met every Saturday night in the downstairs reading room of the Hamilton Fish Park library, always met as a troop should meet—every member properly dressed, every member wearing the insignia to which he is entitled. I still get a kick out of remembering the day I gave Mr. Osterweil four quarters, a dime, and a nickel, the last payment I owed on the $3.50 he had advanced so I could buy a new shirt and a merit-badge sash to wear at the troop ceremony when I was made Senior Patrol Leader. I earned the money by taking over Natie Goodman's job, which Natie hated, of stacking empties for his father. I wore that merit-badge sash the way King Arthur wore Excalibur. For the man who made it possible for me to wear it, I would have killed.

Before what happened happened, there were good times with Mr. Osterweil. Pretty damn near a year and a half of them.

The weekly meetings. The new skills. The merit badges. The useless knowledge picked up for the fun of it. I don't know why, but I still enjoy knowing that the poplar *tremuloides* can also be identified as the trembling aspen. Or that the square knot is used for tying ropes of equal thickness. If they are of unequal thickness, you'd better use a sheet bend, and I still do. Morse code? I can wigwag ten words a minute with a single flag, assuming there is still anyone around who can read wigwagged Morse. If there isn't, I can send it electronically, almost as fast as AP bulletins come in on a news ticker. I haven't stopped much arterial bleeding lately by calling on my knowledge of the proper pressure points, but not too long ago a neighbor's son, chasing a long fly across our lawn, crashed through our kitchen window, and when the ambulance came an intern complimented me on the spiral reverse bandage I'd put around the kid's forearm. Just a few of the things I learned from Mr. Osterweil.

But the best things were the Sunday hikes. That's what I remember clearest. The Sunday hikes.

Getting out of the bed I shared with my kid brother, and out of the house without waking him or my mother, who thought Mr. Osterweil was an American militarist working to turn me and Natie and the other boys of Troop 224 into *pogromniks*, her word for all people who wore uniforms, whether they worked for the New York Sanitation Department or Czar Nicholas II. Meeting Natie in the grocery store, which would not open officially for another hour (we'd sneak in with a key Natie was not supposed to have). Stuffing our knapsacks with stale rolls, a little jar of butter scooped out of the big wooden tub in the icebox, a block of silver-wrapped cream cheese, a can of baked beans. *No, let's take two. Baked beans are the best. . . . But what about your old man? . . . Aah, I'll push the other cans to the front of the shelf. He won't notice we took two.* I think Mr. Goodman did notice. But I also think he didn't mind. He was proud of the way Natie's merit badges kept piling up. Mr. Goodman had come to America when he was still a young man. He was not as scared as my mother.

Knapsacks loaded, there was the long walk across town to the Astor Place subway station. Except that it never seemed long, not at seven o'clock on those Sunday mornings. The streets empty and quiet, except for the sparrows screaming their heads off, their screaming somehow making it all seem even quieter. On First Avenue, the sun coming across the El, putting golden covers on the garbage cans. On Seventh Street, beyond Second Avenue, the young priest getting ready for early mass, sweeping the steps of the church, his skirts hiked up to avoid the dust. On Third Avenue, in the slatted shade from the El, the sleeping drunks looking friendly and curiously clean. And the sky, like a long wedding canopy over the tenements, smooth and blue as Waterman's ink.

Then the troop gathering slowly outside the subway kiosk. The comparison of knapsack contents. The arrival of Mr. Osterweil. The long ride in the almost empty subway car, up to Dyckman Street. The ferry crossing the Hudson, standing at the gate up front, catching the spray in your face when she hit a big one. On the New Jersey side, the briefing by Mr. Osterweil. Tall, skinny, his Adam's apple bobbing

America, America

"... The way I see it, if God is dead He must be in Heaven."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in and out of his khaki collar, his yellow hair blowing in the wind, his sad face looking sadder with the seriousness of his instructions. We needed flint for our fire sets; he'd heard there was quite a lot of it lying around as a result of the blasting they were doing for this new bridge, so would we keep our eyes open?

We kept our eyes open. By the time we arrived at our campsite, we were loaded down with flint. I've often wondered how they managed to get the George Washington Bridge finished without it.

Then the fires. And the cooking. And the smell of roasting hot dogs. And lying around on the grass, digesting the baked beans, while Mr. Osterweil read aloud from the Scout *Handbook*. Watching the traffic on the river. Skipping stones out toward the sailboats. And finally, the sinking sun.

I never realized I was doing anything more than having the time of my life, and then we won the annual All-Manhattan rally. All of a sudden, I was famous. Well, Troop 224 was famous. The day after I won eight of our winning forty-nine points for speed knot-tying, and Natie Goodman rolled up sixteen for flint-and-steel and two-flag semaphore, a picture of Troop 224 appeared in the New York *Graphic*. All thirty-three of us, grouped around Mr. Osterweil, who looked as though he thought the cameraman was pointing a gun at him. The *Jewish Daily Forward* ran a somewhat smaller picture, but my face and Natie's were clearly visible, and the paper called Mr. Osterweil—in Yiddish, of course—"a fine influence on the young people of the neighborhood."

All this was very surprising and very pleasant. None of it was a preparation for the appearance in our lives of Jazz L. McCabe. His typewritten letter, the one that scared my mother because she thought it was a *moof tzettle*, was in our mailbox a few days after the pictures appeared in the *Graphic* and the *Forward*. The letter was addressed to me, as the troop's Senior Patrol Leader. I stared at it for a while, then took it over to the Goodmans' store, where Natie stared at it for a while.

"There's something fishy about this," he said finally.

It was the *mot juste*, all right. The letter advised me that Mr. Lester Osterweil had resigned as Scoutmaster of Troop 224, and that our new Scoutmaster would be the man whose name appeared at the bottom of the letter and who looked forward eagerly to seeing me and the other Scouts at our next weekly meeting: "Jas. L. McCabe."

"Why should Mr. Osterweil resign?" I said.

"I don't know," Natie said. "Who is this Jazz L. McCabe?"

"I don't know," I said.

"Let's go find out," Natie said.

Mr. Osterweil had asked us long ago never to visit him during working hours. He did not think it was fair to his employers to devote to Scouting any of the time for which he was paid by the F. W. Woolworth Company. We had always obeyed Mr. Osterweil's rule, but Natie and I agreed that Jazz L. McCabe's letter was important enough to justify breaking it. We did not, however, get the chance. Mr. Osterweil, we learned when we got to the store, had not showed up for work that day.

But he did show up at the troop meeting the following night. When Natie and I came into the room, Mr. Osterweil was standing at the table up front, talking to a man we had never seen before. He called us over.

"This is Mr. McCabe," he said. "He says he wrote you a letter."

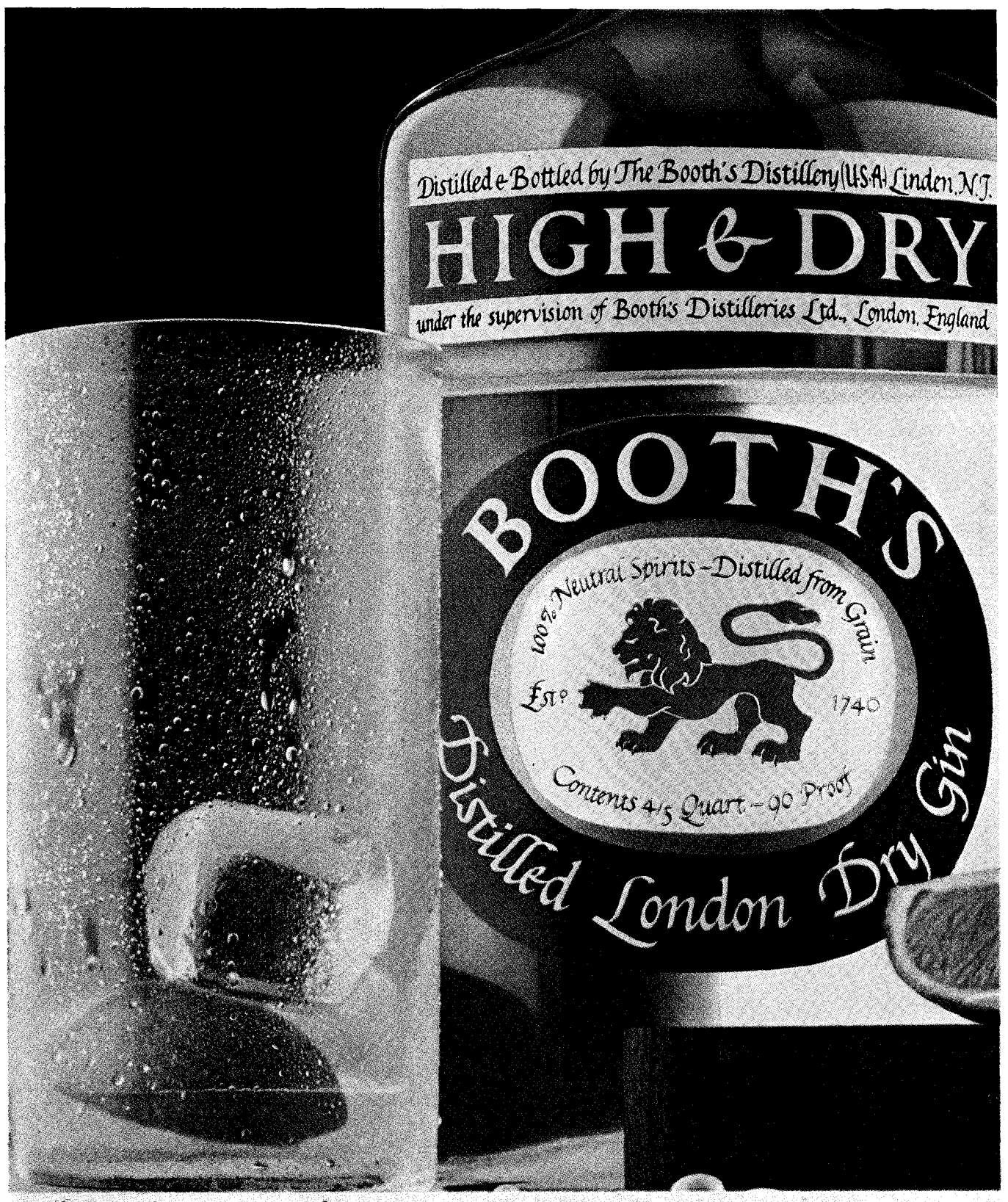
"Yes, sir," I said.

I pulled the letter from my pocket and handed it over. While Mr. Osterweil read it, Natie and I studied Mr. Jazz L. McCabe.

I have always had a tendency, which I'm sure is fairly common, to form mental pictures of people I have not yet met from the sound and appearance of their names. Seeing the "Jas. L. McCabe" at the bottom of his letter, my mind had at once constructed an image of a large, bluff, hearty Irishman. I was wrong.

Jas. L. McCabe, when I saw him for the first time that Saturday night, reminded me of the man pictured on the bottle of Ed. Pinaud's Eau De Cologne that stood on the marble shelf in Mr. Raffeto's barbershop on Lewis Street.

Jas. L. McCabe was small, neat, and dapper. He wore a tight double-breasted sharkskin suit and highly polished black shoes with pointed toes. A diamond stickpin in the form of a tiny horseshoe held his tightly knotted black tie in an elegant little fop's bulge under his stiff white collar. His face was round; it seemed plump because his collar was so tight that the flesh of his neck bulged. His black hair was parted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in the middle and slicked back with some sort of ointment that gleamed in the glaring electric light. The sharp points of a waxed moustache gave Mr. McCabe something to do with his nervously darting hands, and he kept them busy doing it, so that he seemed to be swatting flies.

He didn't look as though he had ever heard of a sheet bend, much less knew how to tie one. Jas. L. McCabe looked as though he was ready at any moment to whip an apron over you and give you a haircut. What he gave me and Natie Goodman that night was the willies.

Mr. Osterweil's face was pale when he looked up from the letter. "This letter is a lie," he said to us. "I have not resigned as Scoutmaster of this troop."

What happened next was startling. Jas. L. McCabe stopped looking like a foolish barber. He looked suddenly like one of those Sicilian bodyguards who were always following Edward G. Robinson around in the movies.

"Okay, you bastard," he said in a cold voice to Lester Osterweil. "You asked for it."

He stalked—no, he sort of hopped—furiously out of the meeting room, and slammed the door.

"Do you want this back?" Mr. Osterweil said.

A moment went by before I realized he was talking about the letter.

"No, sir," I said.

Slowly, deliberately, as though he wanted me and Natie to realize his movements held a message for us, Mr. Osterweil tore Jazz L. McCabe's letter into small pieces, and dropped them into the wastebasket.

"All right, Senior Patrol Leader," he said. "You may call the meeting to order."

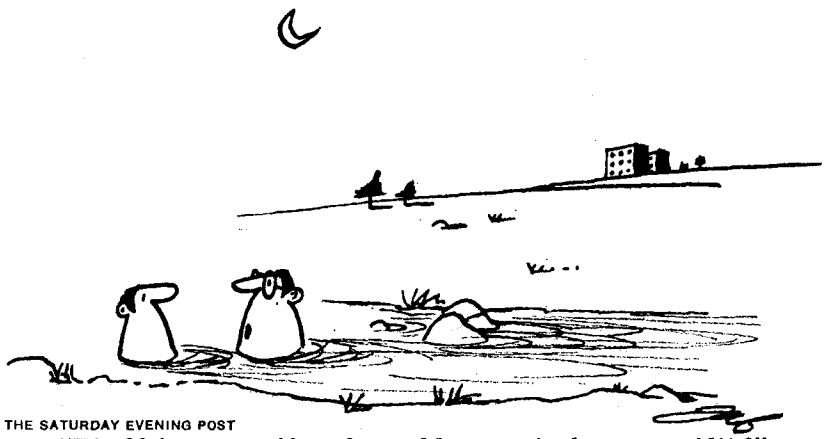
I did, but it was not a success. Neither was the next day's hike. Everything was the same, and yet everything was different. Even the sky, on the long walk across town to the Astor Place subway station, did not look smooth and blue as Waterman's ink. The unexpected, troubling appearance of Jazz L. McCabe had spoiled everything, even the feel and smell of those mornings.

I did not realize how upset we were until the next day. I was in the back of the Goodman grocery store, helping Natie stack the empties, when his father asked what we were talking so noisily about. We told him about the letter from Jazz L. McCabe, and the scene that had taken place at the troop meeting.

"What kind of a name this is, a man should call himself Jazz, this I don't know," Mr. Goodman said. "But what it means, what he wants, this anybody with a head on his shoulders can see."

"What does it mean?" Natie said.

"You boys won the rally, so you got Mr. Osterweil's picture in the papers," Mr. Goodman said. "This Jazz L. McCabe, he's one of the new Democratic district leaders, and what a district leader wants is votes. You don't get votes if nobody knows who you are. But if you get your picture in the papers, that's how people learn who you are. So this Jazz L. McCabe, he figures if he gets rid of Mr. Osterweil and becomes the Scoutmaster himself, the next time you and the troop you win something, the *Jewish Daily Forward* will be saying about this Jazz L. McCabe, not about Mr. Osterweil. They'll be saying it's Jazz L. McCabe who is a fine influence on the young people of the neighborhood."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wouldn't you say it's rather cool here . . . in the stream of life?"

Nobody ever got around to saying that. Not in my presence, anyway. Or Natie's.

Two days later I got another typewritten letter. This one was from the Manhattan Council of the Boy Scouts of America. Over a dramatically illegible signature, Natie Goodman and I were asked if we would be good enough to appear at the Manhattan Council offices uptown on Lexington Avenue on the following day at four P.M. It was a matter of the utmost urgency.

I was impressed. Not just because this was a typewritten letter. I was impressed because this was the first time I had ever seen the word "utmost" on anything but a page written by Charles Dickens.

When Natie and I got to the offices of the Manhattan Council the next day, we found Mr. Osterweil waiting on a bench in the anteroom. He looked sad. Under ordinary circumstances this would not have made an impression on me. Mr. Osterweil always looked sad. But sad in a nice way. As though the cause of his sadness was not something bad that had happened to him, but his troubled concern that something bad might happen to you. These were not, however, ordinary circumstances.

This was a man who had changed my life. He had brought something into it that I had never known existed. And I don't mean only the knowledge that the poplar *tremuloides* can also be properly called the trembling aspen. He had broken down the walls that until his arrival had always surrounded East Fourth Street. He had let in the sunlit world outside the ghetto. I did not, at the time, understand all that. But I felt it.

"Mr. Osterweil," I said, "what are we all doing here?"

"Well," he said slowly, "I'm not sure, but I think it's because Mr. McCabe wants to take over Troop 224."

"But why did they ask *us* to come here?" Natie said. "Not you, Mr. Osterweil. *Us.*"

The Scoutmaster's Adam's apple bobbed a couple of times, and then he said, "If the boys in the troop want me to stay on as Scoutmaster, the Council will have to let me stay on."

"You mean," Natie said, "if we say the word, it's nuts to this Jazz L. McCabe?"

"Pretty much, yes," Mr. Osterweil said.

"Okay," Natie said grimly. "You got nothing to worry about, sir."

For forty years, every time that I have found myself hating Jazz L. McCabe, I have also found myself hearing again the sound of Natie's voice as he uttered those words: *You got nothing to worry about, sir.* If you want to feel confidence in the power of decency and justice to direct the forces that rule the world, the best time to take a shot at it is when you're thirteen going on fourteen. After that, it's an uphill fight.

I didn't realize that, of course, when a door opened at the far side of the anteroom and a secretary said, "Mr. Osterweil, please?"

He stood up and followed her out of the room, and the door closed behind him.

"When he comes out," Natie said, "I think it would be a good idea if we talked to him for a couple of minutes before we go in."

It was an excellent idea, but when the door opened again, about a half hour later, the secretary was alone.

Natie and I both stood up, but she only wanted me. "This way, please," she said.

Wondering what had happened to Mr. Osterweil, I followed the girl into a corridor. At the far end she opened a door on the right and smiled encouragingly at me. I stepped through, and she pulled the door shut behind me.

I was in a room that reminded me of the "Closed Shelf Section" in the Hamilton Fish Park library, except that the walls were lined not with books but with pictures of men like Dan Beard and Lord Baden-Powell. But there was that same feeling of a room in which nobody lived, but which people visited for a special purpose.

At a long table between the windows sat three men. I had never seen men like these in real life, but I had seen hundreds of pictures of them in the newspapers. These were the faces, photographed by Underwood & Underwood, that appeared in the financial section of the *Times* when the corporations for which they worked appointed them to vice presidencies and board chairmanships. They looked prosperous and well scrubbed. They were all smiling kindly at me. They all had good teeth.

"Please don't be afraid," said the man in the middle. "We just want to ask you a few questions."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Why don't you sit down," said the man on the left, pointing to a chair facing the table.

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"It was you and Scout Goodman who were responsible for the founding of Troop 224, were you not?" said the man on the left.

"Yes, sir," I said.

"May we congratulate you on your fine showing at the recent All-Manhattan rally," said the man on the right.

"Thank you, sir."

I don't think, looking back on it, that I was usually all that polite at the age of thirteen going on fourteen. But there was that fifth point of the Scout Law, which came out squarely in favor of courtesy, and I was at that moment seated close to the heartland of the American Scout movement.

"Now, then," said the man in the middle, and even if he had not hiked himself forward in his chair and leaned across the table, I would have known the preliminaries were over. There was a main-bout sound to that "Now, then."

"We have asked you to come here today because we are faced with a very painful problem," said the man in the middle. "It has to do with Mr. Osterweil."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Do you think he is a good Scoutmaster?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good," said the man in the middle. "We would be very sorry to hear that your troop had not been assigned a good Scoutmaster. What's that?"

I jumped slightly in my chair before I realized that the last two words had not been addressed to me. The man on the left had leaned forward and was whispering to the man in the middle.

"Right," the man in the middle said finally to the man on the left. Then he said to me, "You understand, of course, that to be a good Scoutmaster requires more than a knowledge of the various skills in which Scouts are trained. He must also be a good man in the moral sense. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, sir," I said, and it is possible that I did, but I think my main concern was not to cause trouble by appearing stupid. Feeling my way without advice, so to speak, I felt the best thing I could do for Mr. Osterweil, as well as for myself and Natie, was to look calm and act as though nothing unusual had happened during all the time Mr. Osterweil had been our Scoutmaster, because, with a man like that in charge, how could anything unusual happen?

"Mr. Osterweil was assigned to your troop," the man in the middle said, "because we had every reason to believe he was a morally upright person. Otherwise, of course, he would not have been admitted to the Scout movement. However, we have received a communication from a man named McCabe. Do you know him?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Jazz."

"What?"

I sensed I had made a mistake, so I said quickly, "It's the way he spells his name, sir."

The man on the left leaned forward again, holding out a sheet of paper and pointing to something at the bottom. The man in the middle adjusted his glasses, leaned over the sheet, peered at it for a moment, then leaned back and nodded at me.

"I see," he said. "Well, Mr. McCabe wrote to us that he had recently assumed certain political duties in your neighborhood, and that in his efforts to learn as much as he could about the people he would be serving, he had made a thorough investigation of the

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area. He wrote that he had discovered a number of parents were worried about the relationship between the Scoutmaster of Troop 224 and the boys in the troop. Are you aware of this?"

Of course I was aware of it. But I wasn't going to tell a man with an Underwood & Underwood face that because we wore uniforms my mother believed Mr. Osterweil was training us all to be *pogromniks*.

I said, "No, sir."

The man on the right leaned over and whispered to the man in the middle, who said, "Good point," and turned back to me. "What about your relationship with Mr. Osterweil? Is it a friendly one?"

"Yes, sir."

"How friendly, may I ask?"

I thought about what it was like—lying around the campfire on Sundays, watching the boats on the river and digesting roasted hot dogs and baked beans and listening to the sound of Mr. Osterweil's voice as he read aloud from the Scout *Handbook*. But I didn't know how to put all that into words. Not for those faces out of *The New York Times* financial section. I tried with something I felt they would understand.

"Well," I said, "Mr. Osterweil lent me three and a half dollars to buy a new shirt and a merit-badge sash."

"You say he lent you the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're sure he didn't give it to you as a present?"

"No, sir," I said. "I paid him back by stacking empties."

"By doing what?"

I explained about Natie's father's grocery store, and the job I'd taken over from Natie.

"Oh, I see," said the man in the middle. He seemed disappointed in my answer. "Just a moment, please."

Now both the man on the right and the man on the left leaned forward. There was a whispered conference.

"Good point," the man in the middle said finally, and the other two leaned back. "I'm now going to ask you something very important," he said to me. "Please think carefully before you answer, and please answer with complete honesty, on your honor as a Scout. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Your honor as a Scout, remember."

"Yes, sir."

"Has Mr. Osterweil ever made any attempt to molest you?"

I thought that over. Not because I didn't understand the question. I knew what the word "molest" meant. Miss Marine, my English teacher, had said more than once that I had the best vocabulary in her class. But I was here for a purpose, and that was to keep Mr. Osterweil as our Scoutmaster. Just saying no, he had never molested me, was not enough. I had to do better than that.

"No, sir, he never did," I said. "Just the opposite."

"How do you mean, just the opposite?"

"Mr. Osterweil is very friendly."

"In what way?"

I knew it sounded a little silly, but I wanted to counteract that crack about molesting, which I knew had come out of that bastard McCabe's letter, so I said, "Mr. Osterweil puts his arms around us."

"He does, does he?"

"Yes, sir."

Again the heads on the left and right joined the one in the middle for a hurried conference, but this time I wasn't worried. I could tell from the excitement in the unintelligible whispers that I had given the right answer. The heads separated.

"Could you——" the man in the middle said, then paused and cleared his throat. "On your word of honor now, as a Scout, tell us how often—and yes, with whom, any particular boys?—does Mr. Osterweil put his arms around you?"

I thought about how proud and happy Mr. Osterweil was when any one of us did something good. Like when we won the rally. Or like when I was made Senior Patrol Leader.

"Oh, he does it a lot," I said. "All the time. He likes all of us."

They didn't bother to call Natie in; that was the end of the interview. It was also the end of Mr. Osterweil, but I didn't know that at the moment. Even when I found out, three days later, I didn't put it all together. I merely thought, through the pain that was to turn into all those years of hatred for Jazz L. McCabe, I merely thought stupidly: What a funny way to become a part of history. The Empire State Building, completed only a few months before, had just been opened to the public. Mr. Osterweil had gone up to the hundred-and-second floor and jumped from the observation deck. □

"To tell the truth, I was sort of hoping to be reincarnated."

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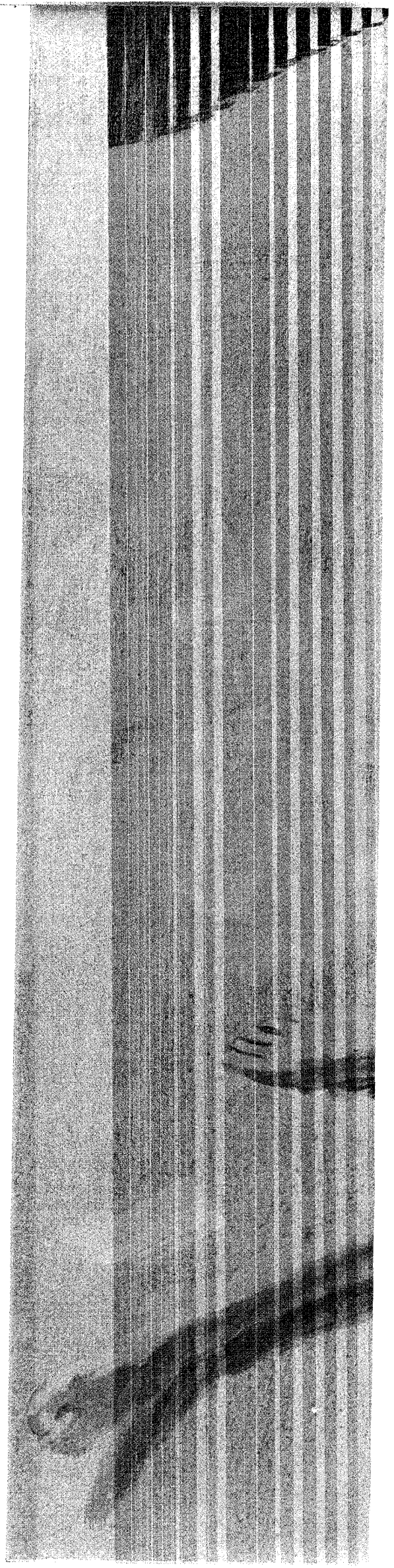
The night of the full moon

He had told her what he thought of marriage—
that it was a dreary business, not
for him. And here he was beginning to feel like a
plum in a tree, ripe and ready to fall.

By MADALYNNE R. KURTZ



When Richie Salter finally gave in, he had to blame the Poogos and Uncle Dexter and the full moon. Before the Poogos and Uncle Dexter combined to overwhelm him, there on the shining beach in the vast moonlight, Richie Salter had been a young man who found comfort in four phrases. They were:

1. Decline and fall, decline and fall;
2. Muck, muck, everywhere muck;
3. All things fall apart, the center cannot hold;
4. There is no joy in Mudville.

After the events of the night of the full moon, Richie Salter no longer found comfort in the four phrases, and they fell into disuse.

Amelia, too, had a hand in his surrender. Amelia was the only girl Richie had ever known who could crack a smile with a perfectly straight face. That ability infuriated him—that and the fact that her sense of humor was sloppy. She derived amusement from inappropriate sources, such as a man's innermost thoughts. For instance: A few weeks ago Amelia was eating grapes in the back of the Lexington Avenue bus. It was late, and they had the bus to themselves, except for a humming drunk. They were having an argument. "All right," Richie had said. "You say, Affirm life. I say, You put up with living and you end up dead. You say, Believe in human beings. I say, Big deal—the only human beings around are people. You say, Rejoice, rejoice. I say, Despair, despair. You say, Do what you can. I say, Nuts. I say all you can do is put your head down and plow straight ahead; I say you have to go dogged through everyday life."

"You tell 'em, sonny," the drunk had said.

And do you know what Amelia had said? She had said, "You're not fooling me, Richie Salter." And then she had tossed up a grape and caught it—*shtip!*—between her teeth. She was the only girl he had ever known who could infuriate him by eating grapes.

So he had resolved not to invite her to Fire Island, to Uncle Dexter's; indeed, he had resolved not to see so much of her. Which would not have been dishonorable. He had known from the beginning that one did not go around seducing nursery-school teachers; that being the case, one had no alternative but to treat them man to man. At the start he had been candid; at the start they had had an understanding. He had told her what kind of man he was, and what he thought of marriage. He was assistant art director, he told her, of one of the most popular man's magazines, a magazine for men who liked women kept at a distance, emotionally speaking. He agreed, he had told her point-blank, with the policy of the magazine. Furthermore, he had told her that marriage, to him, was a room without doors or windows, in which sat a man and a woman not looking at each other.

The thing was, in the last few weeks she had been making him feel like a plum, a plum sitting in a tree. And when he was ripe, he would fall into her lap. Yet he did not feel that she was waiting so much for him to ripen into a husband as into something, if possible, even more consequential. Certainly he would not invite her to Uncle Dexter's, to that cedar-shingled house on the dune where he himself had spent his boyhood summers. But the city was hot; and it turned out that, recently arrived from that god-forsaken state where she was born and brought up, Amelia had never seen an ocean. And who had the right to keep the Atlantic to himself?

So here she was, out in the bay, face

Illustrated by BILL WHITTINGHAM

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to face with Uncle Dexter, both of them jogging up and down in water up to their hips, both of them talking a mile a minute. Richie thought Uncle Dexter was being extraordinary. Uncle Dexter was a serious man, a literal-minded man, and no chatterer. According to Aunt Gerry, the only place he was talkative was at the university, when he had a piece of chalk in his hand. Richie was often surprised that Uncle Dexter was treated as one of the family by his wife and sons, just as though he were a jolly father.

Now he was vigorously jigging up and down in the hip-deep water; treading clams, he said, was conducive to physical fitness. He was wearing the white cotton hat with the floppy brim that he always wore out of doors to shield his baldness from the sun; when clamming, he pinned up the right side of the brim with a safety pin so that when he bent to pick up a clam from under the ball of his foot, the brim would not get wet; he was one rakish-looking mathematician. Although Uncle Dexter did not interrupt his conversation with Amelia, Richie knew from previous expeditions that he was tabulating the clams which the three of them tossed into the bushel basket floating in an inner tube.

They had anchored the Boston Whaler in the shallows near a tiny island in the middle of the bay. The bay was flat, the distant mainland was flat, and, except for an occasional sailboat or gull, both gliding on white wings, they were alone in this horizontal world. At least, Richie was beginning to feel that way. Amelia and Uncle Dexter were discussing her work in the day-care center and the problems generally of the urban underprivileged. While they fretted endlessly over New York City, Richie began to talk to the clams. But no matter how clearly he spoke, Amelia would give no sign that she heard him. He didn't care. She wasn't even pretty. Ears too big. With her pointed chin and fragile features and city-white skin, she had reminded him of a china shepherdess; but no china shepherdess he had ever seen had big ears. She had long hair which she pulled up over her ears and sort of wrapped up on the back of her head. He noticed now that one damp tendril formed a question mark along her neck.

Uncle Dexter announced the current totals: "Twenty-eight for half shells, thirteen for chowder."

"And two undecided," said Richie.

"No," said Uncle Dexter, "twenty-eight for half shells and thirteen for chowder."

Amelia turned to Richie and winked.

All at once he was having a good time. At his feet torrents of transparent fish streamed by the wavering grass; red sponges glowed, and once a scallop sprang past him. As his feet kneaded the sand, a cloud of golden particles billowed and sparkled in the water about him.

When the clams reached the total that Uncle Dexter had set, he put the bushel basket in the boat, and unpinned the brim of his hat.

"Shall we smoke?" he asked.

He reached into the boat and brought out an oilskin packet that held his pipe and matches and tobacco, and then he and Amelia and Richie waded to the miniature island. The island had been ten times larger when Richie was a boy. Now nothing grew on it but a single blighted cedar, as scrawny as a heron. They sat on the shore and listened to the lapping of the waves.

"This is the only place I know," said Uncle Dexter, having savored his first mouthful of smoke, "where one can be safe from the Poogos."

"What are the Poogos?" asked Amelia.

"The worst of the summer people—the groupers," said Richie.

"The groupers this season are a sad lot," said Uncle Dexter.

"Why do you call them Poogos?" asked Amelia.

"They wear T-shirts with POOGO across the chest. It means ——" Richie hesitated out of consideration for nursery school teachers.

"It means Put Out Or Get Out," said Uncle Dexter.

"Tsk," said Richie.

"Hooligans," said Uncle Dexter. "Brawlers. The house they rented is a shambles, screen door burst through, two broken windows. . . . No one bothers to call the police any more; they've gone there so often they've joined them. Tasteless bunch."

"Decline and fall, decline and fall," said Richie.

Uncle Dexter puffed at his pipe and then shook his head. "Where do they come from? Who are they?"

Those were questions that Richie had heard half a dozen times each weekend, asked by Uncle Dexter and Aunt Gerry and the other middle-class homeowners whose lives were sheltered in universities and advertising agencies and consulting rooms and committees to save cultural landmarks. Richie knew the answers. Weren't the Poogos his people? Didn't they, if they could read at all, read the magazine he worked for?

"The biggest Poogo, the one with the tattoos, is a bouncer in a bar. The rest sell novelty T-shirts, obviously." Richie stared out at the bay. "I warn you," he said, speaking to Amelia but not looking at her, "I warn you that they are the future of the race. They are everywhere. They marry each other. The wife works until they can afford a credenza—whatever a credenza is. And then they have Poogos, and then they die. And they will never once have heard music or seen a Matisse or been flabbergasted. Boy," said Richie, "I'm glad I'm not a person."

"There you go again," said Amelia.

After lunch, the day grew carnal. Richie and Amelia went for a dip in the ocean in front of Uncle Dexter's house. Richie warned Amelia not to go beyond the breakers because of the undertow, and she said she wouldn't anyway, she couldn't swim. Later, when they turned to leave the ocean, a wave caught her at the back of her knees and Richie hugged her to him to keep her from stumbling, and for a long while he couldn't get rid of the feel of Amelia, fitting along his side, just under his arm.

They sat on the beach and watched the Poogos. The Poogos reclined on beach chairs, like sultans, within arm's reach of a can of beer or of a girl lolling on the sand. More girls stood on the fringes of the circle, turning and twisting themselves and talking with slight men who laughed loudly and kept toadying eyes on the men in the beach chairs.

After a while, Richie and Amelia turned on their stomachs and looked up at the storm-battered house on the dune which had belonged to Richie's mother until she'd sold it to Uncle Dexter.

"Is that the house that had no doors and no windows and two people in it not looking at each other?" Amelia asked.

"Oh, no," said Richie, "I was always happy there. My father was there only on weekends, and that didn't give my parents enough time really to get started. I have no complaints. They let me be a free agent, and I still am. I mean, they aren't on my neck. My mother married a little here and there until she found this husband she's got now; they're very compatible—they drink just enough so that they can keep to one topic all evening, like was it last year or the year before that the doorman had his appendix out. My father's on the Coast with an enormous family, and each Christmas he sends me a check and I send him a tie and he thanks me for the tie and asks how I am and I thank him for the check and ask how he is and then we can both relax for another year. We're all nicely detached from one another."

At that moment there was an eruption of guffaws from the circle of Poogos. A girl in flesh-colored net was wrestling with a Poogo, the one with masses of tattoos on his forearms, and was held fast in a hammer lock.

"I'm glad I'm not a person," said Richie.

"For once, I agree with you," said Amelia.

They lay back and turned their faces up to what should have been the innocent sky. But the sun was warm, and the breeze kept smoothing Richie's skin, and the sand was silken. Behind his lids he kept seeing the oiled thighs of the girl in the flesh-colored net. He stole a look at Amelia. She lay with her arm over her eyes. Her legs were the kind of legs that would have reposed under the flowered skirt of a shepherdess. Even her bathing suit was sprigged with flowers; probably it was the very suit she had worn not too many years ago when she played in the sprinklers on her parents' side lawn.

"Amelia," he said, "are you a virgin?"

Even before the question was out, he was aghast. To broach this kind of question to a nursery-school teacher! He thought she would lie there with her arm across her eyes and never speak to him again. Then he hoped she was asleep. But she spoke finally.

"A cross I've had to bear since birth," she said from under her arm. "Although it doesn't bother me as much now as it did when I was a sophomore and realized that everybody else had taken care of it as a freshman. It made me feel retarded. But I figured that since it had gone on so long, I might as well keep on waiting."

"Waiting?"

"Until it would be really, you know, hunky-dory." She sat up suddenly. "And now I think I'll go dig a hole in the sand and bury my shame."

He caught her by the hand. "Don't go. I don't think it's shameful. Honest."

"Honest?" She gave him that puzzling look of hers; he didn't know whether she were repressing a fit of gravity or of laughter.

However, she lay down again beside him. But constraint stretched between them and soon they both got up and went back to the house.

That evening Uncle Dexter, Aunt Gerry, Amelia, and Richie went to the Swayzes' annual party, always the most lavish party of the season and one to which absolutely everybody in the community was invited except groupers, natives, and two known Communists. Mr. Swayze had a high income from building low-income housing which only middle-income families could afford. Mr. Swayze had caught on to this profitable venture only recently, and so his own housing, a summer cottage that looked like an ocean liner, was bigger than anybody else's. His chafing dishes were bigger, his bar was bigger, and the moon which hung over the tub of geraniums at the east end of the deck was bigger.

Amelia was wearing a pink top and immaculate white pants that fit her neat rump neatly. Whenever Amelia was not by his side, Richie would let his eye rove over the throng on the

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A.T. and T. down one fourth, U.S. Smelting up one eighth and Xerox is holding steady. . . ."

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deck until it came to rest on a gleam of white. Amelia appeared to be enjoying herself, as was Uncle Dexter, who danced with Aunt Gerry, Mrs. Swayze, and Amelia as though he were carrying the scepter up the nave at Westminster Abbey. And then, having thus caroused, he took Aunt Gerry home.

Toward the end of the evening, before Richie realized what was going on, the remaining guests had drawn back from the center of the deck and Amelia was doing a kind of Fred Astaire–Ginger Rogers dance with the handsomest man at the party, a stylish interior decorator. When the music stopped and everybody applauded, Amelia came and leaned against Richie and turned her face, laughing, against his chest.

Then Mr. Swayze's youngest daughter came up and said, Let's everybody go for a moonlight swim; and Richie said, With the undertow that's going on out there, it would be sheer suicide. And then somebody put on bullfight music, and she hurried off to be the bull, and Richie was able to hold on to Amelia and get the hell away from there.

They walked home along the ocean's edge. There was a great round moon, and the sand that stretched ahead of them was yellow and luminous. They met only one couple, a woman in a long dress and a man in a Madras jacket and shorts and black knee socks, and they passed them and were alone again.

Amelia was swinging her sandals from one hand and humming the last tune she had danced to. Suddenly, out of the moonlight, a gull flew over their heads, and, a heartbeat later, the gull's shadow flew over them and they gasped.

Richie stopped. "Amelia, what would you say if I said I had designs on you?"

Amelia walked on a few steps. Then she flung out her arms, her sandals dangling from one hand, and twirled around.

"I'd say, Design away!"

Uncle Dexter's house was quiet. One light had been left burning for them in the front, but they went in the back. Amelia had been given the glassed-in back porch on the first floor. It was a narrow room with casement windows on three sides. The bed was against the wall that backed on the kitchen. Two feet above the bed, a stovepipe jutted out of the wall and went up through the ceiling. The stovepipe was painted white, like the wall.

They did not turn on a light or draw the curtains, and the moonlight laid brilliant windowpanes across the bed and over the floor. Perhaps it was because the room was both so bright and so shadowy that they spoke in whispers.

Amelia reached up and took the pins out of her hair.

"Probably," she said, "I won't be able to scratch and claw, the way ladies do in books."

"That will be all right," said Richie.

"Probably I won't be able to bite you."

"Maybe you won't be hungry," said Richie, absently.

He was staring at a stranger. It was true that he had never seen her before with her hair falling loose around her face, but there was something even more unfamiliar about her. She was no longer protecting herself from him; she was no longer finding him comical. And he had had no idea that she was so beautiful.

"My God, Amelia," he whispered.

Gently, he sat her down on the bed, where the moonlight was strongest. When he too sat down, to study this changeling, to catch his breath, he knocked his ear against the stovepipe that poked out between their heads and did not even notice it. She was laughing now, but laughing at his marveling; and then she caught her breath and they stared at each other in the greatest stillness.

Down through the stovepipe came Uncle Dexter's voice: "I'm a fierce tiger, the scourge of the countryside."

Down through the stovepipe came Aunt Gerry's voice: "No, you can't come in."

"I'm a great elephant with emeralds on my forehead and rubies in my tusks."

"No, you can't come in."

"I'm a poor little rabbit, out in the cold."

"Hop in!"

Snatching Amelia's hand and dragging her behind him, Richie staggered out of the room, out of the house, over the back path, and he didn't stop until he reached the top of the dune steps.

"That was my uncle," he exclaimed. "That was Uncle *Dexter!* He was having fun! All right," said Richie, "you could gag at the whimsy, but Uncle *Dexter* was having *fun!*"

At his side, Amelia was doubled over. Suddenly, he was furious. "You think

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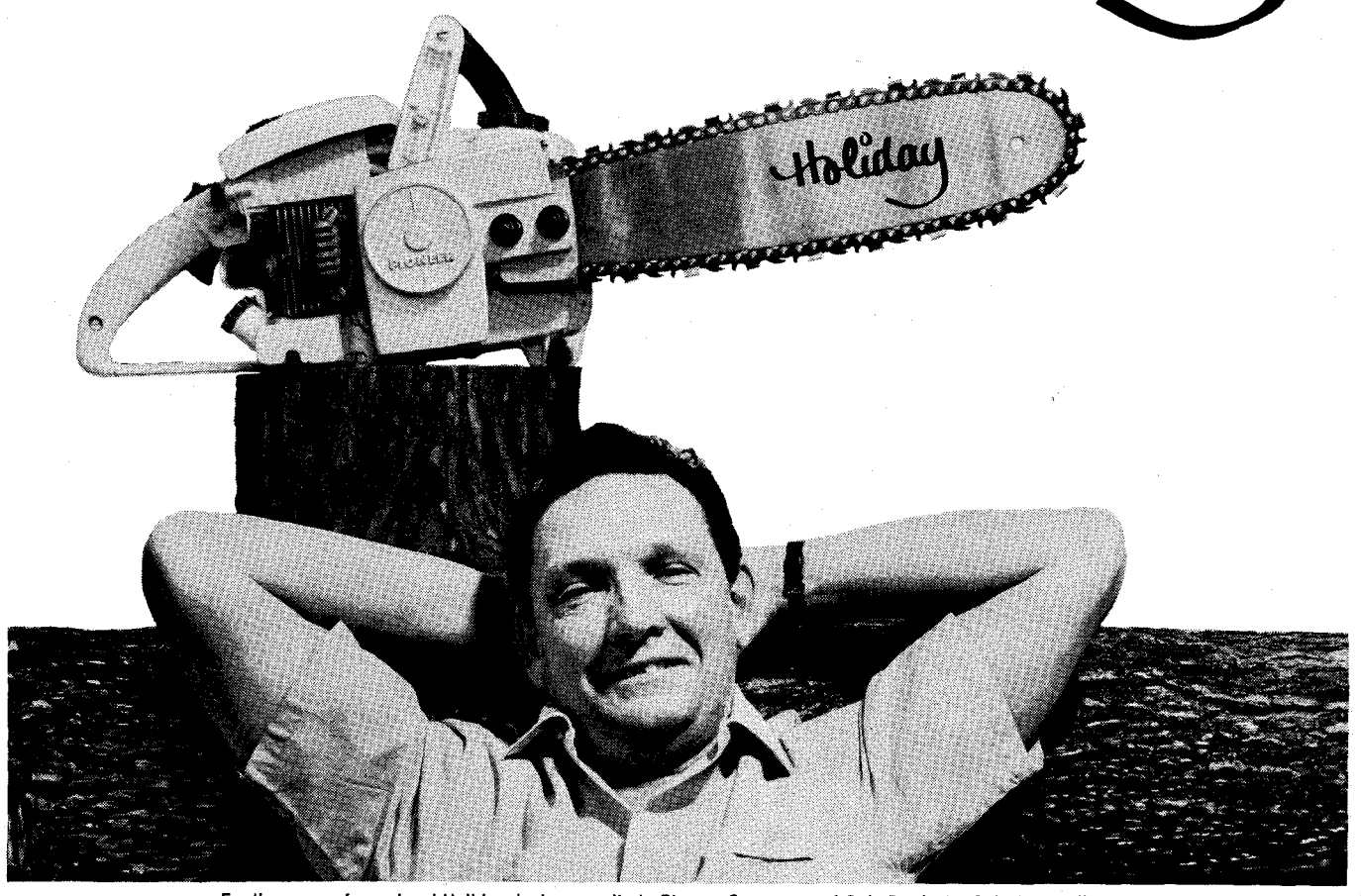

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it can be fun, too," he railed. "You think the whole works can be fun!" He jerked her upright and started to shake her. "Stop picking on me!"

They heard a hoarse cry. They turned toward the ocean and saw a small knot of people at the water's edge. The cry came again and was choked off sharply. Beyond the breakers, in the path of moonlight, Richie could see a black blob.

"Why doesn't somebody do something?" he asked. And then: "Oh, Lord!"

Kicking off his shoes, he sprang down the steps and ran to the stanchion which held the lifesaving equipment. He took down the life ring. The fabric which covered it had rotted away and the corky interior crumbled under his fingers. (All things fall apart, the center cannot hold.) He ripped the line off the ring, wrapped the end of it twice around his waist and knotted it with several half hitches. He unhooked the coiled line and raced with it across the beach to the group at the water's edge.

Two girls were getting into their clothes and whimpering.

A man in underwear shorts was saying, "I couldn't buck it."

The man in the Madras jacket and black knee socks was saying, "Somebody get a garden hose."

The woman in the long dress was saying, "Nude bathing is against the law."

Richie thrust the coil of line toward the man in the black knee socks. "You keep a tight hold on this end. It may not reach; you may have to walk out with it."

The man drew back. "My doctor said I couldn't go in above my knees."

For a wild instant Richie imagined that the man wore knee socks to gauge the depth of the water. Then the coiled rope was taken from him by Amelia.

"She can't swim," Richie said to the man. "If anything happens, I'll hold your doctor responsible."

Between one swell and the next, Richie searched the streaks of moonlight and thought that the swimmer had already drowned. Then he saw a head bobbing on the waves. At least the damn fool had sense enough not to struggle. With Amelia at his heels, Richie ran down the beach to the point opposite the man in trouble.

He plunged in, and the first wave swooped down upon him, its white crest foaming and hissing high over his head. Even as he was reassuring himself that the combers, though immense, were regularly formed and could be cooperated with, he miscalculated his dive and was flattened almost to the ocean bottom. He swallowed a great deal of water before he clawed his way back to the surface. At this moment, his mind flashed: This is a serious matter; and he forced himself to become a cunning adversary. He took the second wave clumsily, but he cut through the third like a shark. Now he was beyond the line of surf, and suddenly it seemed as though the water were jerked out from under his feet; he was skidding in the undertow. But with his sharklike guile, he used his enemy's strength to conserve his own. He swam just enough to keep himself aimed at the dark head in the metallic water, just enough to progress faster than the dark head was drifting. As he bore down on his objective, he saw two eyes glitter at him in the moonlight, and then the man lunged.

Gulping air, Richie submerged and remained under water until his new enemy's hold, heavy and strangling, loosened. He kicked his way to the top, and, rummaging around in the water beneath him, grasped a fistful of hair and hoisted the man to the surface. Now he was embedded in a waste of brilliance; he could see nothing but the livid sky. He was lost at sea. But no; he had only to put the moon at his back. He was just congratulating himself on his cleverness when he realized that his legs were snarled in rope and were useless. The lifesaving line, which he had feared would kill him by rotting apart, was going to kill him by holding fast. He was indignant. So all right, he would keep on trying, but he could use a little help. He could use a miracle. It came. By chance, he yanked at the right portions of the rope in the right sequence, and his legs were free. He allowed himself a thrill of panic as the undertow clutched him, and then the rope grew taut. Good old Amelia.

He hooked his arm under the man's chin and faced away from the moon. Another miracle. The rope was not, after all, one of the things that fell apart, and it tugged them out of the flood of the undertow.

Not the least of the miracles occurred when Richie felt sand under his feet and found that the man he had rescued, though retching, could stumble under his own power into the arms of the man in the underwear shorts.

Now, with a delicacy that he knew was absurd, Richie staggered away from the knot of people, across the beach, and up to the base of the dunes, where he was wrenchingly sick. After the worst spasms were over, he realized that Amelia was holding him and cooing. She was saying how wonderful he was, how courageous, how manly.

He straightened up.

"Do you know what I pulled out of that ocean? I saw his tattoos when the son of a bitch tried to drown me. I should have let him sink!"

"No man is disposable," said Amelia, still in her exalted voice.

"You and your affirmation of life," said Richie, and turned and was sick a little more. "Surely," he said finally, "I'm too young to die of a heart attack."

She helped him to the dune stairs and they sat down on the bottom step. She hugged him to her and kept one hand over his heart, as if all it took to make it behave was a firm hand.

"It couldn't have been an Albert Einstein or an Albert Schweitzer or a Louis Armstrong. Oh, no. It had to be a bouncer in a bar. My contribution to the world."

"So you'll make your own contribution," said Amelia.

"Arrah," said Richie.

At last his heart had stopped pounding. He took her hand and held it. They sat there holding hands, and it was very restful. After a time he stirred and addressed the moon: "Can Amelia and Richard find happiness in a world of Poogos?"

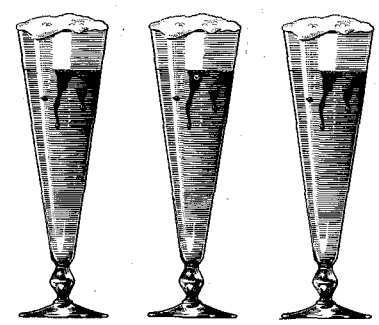
"They didn't even stay to say thank you," said Amelia.

The beach was empty. Across the water, a wide white path led straight to the horizon, to a sky that was empty except for the round moon.

At his side, Amelia shivered. All at once Richie felt a concern for her which, if he had not been such a novice at experiencing it, he would have been able to identify as tenderness. He said that his spirited aunt and uncle were probably asleep by now, and that Amelia ought to get some dry clothes on and then they would have something hot to drink. They stood up. Richie noticed that one end of the rope was still knotted around his waist. With his eye he followed the length of it, down to where it looped and coiled on the sand at his feet, and back up to the other end which was knotted around Amelia's waist. And it was at this moment that Richie Salter threw up his hands.

After these events, Amelia was to notice that Richie was fond of three sayings. They were:

1. Home is where the credenza is;
2. Hunky-dory?
3. With any kind of luck, we can win through. □



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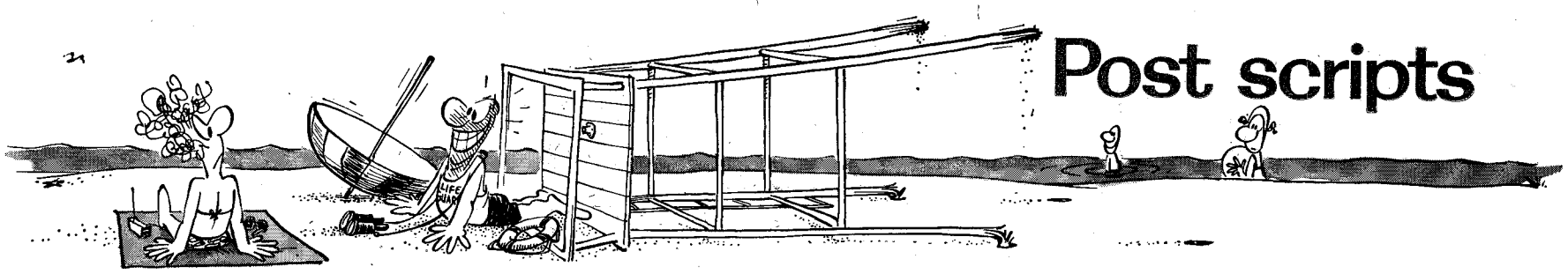

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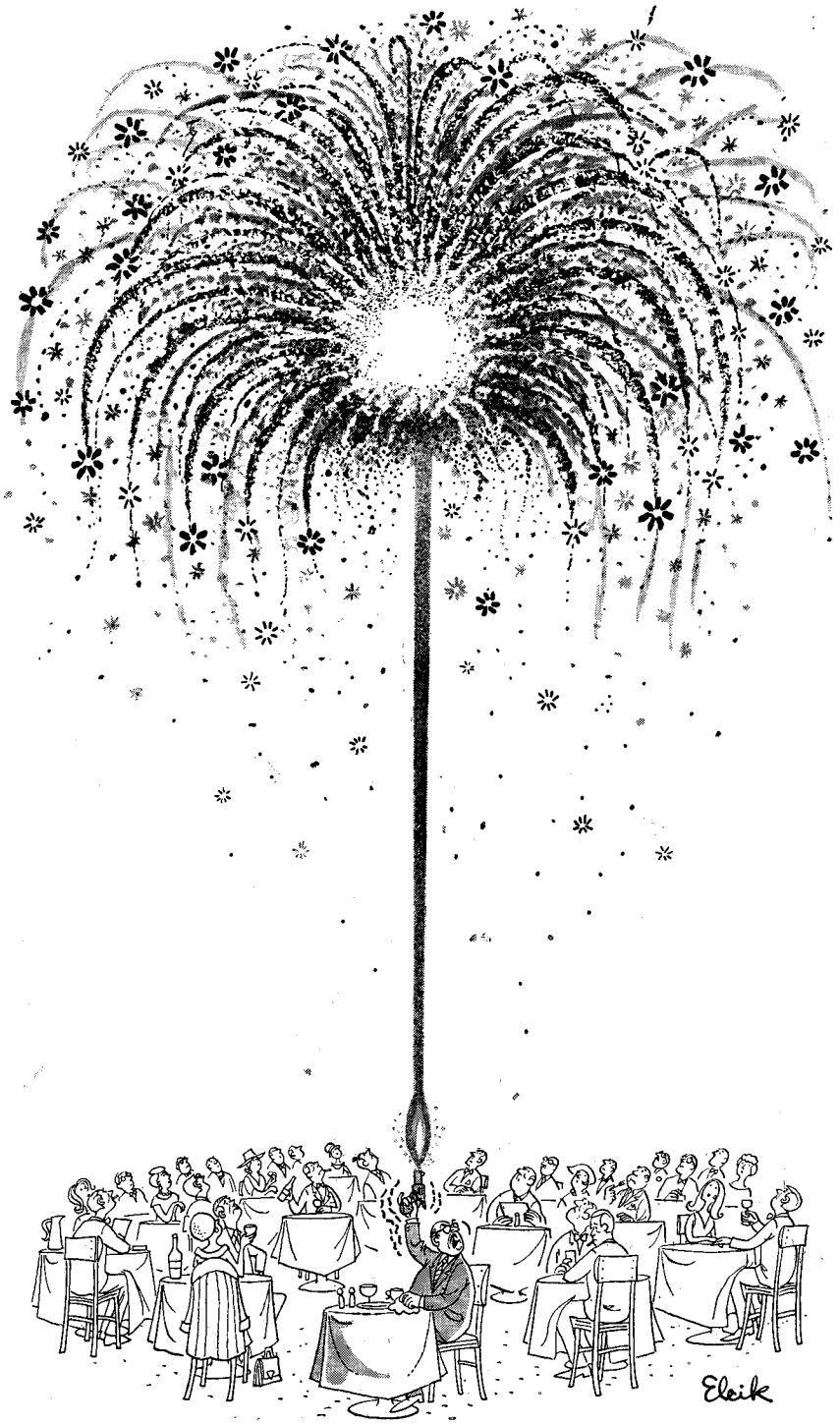
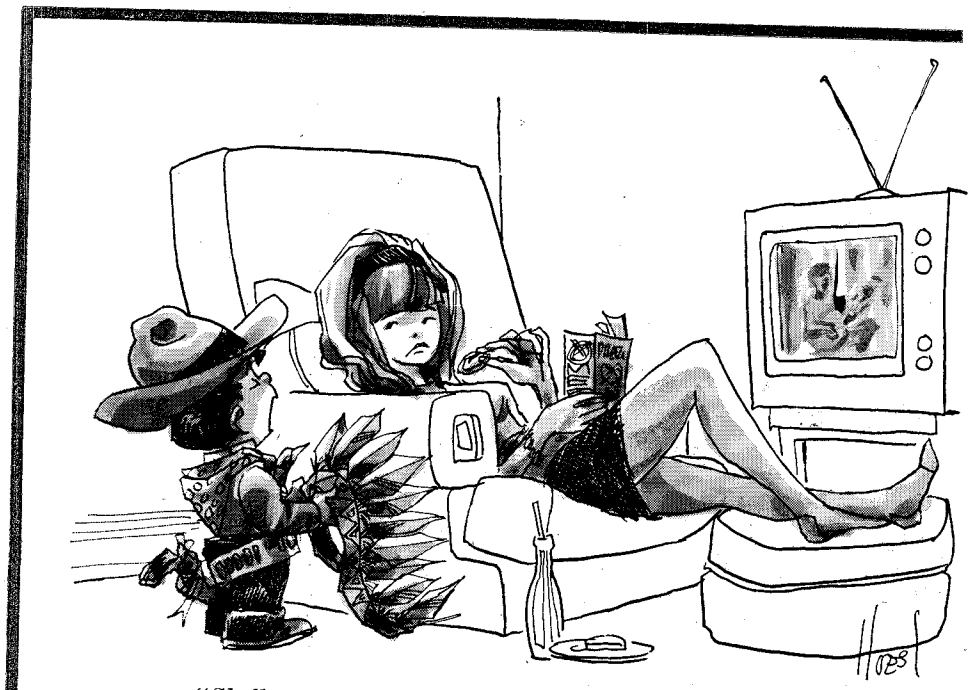
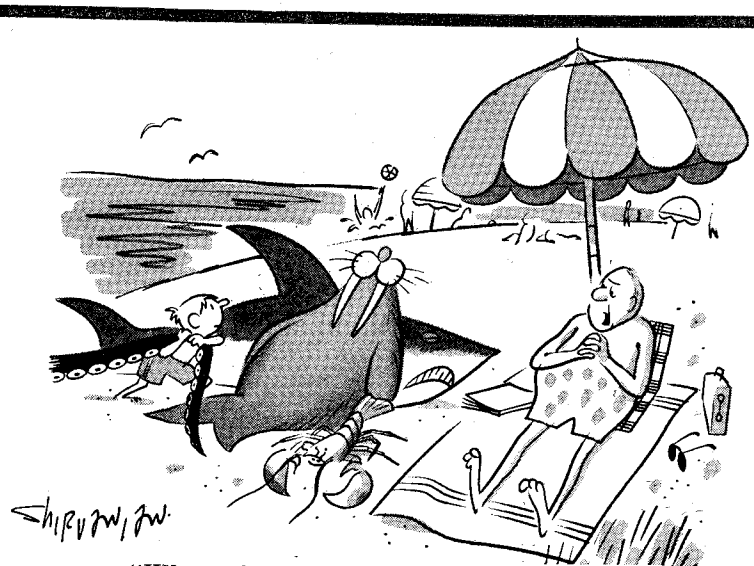


"Check, please!"

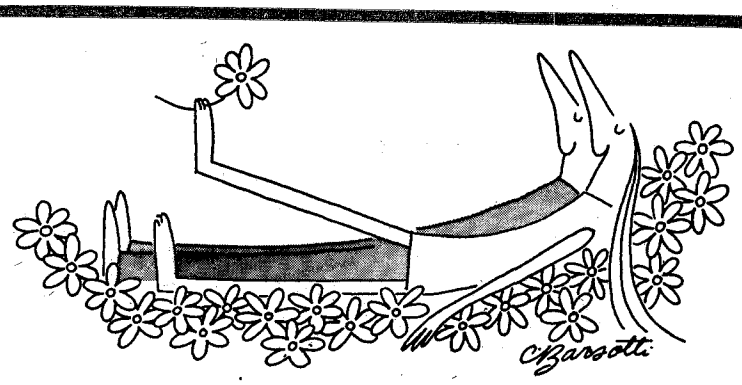


"Shall we start earning that seventy-five cents an hour?"

"At least our generation didn't need a computer to find a woman . . . eh, Fred?"



"Why can't you collect shells like other kids?"



". . . you were saying something about the problems of excess leisure time . . ."

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In case you've forgotten, the original idea was to skip the doodads and concentrate on the most car for the least money possible. But compacts have been getting chromier and less economic lately—even the foreign economy jobs. Meanwhile, Valiant's stuck to its guns. Which is why its percentage of repeat owners is highest of any American compact. And its depreciation rate is among the very lowest. So much for the highlights; now let's get to specifics . . .

Our sticking to—and perfecting—the basic compact car involves a lot more than just size—it's a whole philosophy we're committed to.

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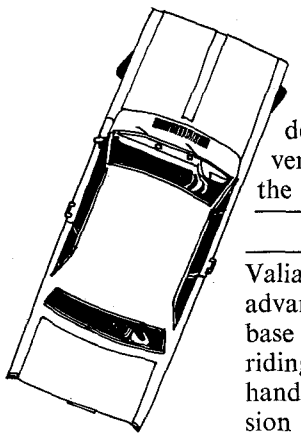

Sure, we'll lose some sales to sporty car buyers. But we figure to win over more of you who *want* what a compact car was intended to be in the first place.

Uhh—what *is* a proper compact, anyway?

It's sort of like a perfect marriage—hard to describe, rarely found, but a delight to experience.

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It's heavy enough to hold the road well at 70 mph. Light enough to give you a break on license fees and insurance.

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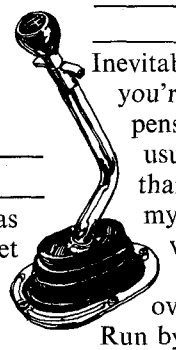
Now, what it isn't . . .

Valiant is not a sports car—even though it has options like vinyl roof coverings and bucket seats and 4-on-the-floor. (The last is to help our ex-foreign-car owners enjoy their new surroundings.)



Valiant also is not the absolutely lowest-priced car in the world to buy and feed. The foreign economy cars have us beat on that point—until you figure out their *total cost-to-own.*

When you factor in the extras . . . the more frequent service usually recommended . . . the repair costs you can figure on after the warranty runs out (assuming you can get parts) . . . you'll find Valiant, figured on the same basis, comes out a whole lot closer than most people would guess. (And we have a few engineers who swear their figures prove Valiant *beats* the bitty ones.)

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If you've gotten this far into our ad, it just might. Because people do manage to become very devoted to it.

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Valiant doesn't fool around—some of its biggest advantages start in closest to the ground. Its wheelbase is 108 inches—long enough for riding comfort, short enough for easy handling and parking. Its suspension has never varied from the originally computed ideal—torsion bars up front, multi-leaf springs in the rear. And its extra weight helps give you a great sense of man over machine.

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Inevitably, someone will ask what kind of mileage you're getting in your Valiant. When that happens, it's only natural to feel a bit smug. For usually you're getting better miles-per-gallon than you have a right to expect. Because economy is a Plymouth specialty. (Witness its class wins in 11 straight Mobil Economy Runs.)

And *this* year, Valiant delivered the best overall mileage of *all* cars competing in the Run by averaging 24.57 mpg!

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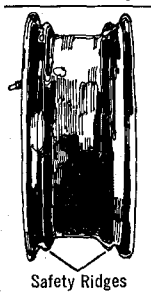
Do you care about safety? Money?



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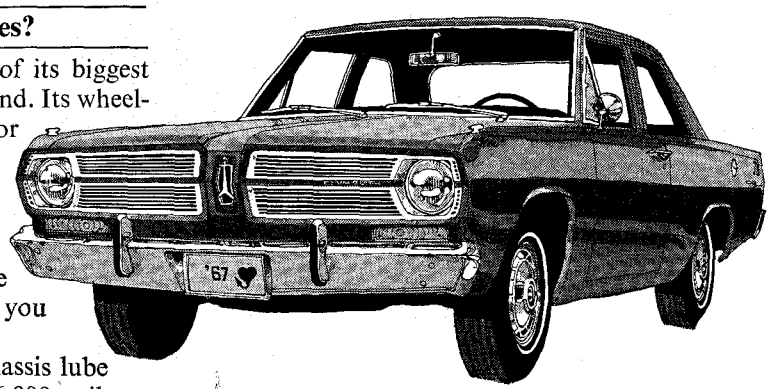

†Manufacturer's suggested retail price for standard six-cylinder Valiant 100 2-door sedan. Destination charges, state and local taxes, if any, and optional equipment (including whitewall tires, wheel covers, bumper guards and deluxe interior) extra.

***Here's how Valiant's new Customer Care Warranty protects you:** Chrysler Corporation warrants against defects in materials and workmanship and will repair or replace without charge for parts or labor at any Imperial, Chrysler, Plymouth or Dodge Authorized Dealer's place of business, the engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts (except *manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and* differential, suspension system (except shock absorbers), steering gear and linkage system, wheels and wheel bearings of its 1967 Valiants for 5 years or 50,000 *miles and all other parts for 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever occurs first,* excluding only tires, normal maintenance replacement of spark plugs, condensers, ignition points, filters, brake and clutch lining, etc., and normal deterioration of hoses, belts, upholstery, soft trim and appearance items. Maintenance services required under the warranty are: change engine oil every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever occurs first, and replace oil filter every second oil change, clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace every 2 years, lubricate front suspension ball joints and tie rod ends at 3 years or 36,000 miles, whichever *occurs first;* and every 6 months have an Imperial, Chrysler, Plymouth or Dodge dealer certify (i) receipt of evidence of performance of the required services and (ii) the car's then current mileage.

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BIRTH OF A SUPER-FOOD

How science has created an amazing new plant to feed the world's hungry.

By JOHN BIRD

A fat, whiskered head of Triticale grain makes the head of common wheat at left seem puny by comparison.

On my desk as I write this is a clear plastic tube containing a new form of life, something that seems straight out of science fiction.

The object in the tube resembles a ripe, brownish-gold head of wheat. But an experienced grain farmer coming upon such a plant ripening in his fields would find it difficult to believe his eyes, for this strange new plant is a giant. Its grain-heavy head is at least twice as large as that of a normal wheat plant. In some tests it has yielded almost twice as much grain, and its kernels are especially rich in protein, the essential body-building food element so badly needed by an ever hungrier world.

Looking at this monster, a farmer might wonder a bit uneasily about the forces that brought the new kind of plant into being. Did it come from a rare accident of nature? Could it be a fantastic mutation caused by radioactive fallout? The answer is that Triticale, as it is called, is the deliberate work of man. Scientists put it together by skillfully combining two different species of grain—wheat and rye—into a new and larger form. (Its name, pronounced "tritt-i-*cay*-lee," is itself a combination of the scientific names for these two grains.)

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Triticale is that it is the first crop species that man has ever created. Originating a whole new species has heretofore taken millions of years of evolution, and the fact that scientists have been able to do it in the laboratory opens up the exciting possibility that other super-plants may be developed. "Now that we know how to pass the evolutionary hurdles, there is virtually no limit to the new combinations we can make," declared Leonard H. Shebeski, dean of agriculture at the University of Manitoba and one of the men who pushed the development of the new kind of grain.

In their quest for Triticale the scientists found themselves dealing with the complex inner patterns of life itself. "You don't just glue the halves of two seeds together," as one researcher put it. Each species of plants and animals has its own particular genetic code which guards its identity, assuring that the species will continue to reproduce its own kind, whether it be wheat or bacteria or elephants. Some closely related species can be crossbred, of course, as are horses and donkeys to produce mules. But the hybrid offspring of such matings invariably are sterile. That is where Triticale is a breakthrough. It is a "fertile mule." It has the ability to reproduce its giant self, generation after generation.

Before making this breakthrough, plant breeders had to grope their way along an obscure, twisting trail beset with booby traps. What kept them going was the knowledge that such a new species was possible, at least in theory. Agronomists know that nature has produced new species from time to time, and they have been able to trace the development of modern food crops back to their evolutionary beginnings. They have found, for example, that common bread wheat, *Triticum aestivum*, was born in Asia Minor perhaps 10,000 years ago, when a primitive, grasslike wheat, einkorn, happened to crossbreed with a species of goat grass, a spindly little wild plant. Normally such a mating would produce a sterile hybrid, but some unknown force, perhaps an intense cold shock at just the right moment, caused the genetic elements in the growing cells of the hybrid to rearrange themselves into a pattern that could produce fertile seed.

Photographs by Don Getsug

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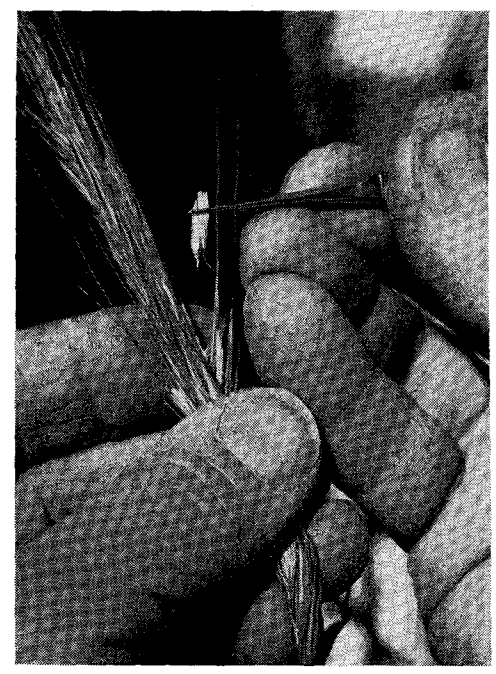
Triticale is a real breakthrough: It is the first man-made grain.



A researcher pollinates strains of Triticale.

From this miracle came durum wheat, a hard, tasty grain more complex than either of its parents but simpler than modern bread wheats.

Some time later, in another miracle much like the first, durum wheat crossed with another kind of goat grass; again something made the hybrid fertile, and it became the ancestor of the wheats we use today.

It is the undistinguished goat grass in wheat's family tree that has always bothered and challenged the scientists. They wondered, in effect, *Why can't we re-evolve wheat, and this time give it better ancestors?* Rye, for instance, might make an ancestor far superior to the goat grasses. So plant breeders set out many years ago to find ways of forcing wheat and rye to mate. In some cases wheat-rye plants were produced, but they were always sterile.

This was to be expected, of course. Normally a body cell of any living thing, plant or animal, has a certain number of threadlike bodies called chromosomes, and on each chromosome are genes carrying the genetic code. The chromosomes are arranged in pairs, and when an organism produces sex cells, each sex cell carries one chromosome from each of the parent's pairs. During fertilization the chromosomes from the male sex cells "pair up" with those from the female, restoring the original number of chromosomes.

The trouble with the wheat-rye matings was that the chromosome numbers of the two species are different. The durum wheat used in the crosses has 14 chromosomes in its sex cells; those of rye have just seven. When brought together the two sets don't form pairs; they string out as 21 single chromosomes. Without pairs to divide, a wheat-rye plant couldn't possibly form sex cells. It was a new species, but it was already the end of the line.

The plant breeders knew that on rare occasions a mysterious *something* in nature caused a plant's chromosomes to double; that obviously had happened in the evolution of wheat. Their only hope, they realized, was to find a mechanism to do the same thing. Then in 1937 a team of botanists discovered that colchicine, a natural drug extracted from the autumn crocus and used for the treatment of gout, could cause a plant to double its genetic machinery inside the cell. They tried it on wheat-rye, and it worked.

With this barrier bypassed, plant scientists in many parts of the world began producing a few experimental Triticales. But these early strains displayed many defects which long had been suppressed in modern grains. They were weak in fertility, for example; their straw was tall and weak, and their grain tended to be light and shriveled. After some years of discouraging results, Triticale was put on a back shelf. Here and there a few lines were kept going as scientific curiosities.

Such was the situation when in 1953 the fate of Triticale passed temporarily from the hands of the scientists and into the hands of two very wealthy young Canadians, Edgar and Charles Bronfman. The Bronfman family had gotten its start in Winnipeg, out on the windswept plains of Manitoba where spring wheat is the mainstay crop. There the boys' father had worked his way to ownership of a hotel, then branched into the liquor-distilling business, eventually building the vast Distillers Corporation-Seagrams empire and a family fortune estimated at $300 to $400 million.

In Montreal on a summer day in 1953 Edgar and Charles decided that they and their sisters, Minda and Phyllis, should do something to memorialize the long and useful life of their maternal grandfather, Samuel Rosner, who had died in Winnipeg the previous fall. "He had a general store in the little town of Plum Coulee, fifty miles from Winnipeg," Edgar Bronfman says of his grandfather, "and he also had some farms. When we were kids, he would visit us in Montreal and tell us stories about wheat farming—what a tough time farmers had when their crops were ruined by drought or frost or an epidemic of rust. He was a bug on education and research; he believed they would make farming better."

The upshot of the brotherly conversation was the establishment of the Samuel Rosner chair in agronomy at the University of Manitoba. The endowment had no strings attached. "We didn't pretend to know what was needed," says Edgar. "My only farming experience was growing radishes when I was twelve and selling them to my mother at exorbitant prices."

However, Leonard Shebeski, then head of the university's plant-science department, had a good idea of some tasks the Rosner chair should undertake: Triticale, as well as some other difficult genetic research. Shebeski, an intense, bright-eyed man, was worried about the increasing shortage of food in backward countries, and he saw Triticale, crude as the early specimens were, as something that might help mankind feed itself.

The Triticale project went into business in an office and laboratory converted from an old cattle barn. The first Rosner professor, Dr. B. C. Jenkins, collected samples of Triticales from researchers all over the world and also produced some new specimens himself. But there are thousands of varieties of wheats and ryes, each a bit

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different from the others, and the possible combinations were endless. To speed up the search, Shebeski hired a veteran plant breeder named John N. Welsh to see what he could do to upgrade Triticale. Welsh went to work, patiently making new crosses and also intercrossing strains of the new species, selecting the more promising offspring. The trick was to get rid of some of Triticale's bad traits without losing the exceptionally good ones, especially an amino acid essential to human nutrition but scarce in common wheat and corn. Slowly, Triticales began to appear with shorter, stronger straw, an earlier ripening habit, more grain per head, and kernels that were plumper and less wrinkled.

Welsh died in 1964, "Just about the time he was beginning to see the tremendous promise of the crop," says his successor, Dr. Laurie E. Evans. "John had a fine eye for spotting valuable characteristics, sometimes in just a single plant. He had a knack for putting the right things together. That just isn't the sort of thing you can do with a computer."

The whole process, in fact, is like assembling a jigsaw puzzle, using living pieces. In his laboratory and greenhouse at the university, Dr. Edward N. Larter, a hearty, articulate geneticist who last year became the second Rosner professor, showed me how it is done. The starting materials are, of course, a wheat plant and a rye plant, both at the flowering stage. "First," says Larter, "we need a female parent, say the wheat. Normally it is self-fertilizing; its flower carries both male and female organs." With little scissors Larter snips along the rows of tiny flowers in a head of wheat. Then, using tweezers, he extracts the anthers, the pollen-bearing organs, from each flower. "The wheat," he says, "now is entirely female."

Next he moves to a plant of rye in which minute, yellow-green bodies, the anthers, hang outside each flower. "This is easy," says Larter. "We just pluck these off with tweezers and transfer the pollen to the female wheat flowers." If the tweezer-made marriage "takes," the first crisis will occur in about a week or 10 days, when the rapidly growing embryo begins to run out of food. Left alone, the newly created hybrid will die.

"That's where bottle-feeding comes in," explains Larter. "Using sterilized instruments, we remove the ovary from the plant and put it on an agar plate carrying plant food. Sometimes the embryos live, sometimes they die, and we don't know why."

If the baby hybrid survives this treatment, a remarkable phenomenon occurs. Instead of developing into a seed, as it would in nature, the artificially cultured embryo soon develops directly into a plant. When it has a root system, stem and leaves, it is transferred to soil in a greenhouse pot. "You have a new species of plant now," says Larter, "but remember, you have to double its chromosomes before it can produce seed. All we do," he continues, "is to take a fine hypodermic needle and inject a weak solution of colchicine into the hollow stem of the new plant, so that it reaches the growing point. Colchicine isn't perfect, but so far it's the best method we have for changing those infertile plants with twenty-one chromosomes into fertile ones with the necessary forty-two."

Putting a Triticale together is just the beginning of the job, however. From the plant-breeding plots, promising types must move to dozens of other tests and evaluations. As yet the University of Manitoba has only a few lines of Triticale ready for large-scale field tests—but so far these have been impressive. Last year yields ran as high as 55 bushels per acre in southwestern Manitoba, where the yields of common bread wheat were around 40. In an irrigated field in Arizona this spring, an early-ripening Triticale produced almost 70 bushels an acre.

In baking tests Triticale grain is milled into flour and baked into bread—and here the crop has acted a bit too much like rye, producing a flat loaf. To produce a light, fluffy loaf of the kind that Americans seem to want, Triticale flour must be mixed with wheat flour—but unmixed Triticale flour makes a fine, rich unleavened bread of the kind preferred by many people in other parts of the world. I tried a small loaf not long ago and found that it had a delicious, nutty flavor.

Triticale's potential as a hunger fighter is now being explored by the Rockefeller Foundation's Agricultural Service in such countries as India, Pakistan, Egypt, Iran, Turkey, Colombia, Chile, Ecuador and Guatemala. "The food crisis is here," says Dr. Norman E. Borlaug, associate director of the service. "The only way to feed more people in a hurry is to raise more food grain per acre. That's where Triticale fits in. It has more 'yield-ability.' It has more protein. You know, a child in Asia simply can't eat enough rice, can't hold enough, to meet the needs of a growing individual."

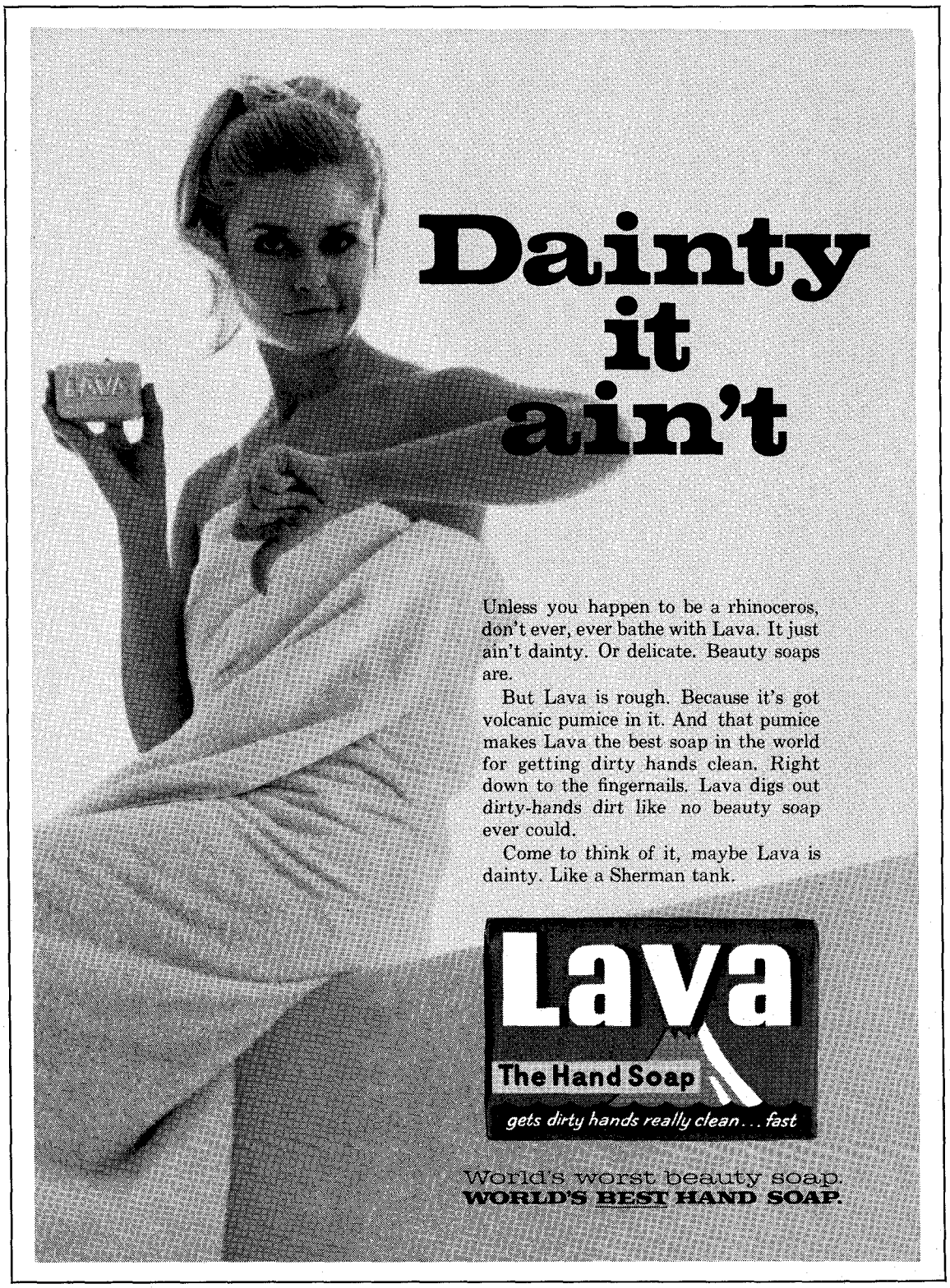
The fight against hunger extends beyond Triticale. The Manitoba researchers are now assembling a new kind of plant called Agrotricum, a cross between durum wheat and a tall, sturdy grass. The hope is that the grass will contribute its disease resistance to Agrotricum and possibly even make the new plant a perennial. The prospect is exciting; plant breeders have long sought a wheat that would grow every year without reseeding. But progress is necessarily slow. "We have a lot of work to do on it," says one researcher.

Meanwhile, the Triticale crew has managed to double the rate at which test crops can be grown. After fall harvest in Manitoba, seed is sent to an experimental station in Sonora, Mexico, where a second crop is grown and harvested in time for spring planting in Manitoba. Thus far two strains of Triticale have graduated from the nursery plots and seed is being raised for large-scale trials.

A breezy, superorganized seed grower named Al Arnott is chiefly responsible for field-testing the new wheat. Two years ago he started with just 80 pounds of seed, which he planted on his Manitoba farm. From this he harvested 2,500 pounds, which he trucked to Arizona, where it yielded 50,000 pounds. By the time it was harvested, the spring planting season was almost over in Canada. "It looked like we might lose a whole year," he said. "We loaded that grain on a trailer in Arizona on May 17, and within four days we were putting it in the ground in Canada. Last fall we harvested one and a half million pounds. Think of it—from eighty pounds to one and a half *million* pounds in just two years."

By 1970 the university hopes to have at least one variety of Triticale ready for commercial distribution to farmers, but at present Al Arnott is one of the very few who have actually grown the new grain. "I don't have a doubt in the world," he says, "that it's going to be a terrific crop." Arnott won't tell where in Arizona he is growing it, because "It really hits people when they see the stuff. They even swipe handfuls of it to take home and plant."

This summer millions of people will have the chance to see Triticale—though not to swipe it. The university proudly has planted a very special plot of it in the Man The Provider area of Expo 67 in Montreal. The planting site is only about the size of a large rug, but in the long run the Triticale may prove to have been the most significant exhibit in the entire world's fair. □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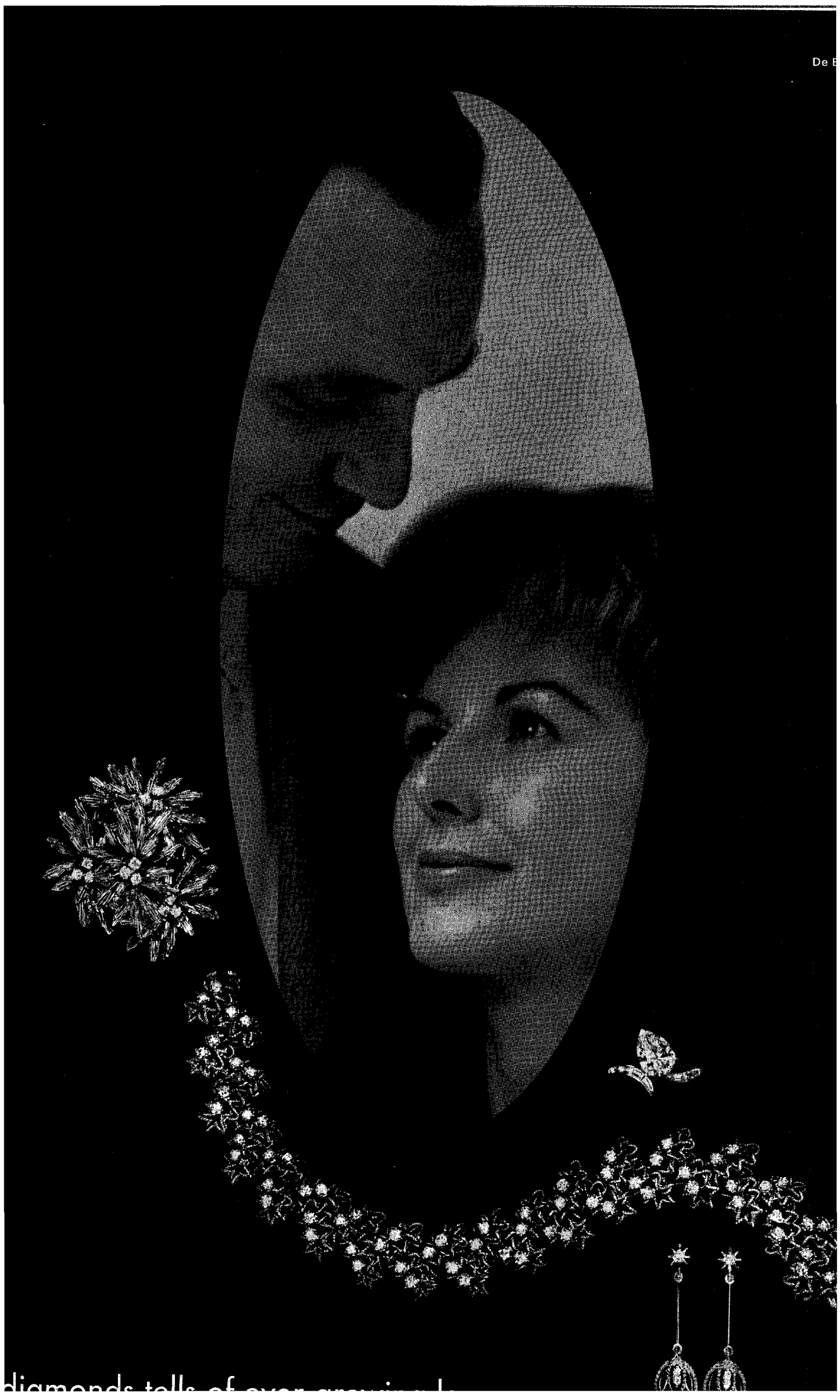

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WHO ARE YOU, JOAN?

After seven years of struggle, comic Joan Rivers can't believe audiences now will pay to see her.

By W. H. MANVILLE

I'm a lousy cook," Joan Rivers tells her audience, "but it's not my fault. I grew up on radio dinners. Do you know what's delicious? TV dinners." Audience: "Oh, no, Joan . . ." Joan: "Yes, they are . . . now that I've learned to warm them up."

She waits for the laugh, and the spotlight, falling across her anxious, narrow, pretty face, fills the hollows beneath her thin cheekbones with shadows. During her act Joan rushes around the stage, peering into the blackness. "And when you're single?" she goes on. "The girl has to wait for the dumb phone to ring, but a man can call anyone he wants in the whole world: 'Hello, I just saw your name on a men's-room wall, and thought I'd give you a call. . . .' A single girl, she's thirty, she's an old maid. A man, he's ninety years old, he's single, he's a catch. 'We have an extra man.' 'Bring him along.' 'He's ninety-three.' 'Bring him, bring him.' 'He's dead.' 'BRING HIM! We'll just say he's shy.'"

The final line of the routine breaks up the audience. Joan stands still, poised, the one silent person in the room, listening to the laughter, measuring it, her body leaning toward the audience, her feet planted in a pigeon-toed stance that is comic and oddly vulnerable. The laughter continues and at last she responds, her head slowly beginning to nod in agreement with the audience's delighted agreement with *her*, as if—a shy girl with an overly charming suitor—she hadn't really believed it before.

Then just as the laughter begins to fade, Joan comes in again, like a drummer, just behind the beat: "Everything's for the man. All he has to do is be clean, and be able to pick up the check. But the girl must be well-groomed, the dress pretty, the face in shape, the girl must be the one who is witty, bright, charming, fun, a good sport. 'Howard Johnson's again? Hooray, hooray!'"

Again, the half-rueful, half-delighted discharge of laughter. "Oh, Joan. . . ." a fat woman in the audience sighs. But there have been too many man-woman jokes in a row, and Joan detects a less-sustained note in the laughter.

Her eyes peer through the lazy tiers of cigarette smoke. She spots a man at ringside. "Where are you from, sir?" He replies: "England. London, ec-tually." Joan brightens. "London?" she says. "I was doing my act there and suddenly from the back of the room, I heard a voice say, 'We are not amused.' I tried to ignore it, which was hard because the only people in the room were the Queen of England and me. So I stopped the act because if you don't put a heckler down it can ruin your act. And I thought, queen or no queen, this bigmouth must be stopped. So I said, 'OK, Queen, now you're going to get it.'"

The audience gasped. Someone shouted, "What happened?"

"Well, she turned out to be OK," Joan said. "Later on we talked down in the dungeon, and she's really very nice. Actually, I

Photographs by Stephen Manville

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"Some nights," remembers Joan, "I would just lock the door and sleep in the car."

'I never was popular with boys,' says Joan. 'I was so fat at summer camp that they made me be my own buddy.'

got so shy, I didn't know how to behave—I mean, what do you say to a queen? The only time I'd seen her was on a stamp. My first impulse was to go over and lick the back of her head."

And Joan crosses the stage again, her eyes restlessly searching the darkness for another friendly face. "Where are you from? What do you do?" she asks a plump, smiling woman.

"I'm a housewife," is the reply.

"Housework is so futile," Joan says. "You dust and make the bed, and two weeks later you have to do it all over again." She turns back to the plump woman. "Do you like housekeeping?"

"I love it."

"Great," Joan says. "What are you doing Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays?"

And, to a third face: "What do you do, sir?"

"I'm in the wallpaper business."

"Aha!" Joan cries. "I just got a new apartment. Tell me, why does flocking cost so much?"

"If I sold it for less," says the man with the triumphant snapback of the fastest gun in Hohokus, N.J., "I couldn't afford to pay these prices to hear you!" The audience turns, and the laugh is on Joan. She waits just an instant. "Tell you what," she replies, "I'll get them to knock off your table minimum, you sell me the paper at cost, OK?" She smiles. The heckler is dead.

She bows to the audience, which is on its feet, applauding. The lights blink out, come on again. Joan is now standing at absolute stage center and front, as close as she can get to *them*, smiling, listening to the applause, gauging its intensity. Once more her head begins to nod. It has been all right. The stage lights go out.

A frequent guest on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and Johnny Carson's *Tonight*, Joan will soon be seen in a movie called *The Swimmer*, which stars Burt Lancaster. But home plate to her is here, Downstairs at the Upstairs, a discreetly glittering Manhattan nightclub. This has been her first show of the night, and before it is over, she will have put herself to the test of mastering and pleasing two more audiences. She's been doing just that for over a year. "Joan never has any assurance the act will go," says her quiet, South-African-born husband, Edgar Rosenberg. "It's all ad lib, you see. She puts her reputation on the line every show. One bad show, and where did everyone go?"

"Isn't it a strain?" I asked Joan.

It is a warm night, but she is wearing a mink coat. She pulls it closer. "I *have* to work," she says. The intensity of her reply is surprising.

The second show will begin in an hour. Edgar, very much the head of his family, prescribes a visit to a nearby bookstore. Joan tells me they often go there between the first two shows.

"Edgar is at the center of my life." The nervous vitality she has displayed onstage is gone. "Edgar stands at the center, and holds a long chain, and I'm at the end of it, a little puppy, running around, glad to be there. . . ." She muses a moment and then goes on briskly. "Edgar and I met on Day One, purely business. We had dinner, but nothing clicked. On Day Two, I decided he was the smartest man I had ever met, and on Day Four, the ball game was over, we got married. We took a chauffeured car to Larchmont to meet my family. My mother ran out and kissed the first strange man she saw. 'Hello, Son,' she said. 'No, no, Mom,' I said. '*This* is Edgar.' She had kissed our chauffeur.

"I was never popular with boys," she went on. "I was so fat at summer camp that they made me be my own buddy. And by the time boys began to like me, it was too late. Because *I* had liked *them* from the start, and by now I was bitter." A laugh. "Edgar changed all that.

"When it all started, when I told my mother and father I was going into the business, they didn't speak to me for a year. To them it was show biz first, and next, white slavery in Argentina, right? The yelling scene the day I told them! My mother ran around the house slamming the windows shut. She didn't want the neighbors to hear what a scandal her daughter had become.

"*But I had to be a success.* Anyway, after the argument with my parents, I left. I never asked them for a penny again. It was never offered. I slept in my car that night. It wasn't the last time."

We had reached the bookstore, and I didn't hear the end of the story until after the second show. Joan and I were sitting in a cellar dressing room. The air conditioning rattled, and other performers wandered in and out, putting on makeup, revving themselves up on black coffee. Joan and I sat on an ancient sofa with only one arm. She sipped a glass of water and munched on a chocolate cookie.

"I started out by playing places in Greenwich Village, 'discovery' places. They didn't pay you, just gave you a stage. In one place, they literally passed the hat. But who's in the audience down there? *Other* starving kids trying to get started.

"And seven years went by. That's right, I'd been in the business seven years, six of them as an office-temporary. Sometimes I'd get a nighttime job to buy gas for the car. Once I worked from midnight to five A.M. after one of these nonpaying shows, typing up a psychiatrist's notes in a lunatic asylum. At five A.M. I'd drive home to Larchmont, sleep a little, and then spend the rest of the day making rounds, calling agents, looking for work. Nothing. And then it would be night again, time to go to whatever club I was working in and start it all over again. Some nights when it was all over, I'd just lock the doors and sleep in the car.

"Seven years. You know what seven years is to a girl? All the eligible men are married, your mother is looking at you funny and sighing, the girl friends you went to school with have babies and are ordering cruise clothes at Bergdorf's, *secure*, and you're working for a C.P.A. in a back office, doing income-tax reports, and in the evening when you go out to the parking lot to get your car, someone's smashed it and run away, and you can't even drive downtown to do the act you don't get paid for in the first place."

"When did the good times start?"

There wasn't a second's hesitation. "February 17, 1965," Joan said. "I was working for NBC then, but as a writer. As a performer, well—I had been around too long. They all liked me, but no one was crazy for me. I used to go see my agent and cry. Anyway, someone tried to get me on the Johnny Carson show, but his people were afraid I'd make Johnny nervous. But three weeks later they were desperate for a last-second replacement. And there I was, near, in the NBC building. They didn't want me in the guest comic spot, but at the end of the show, where they put 'interesting people,' like writers. And then suddenly, when I began my act, it was Cinderella time. The washer women dropped their rags into their buckets to listen, the NBC pages came in and laughed, the cigars left the open mouths behind the control-room window and didn't go back in."

The buzzer called Joan to her third show. It was two A.M. She had begun to droop, and her face, sad in repose, seemed more quiet than ever. But the sound of action hit her like adrenalin. She started up the stairs and looked back at me. "But I still can't believe people are willing to pay to hear me. I'm embarrassed to love it so much."

A little after three A.M. the last patrons had left the club, and Joan, Edgar and I lingered a moment. The cleaning people had begun stacking the chairs on the tops of tables. I got up on the stage. I wanted to see what it looked like from up there. The baby spots were on me, and I looked out, but could see nothing past the first row of tables. The audience might still have been out there in the darkness—those people Joan had been working so hard to make laugh, to amuse and win. "Where are you from?" she calls out into the darkness, night after night. "Who are you?"

Joan came forward, wearing her fur coat. She moved into the light, and from the stage, I asked, "Joan, where are you from? Why do you wear a mink coat on such a warm night?"

She seemed annoyed. Her shoulders went back, and the small, blonde head lifted in counterattack. But then she began to laugh. "Because I'm still not used to it, that's why," she said. And then she slowly began to nod, yes, that's right. Because it was all so new to her. And her hands thrust down into the pockets, as she hugged herself in mink for all those years when agents ignored her, audiences did not pay to hear her, and her parents hoped "for her own good" that she would fail—hugged herself for all those nights when she had slept in the car and no one had hugged her at all. □

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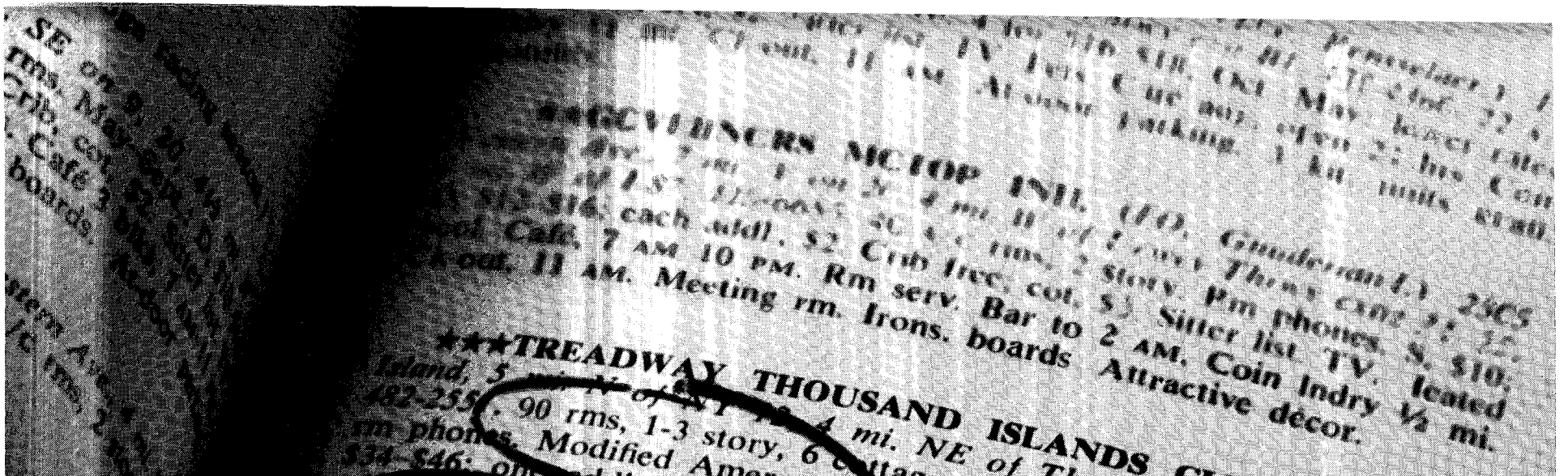

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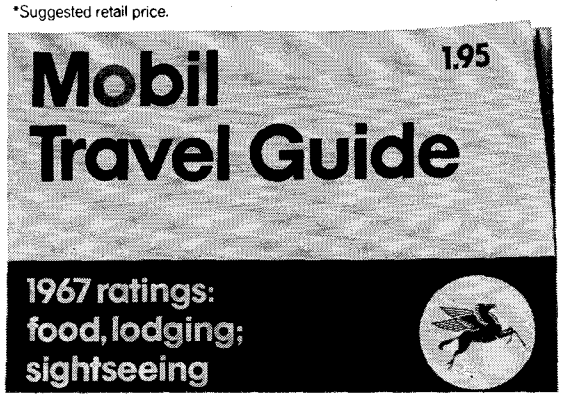

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Born to raise hell *continued from page 31.*

records of sex crimes, to be shown to Miss Amurao at the hospital, but she was in too serious a state of shock to be disturbed. Meanwhile, it was decided to set a trap for Speck by having the N.M.U. offer him a job on a ship going to New Orleans. Detectives combing the area learned from one of his drinking pals that Speck had been staying on the South Side, hopping from tavern to tavern. At 3:10 P.M. Speck telephoned the N.M.U. and was told of the job. The police waited for an hour, but there was no sign of Speck. They traced the telephone call to the Shipyard Inn, a seaman's tavern and lodging house about a mile from the N.M.U. and the nurses' home. When they arrived there, they found that Speck had left just five minutes after making the telephone call, taking a taxi to the North Side.

Speck's trail there led to the skid row section of North Clark Street, where he had danced in a twist lounge with a blonde prostitute named Mary. He paid her three dollars and took her to a room in a cheap Clark Street hotel. Then he moved on.

At 8:15 A.M. Friday, the manager of the Raleigh Hotel on North Dearborn Street telephoned the Near North Side 18th police district to report a Puerto Rican prostitute's complaint that the man she was with had a gun. Two patrolmen went to room 306 and found the man in bed. He said the gun belonged to the girl. He identified himself as Richard Speck and gave as his address the Chicago home of his sister, Mrs. Martha Thornton. The police took the gun and six cartridges, filed a report, but did not arrest Speck. His description had not yet filtered through to the North Side district stations, and his name was not matched with the man being hunted on the South Side. Speck left the hotel at noon, returned to collect a bundle of laundry and left again at 9:30 P.M., just 15 minutes before the police came rushing back for him.

The police had shown the collection of photographs to Miss Amurao, and she picked out Richard Speck as the man who had invaded the nurses' home. From the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington, D.C., it was learned that Speck had a police record in Dallas and that among his identification marks was a tattoo on his left forearm with the words "Born to Raise Hell." His fingerprints arrived from Washington. By 4:30 on Saturday morning the Chicago Police Department's crime laboratory had established to its satisfaction that they matched some of the fingerprints found at 2319 East 100th Street.

At 2:40 P.M. on Saturday, Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson made the following announcement: "The killer of eight nurses from South Chicago Community Hospital on Thursday, July 14, 1966, has been named and a warrant sworn out for his arrest. After a city-wide dragnet for clues, the murderer was identified as Richard Franklin Speck, white male, twenty-four, a seaman, also known by aliases as Richard Franklin Lindbergh and also Richard Benjamin Speck. Latent fingerprints taken at the scene of the mass killings identified Speck as the killer."

At midnight on Saturday, Richard Speck was lying on an uncovered mattress in room 584 on the fifth floor of the seven-story, 90-cents-a-night Starr Hotel on West Madison Street, in Chicago's sleaziest skid-row area. The room had been booked in the name of "B. Brian." On the bare cement floor beneath the bed lay a newspaper with the headline: POLICE SAY NURSE SURVIVOR CAN IDENTIFY SLAYER OF 8. The paper was soaked with blood that had run from cuts on Speck's wrist and elbow. Weakly, he called out to the man in the next room, George Gregrich, "Come and see me. You got to come and see me. I done something bad."

Gregrich tried to ignore him. "Leave me alone," he said. "You're a hillbilly, you just want to get at me. I don't trust no hillbilly."

Speck persisted. "I'm going to die if you don't come and see me."

Still Gregrich refused, and Speck staggered out of his room, covered with blood, to kick at Gregrich's door. As he did so, two men saw him, and one of them shouted to the elevator operator, "Hey, this guy's bleeding himself to death." The desk clerk was alerted and he called the police.

Suicides are not uncommon on Madison Street, and the two patrolmen who answered the call to this typical flophouse regarded their task as strictly routine. They scarcely glanced at the bleeding man they carried out on a stretcher to Cook County Hospital. At 12:30 A.M. they left him in the hands of Dr. LeRoy Smith, resident physician in the trauma unit of Ward 32.

Dr. Smith looked down at the man thrashing his legs about on the bed. The name tag that the police had put on him read "B. Brian," but Smith thought he saw a resemblance to the picture of Richard Speck that he had seen in the newspapers. Beneath the caked blood on the left forearm the doctor could see the traces of a tattoo. He rubbed away some of the blood to reveal the letter "B." He sent one of the nurses to bring a newspaper. To Smith's eyes the picture seemed to tally, but the nurse saw no resemblance at all. Smith rubbed away some more blood to reveal the letters B O R N. The doctor leaned over the man and asked, "What's your name?"

The man replied faintly: "Richard . . . Richard Speck."

Smith sent for the police.

Speck was weak from loss of blood—Smith estimated one and a half pints—from a nicked brachial artery in the left arm and lacerations of his right wrist. He was given five stitches in the arm and a transfusion of a quart of blood. As he was reviving, Speck looked up at Smith and said, "Do you collect the ten thousand dollar reward?"

After the surgery, the police arrested him and placed him in leg irons. Gasping faintly, "I'm scared . . . I'm scared," Speck was wheeled out of the county hospital and driven in an ambulance to Bridewell prison hospital at four o'clock on Sunday morning.

In his third-floor room at Bridewell, Speck was placed under restraint—held spread-eagled in bed by leather thongs—the normal procedure for potentially suicidal patients. He was too weak on Monday from the loss of blood and prolonged sedation for the police to confront him with Miss Amurao. The next day she stood in the doorway of his room and looked at him. She went out and told a detective: "That is the man." He was kept at Bridewell until he was considered fit, on July 29, to be transferred to Cook County Jail.

From police investigations of Speck's past, Ziporyn knew that his patient was born on the eve of the United States' entry into World War II, December 6, 1941, in Kirkwood, Ill., about 180 miles southwest of Chicago. His father, a potter named Benjamin Speck, moved the family of three sons (one of whom died when Speck was 13) and five daughters to nearby Monmouth shortly after Richard's birth. They stayed in Monmouth until the father died in December, 1947.

Speck then moved with his mother, Mary Margaret, to Dallas, Tex., where she married Carl Lindbergh. Of the time Speck spent at the J.L. Long Junior High School in Dallas, an eighth-grade teacher said, "He seemed sort of lost. It didn't seem like he knew what was going on. I wasn't able to teach him anything. I don't think I ever saw him smile. No one could get through to him. He was a loner. He seemed to be in a fog, sort of sulky. He didn't have any friends in class."

Speck went on to Crozier Technical High School and dropped out after one semester. During his teens in Dallas he ran up a record of 10 arrests for trespassing, burglary and assorted misdemeanors. His police record was a handicap when looking for jobs, and he didn't last long as a laborer, garbage collector, truck driver or carpenter.

In January, 1962, he married a 15-year-old girl, Shirley Malone, when he was 20. They separated in January, 1966, and at their divorce in March she retained custody of their three-year-old daughter, Robbie. His mother told a reporter that the couple had both been hot-tempered and had fought throughout the marriage.

One of his sisters, Mrs. Carolyn Wilson, commented that Speck had been devoted to his daughter. "He took that little girl everywhere with him," she said. "He loved that baby so much—in fact, he loved all little children, but he loved that child."

Just four months before the murders, Speck returned to Monmouth. The local police chief said he was arrested in March on a charge of disorderly conduct after a knife fight in Gulfport, 30 miles from Monmouth. He had stayed with some old friends of the Speck family and spent most of his time barhopping around town. At one of his favorite taverns, a fellow drinker later recalled: "He showed me a picture of a real nice-looking gal. He said she was his wife, and he was going back to Texas and kill her if it was the last thing he ever did."

He left Monmouth and found work in Michigan aboard a Great Lakes ore boat, working the waters of Keweenaw Bay, an inlet of Lake Superior. Stricken with appendicitis, he was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital in Hancock, Mich., for an emergency operation. In May, while convalescing from his appendectomy, Speck befriended a 28-year-old nurse, Judy Laakaniemi. They went to dances together and took long walks along the beaches. She later described him as "quiet and gentle" at that time, but added that when he returned to see her toward the end of June, "he had a hatred in him." He was fired from an Inland Steel Company ship, the *Randall,* for quarreling with an officer.

He came to Chicago at the beginning of July, seeking the help of his sister, Mrs. Martha Thornton, and her husband. On Sunday, July 10, they drove him to the N.M.U. hiring hall, gave him $25 and left. For three days he tried without success to get work on a ship going to New Orleans.

On Tuesday, July 26, 1966, a grand jury indicted Richard Speck for the eight murders.

Amid tight security arrangements, Speck was arraigned on August 1.

Public Defender Gerald W. Getty was appointed Speck's defense counsel, and on Speck's behalf entered pleas of not guilty to each of the indictments. The case was then assigned to Judge Herbert C. Paschen.

Getty told reporters after the arraignment that his client had been "confused and bewildered."

Speck's attitude of resignation and apathy continued at Ziporyn's second session with him, the afternoon following the court hearing. The only subject on which Speck spoke strongly was his distaste for the hospital ward. Herman Bernette, the prisoner who had vowed to kill Speck when he first arrived in Ward 1, was repeating his threat every day with growing vehemence.

"That guy bugs me," said Speck. "I want out of here. Why don't they put me in the isolation block?"

Ziporyn let him vent his irritation and then brought him back to their conversation of three days ago.

"Do you remember how you said you often got into a real bad temper after a few drinks, a temper that made you violent? Is that what happened on the night the nurses were killed?"

"I don't know," Speck replied. His manner was glum.

"Let's suppose it was," Ziporyn said, probing. "What do you think the girls did to provoke your temper? What do you think made you do it?"

Suddenly Speck flared up angrily. "Me? I like girls—I wouldn't hurt *women.* Anyway, I don't remember a thing about that night. I never knew those girls."

He was becoming more and more morose and hostile, and Ziporyn saw little point in continuing the interview. He cut it short and prepared to leave. Speck leaned forward and gripped his arm as he rose. "Get me out of here, Doc, will you?" he said. "Out of this hospital, I mean, not the jail." For the first time the psychiatrist noticed Speck's hands as they held his arm. They were huge, powerful, with long fingers—a carpenter's hands, the psychiatrist thought.

By the time of his next session with Ziporyn, Speck had recovered sufficiently from his suicide attempt to be moved to the three-cell isolation tier, the maximum-security section of the Cook County Jail. Speck occupied the middle cell, flanked by Louis Stamos, better known as Tony Gambino, and by Mark Clancy, both in for armed robbery and placed in the isolation tier because of two escape attempts. Next door to the tier was the execution

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chamber containing an electric chair.

Speck's cell was 10 feet by 10 feet by 12 feet, painted dark green. The only furniture was a low steel-spring bed covered with white sheets, a dark gray blanket and two pillows. An around-the-clock guard insured that Speck would not hang himself.

Despite the grimness of the cell, Speck appeared relieved and cheerful now that he had left the hospital. He greeted Ziporyn amiably from his bed. "Hi, Doc. How're you doing?"

Speck offered Ziporyn a cigarette and part of a candy bar. His sister, Mrs. Thornton, was sending him $10 a week with which he was able to buy coffee—he preferred Sanka—and cigarettes and candy from the jail commissary.

Speck walked over to a pipe-shelf arrangement above a radiator where he had neatly stacked his mail. He was receiving an average of three letters a day, in addition to a lot of "crank" mail which Warden Johnson confiscated. Speck showed the letters, with some pride, to Ziporyn.

"See what I got?" he said, waving them and grinning broadly.

Most of the letters were from religious people who quoted comforting or admonishing passages from the Bible and urged him to turn to Jesus. One of the tenderest notes was anonymous. In spidery printed letters it said:

Dear Richard,

Just a few lines to let you know how I feel about what has happened to you. I wish I could see you in person—but since I live in Connecticut that is pretty impossible. I wish I could let you know face to face that *if* you did what they blame you for—I can't believe you knew what you were doing. I'm with you—I'm not against you, and I hope God is with you. I pray every day and night that things will turn alright and the best for you. *If* you are guilty—it's not you that is to blame—I can't believe it was something you had intentions of doing. . . .

So long for now,

A friend you don't even know.

Speck complained to Ziporyn of headaches and dizziness, then drifted off into silence, and Ziporyn left.

On the next visit Speck was eager to take a look at his own personality. "I want to know everything you can tell me about myself," Speck told Ziporyn. "I want you to see my family. I want you to learn all you can and explain all this." Tears welled up in his eyes as he told Ziporyn once more, "If they don't pull the switch, I'll find a way to do it myself. I can't live with my conscience—could you?"

For a moment, he brightened. "You know, Doc," he said, "I like you. Say, have a cup of coffee."

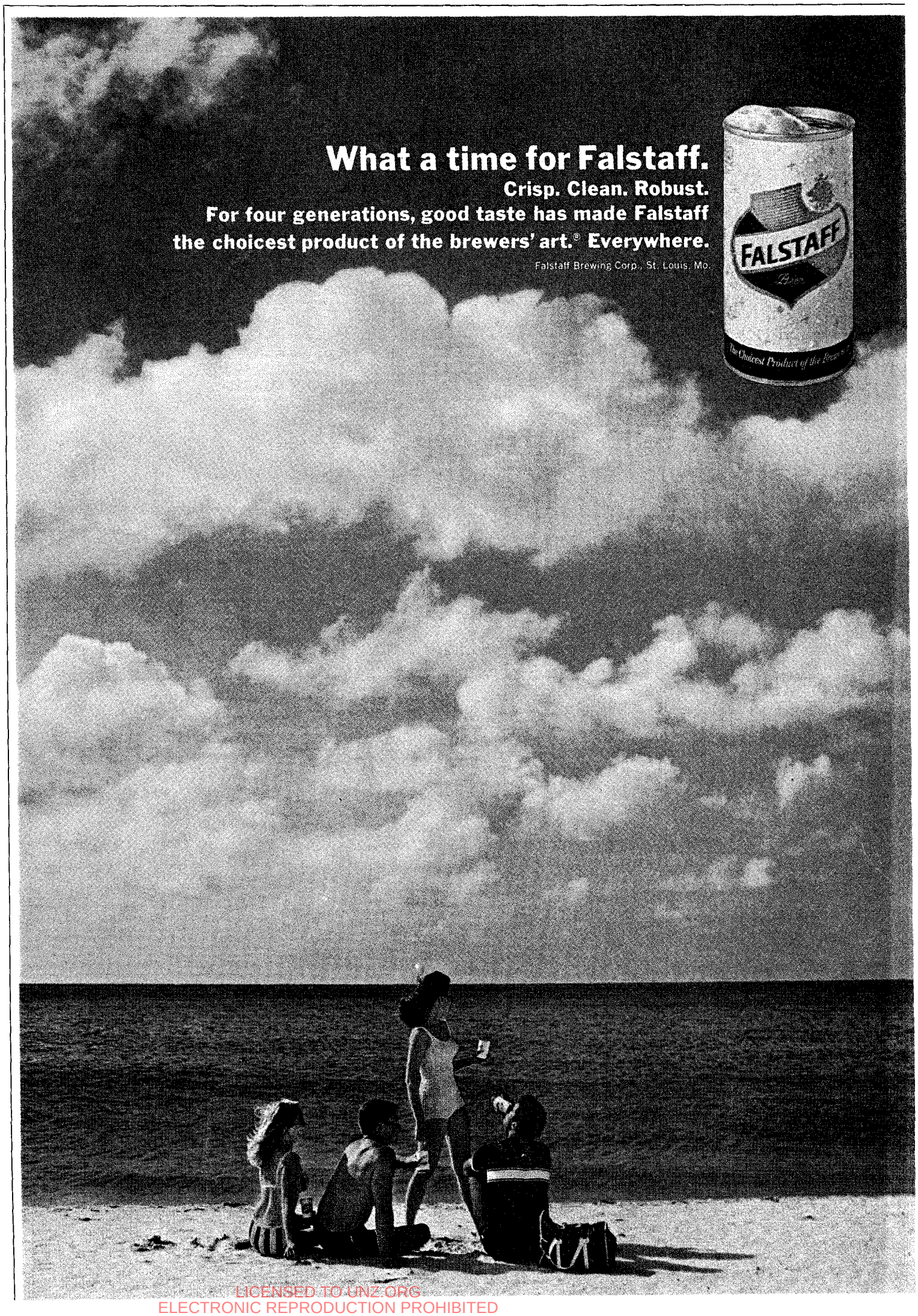
He called the guard over to the cell to get a cup for the psychiatrist. Carefully he poured out the instant coffee, using hot water from the tap in the cell, and handed it to Ziporyn, grinning through still moist eyes. Speck showed the doctor some religious tracts that had been sent to him.

Ziporyn noticed that Speck was squinting as he tried to read the text and asked him if he needed glasses.

"Yeah," Speck replied, looking at Ziporyn somewhat sheepishly. "I used to have a pair, but I threw 'em away. I don't like wearing glasses."

This note of vanity, which was to become more and more pronounced as Ziporyn probed into Speck's behavior, struck the psychiatrist as entirely in keeping with the prisoner's fastidiousness in tending his cell. (In the hotel room where Speck had tried to commit suicide, police found among his toilet things some Old Spice After Shave and Max Factor eau de cologne.) At the same time, Speck's poor eyesight offered a possible explanation for why he read so badly, since Ziporyn was beginning to suspect that he was considerably more alert than his lack of reading skill would suggest.

On Thursday, August 18, Speck returned to court to hear his attorney, Gerald Getty, ask that eight mental experts be appointed to examine the accused man. The panel of experts would be asked to report, first, on Speck's sanity at the time of the eight killings and, second, on whether he was now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mentally fit to cooperate with his counsel and stand trial. (It was not intended that the resident jail psychiatrist, Dr. Ziporyn, be included on the panel.)

Back in his cell the next day, Speck talked to Ziporyn as he had never talked before. He was depressed and pale, but quickly explained that this was because of his headaches.

About the previous day's court hearing, Speck said, "I didn't understand a thing that was happening." When Ziporyn explained Getty's petitions, Speck said dryly, "I ain't gonna plead crazy." When the psychiatrist explained that a successful plea of insanity could save him from the death sentence, Speck said, "I'll never see the chair."

They talked of headaches and head injuries, going over the childhood accidents again. Speck recalled when the headaches began.

"I was fighting this kid," he said. "It was in Dallas. I was sixteen. I had him on the ground, really giving it to him, and a cop came to break it up. He broke it up, OK—cracked my head with his club till he knocked me clean out. A year after that the headaches started. Man, those cops are brutal, real animals. They gave me a real hard time."

He paused a moment, as if waiting for a comment from Ziporyn, but none came and he went on, "I was always getting into fights. Hit my stepfather once, round about when I was eighteen. Man, did I hate him. Lindbergh, his name was. Mine, too, till I got married and changed it back. One of his legs, the right one, was cut off halfway, after a car accident. So he had crutches. Thought I'd never hit him 'cause of those crutches. Just went on needling me. He was drunk. I was too, I think. Anyway, he came at me with one of those crutches, and I hit him. Then he said he'd had enough and was gonna leave. I told him 'Fine,' and threw him out, and his clothes and things after him. I think my mother was glad to see him go. He came back a year later, but then left again, for good."

Ziporyn asked him whether he had ever struck his mother.

Speck looked shocked. "No, I would never hit her. I did hit my wife, Shirley, once. She was acting too friendly with some guy. Another time I got hold of a guy in a washroom, in Dallas. I thought he'd been hanging around Shirley. I beat him up. I was mad."

He talked of his rages. "I got mad at just about anything. When I was a kid, just a teen-ager, in East Dallas, I was with some guys and we got some redbirds. Whew, they made me wild. We were watching a parade once, and we had some blockbusters [white barbiturate pills with a yellow stripe]. I just passed out, and they took me to a juvenile home. I don't remember exactly what happened after that, but I've been told that when my mother came to get me she says I was talking nice and polite, then suddenly I went wild. Started swinging and kicking at everybody. But I don't remember a thing about it myself.

"Hey, would you go see my sister Martha for me? Write a note for me to her, and I'll sign it so as she'll talk to you about me."

Ziporyn agreed, then turned the conversation. "Let's go over the murders again," the psychiatrist said, "and what Corazon Amurao said about it. You know, she's the one that survived."

Speck nodded and said in a soft voice, "I'm glad she did." He stared earnestly at Ziporyn.

"Now," Ziporyn continued, "she says you came in the back door, came up to her room and awoke her. Then she says you . . . or rather, let's say 'the killer' . . ."

In the same soft voice, Speck interrupted the psychiatrist: "Let's just say it was me."

Ziporyn resumed the narrative. Then suddenly Speck launched into a monologue. It was the first time Speck had ever given Ziporyn a detailed version of what he remembered of his activities around the time of the murders.

"I'd been on an ore boat, and the hiring hall got me this job on a ship in Indiana. One of the sailors drove out there with me in a truck. I was on board maybe thirty minutes when they told me it was all a mix-up—somebody else had the job. So I came back to Chicago. I didn't have no room, didn't have enough money to get one either—just a few dollars. This was Tuesday. I asked a guy in a filling station if I could leave my bags there. Then I went to a beer joint about a block away and called my sister. I told her what happened, told her I was broke. She said she'd help.

"Near the bar there was an apartment house they were working on. It was raining hard. I went into the basement, wrapped something round my shoes for a pillow, and went to sleep.

'Next morning I went to get my bags, but the gas station wasn't open yet, so I went across the street and had a Royal Crown. Back at the hiring hall they told me there was a job on an ocean boat. That sounded good, and I told 'em I wanted it. You know, I love being a sailor. That's something makes me feel good. But they told me the job wasn't till the next Monday. I played a game of Hearts at one of the tables there, and my brother-in-law came in and gave me twenty-five dollars.

"I went off and got a room at the Shipyard Inn and started playing some pool. I'm a real good pool player. I won ten, eleven dollars. I had a big knife, really it was a dagger, like a bayonet. Anyway, I made another buck from that, sold it to some guy. I pepped myself up on a few red-birds, six of them, and took a walk by one of the little lakes out there, then went back to the bar for a drink. I had some whiskey and a pint of wine and got talking to these sailors, like I told you before. They took me to their room. It was dark, They had this disposable syringe and took this stuff from a bottle and started 'popping.' I tied a handkerchief around my left arm and stuck it in. All the way. Before I had even got the needle out I could feel, you know, feel—Zzzoommm—a buzzing all over me, and I was feeling real, real good.

"The next thing I know I was back in my own room and it was morning. I had a gun, and I don't know where I got it. I just sat there wondering where the hell I got that gun."

Ziporyn asked whether he had noticed any blood on his clothes that morning.

"No. I had on black Ivy Leagues and a new black shirt with white buttons. Everything was clean."

Speck stopped suddenly, stared at Ziporyn for a moment, and then turned his face to the wall as he lay there on his bed. Softly he said, "I'm going to tell you something."

Not a sound in the cell for another minute. Speck slowly turned around to face the psychiatrist again and said, "There was blood on my right hand that morning. I didn't really see it or know what it was till I put my hand in the water and the water turned red. I thought I'd cut myself."

This observation was parenthetical in the narrative which he then calmly resumed. He did not seem to realize that he had just volunteered the most damning circumstantial evidence, which need never have been revealed to anyone. This revelation, more than anything else, dispelled any doubts Ziporyn might have had about Speck's story.

Speck continued, "I went back to the bar at the Shipyard Inn for some more wine. I still couldn't make out how I

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got that goddamn gun. It bugged me. While I was there a detective came in and asked the bartender some questions. It didn't bother me. I didn't know why he was there. In the afternoon I heard them talking about the murders on the radio. I remember saying to the guy next to me at the bar, 'I hope they catch the son of a bitch.'

"I moved on to a few other bars in the neighborhood, and all day long the police were coming in and out, asking questions. I was wanted for a burglary in Dallas, and the cops were beginning to worry me. So I beat it up to the North Side . . . I played some more pool. I won a few more bucks. I checked into the Raleigh Hotel and went out again to pick up a prostitute. She stripped to her panties and we just sat in my room drinking. We had a fight about money, and I went to sleep. She called the cops, and they came and took the gun.

"The next day I saw the police picture of the killer in the papers. It didn't look nothing like me so I didn't know it was me, because of that flat top. My hair was never that short.

"It was Saturday afternoon when I first heard that it was me they were looking for. I couldn't believe it at first."

Ziporyn returned to earlier events, before Speck's arrival in Chicago. "When you went back to Monmouth, what did you do there?" Ziporyn asked. "The police there are saying they'd like to talk to you about a rape case."

"I'm no rape-o," Speck said indignantly, adding with a sly smile, "I don't have to be. But I'd sure like to know what made me kill those girls. Why would I do a thing like that?"

"Well," Ziporyn began, hesitantly. "As a psychiatrist I might suggest you were working out some kind of hostility, anger, that you felt at your mother for marrying your stepfather."

"But I love my mother," said Speck.

"That's the whole point. You love her and maybe you're angry at her for betraying that love. At least, that's how you may feel unconsciously, without realizing it, I mean."

"That doesn't make sense," Speck replied. "What's that got to do with those girls? Why should I kill them?"

Ziporyn explained how Speck's attitude toward his mother could work on his unconscious and be transferred to women in general. Speck nodded doubtfully. Ziporyn added that Speck was probably so heavily influenced by the drugs and alcohol he had taken earlier in the day that he could not be held responsible for the acts of that night.

"We could even say you didn't kill them, it was ——"

Speck cut in: "It was me, all right."

Ziporyn paid a visit on August 22 to Speck's sister, Mrs. Martha Thornton, living in an apartment building in Chicago. She refused to talk to him.

"That doesn't sound like Martha," Speck muttered when Ziporyn told him, later that day, what had happened. "Man, I'm really nothing but trouble. All I've done is hurt my family, shame them. The best thing I could do for them is die. You wanna know something, Doc? That special lock they put on my cell, 'cause Clancy next door is an escape artist? Well, you couldn't chase me out of here. I wouldn't want to be outside—I'm afraid of myself."

The psychiatrist explained that there might be real value in Speck's trying to understand for himself what made him the way he was.

Ziporyn said, "The bumps, beers and red-birds make a different person out of you. Without the alcohol or the drugs, you're Doctor Jekyll, the normal man. With them, you turn into Mr. Hyde, the monster."

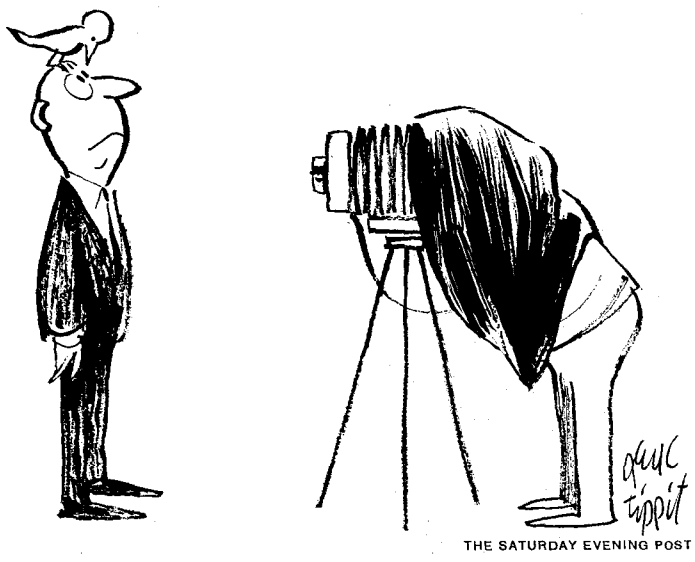
"You may be right," Speck replied. "But not beer, though. Beer makes me feel good. Whiskey makes me wild. When I'm on that I can do some terrible things.

"Last year I was in Dallas, and I had a few drinks and some 'drivers,' you know—pep pills. Anyway, I was talking to this guy, I think he was queer. Suddenly everything blacked out. Next thing I knew, the guy was on the ground, covered with blood, and I was battering at him with a tire handle. My buddy pulled me off."

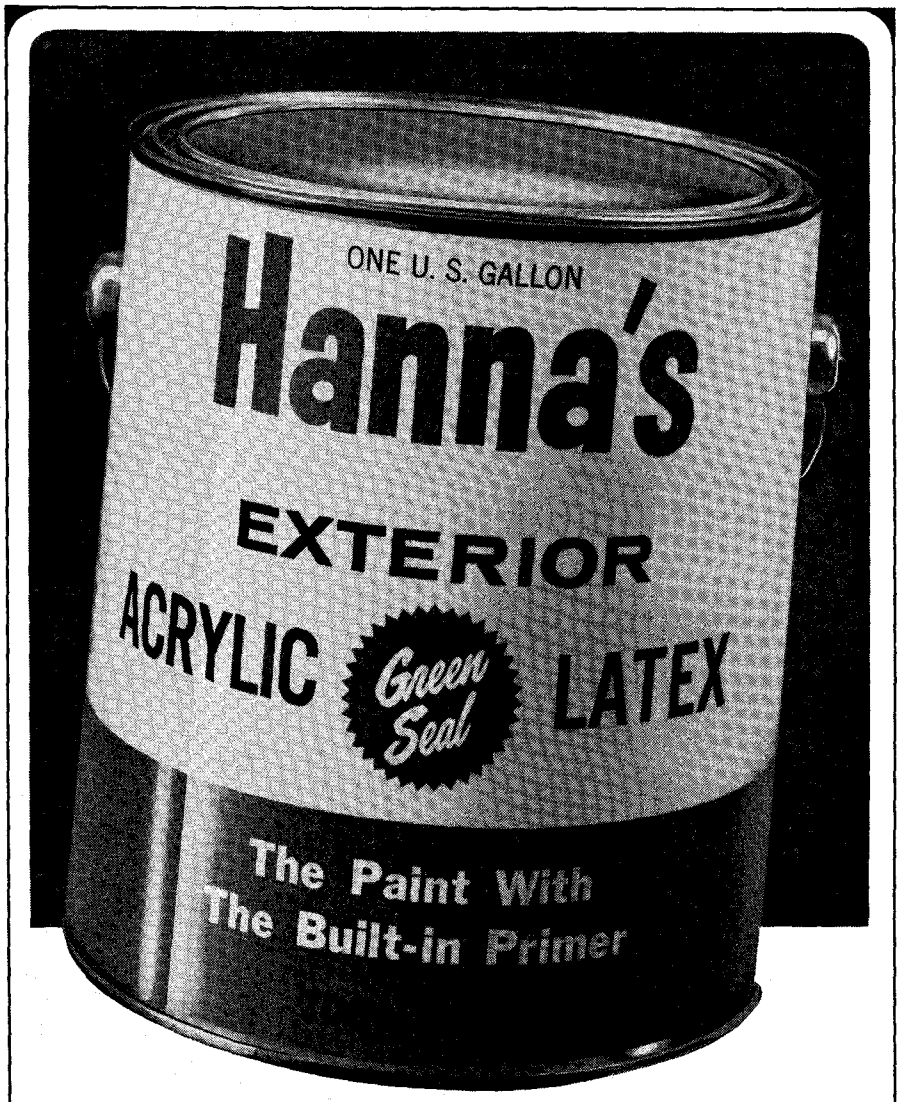
Four days later Ziporyn returned to find Speck cheerful, even lighthearted. Ziporyn had learned not to expect his patient to sustain a mood for any great length of time. He recalled that Miss Amurao had said the intruder had been quite gentle at first.

Speck seemed pleased when Ziporyn told him his attorney would be visiting him before the next court hearing which was to decide whether a panel of psychiatrists and psychologists would be appointed to examine Speck.

Ziporyn recalled the drunken fight Speck had with his stepfather and again asked him whether he had ever hit his mother while he was drunk.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Indignation seized him again as he replied, "I wouldn't lay a finger on my mother. I took good care of that. She'd yell at me if I was drinking. I knew how I got when I was drunk, and I didn't want any trouble with her, so if I drank too much I stayed away from home. It was safer that way. I was always trouble at home, even when I was a little kid.

"By the way," he said, "you didn't see this yet." He handed Ziporyn a letter, smirking with a certain smugness as the psychiatrist read it aloud. It was from a 19-year-old college girl named Susan. "Dear Richard," she wrote. "Ever since I read about you in the paper I've followed the day by day news. When I saw you were sick I nearly died. I want you to know there is someone who cares . . ."

"Ain't that something?" Speck said. Ziporyn grinned appreciatively.

Speck was still in good spirits at the next visit on August 29. Ziporyn explained that the psychiatric panel, if approved, would test Speck's I.Q.

"I know all about I.Q.'s," said Speck, grinning. "I got a low one. They tested it twice when I was in prison, for jobs, and I couldn't pass. So they sent me out in the forest, cutting wood. I wasn't too bad in prison. Only got into one fight—over a game of dominoes.

"While I was in prison I heard my wife was running around. When I got out I got me a sawed-off shotgun and went round to his house—I made Shirley give me the guy's name, told her I'd kill her if she didn't tell. I talked to his wife—he wasn't home. I waited in my car. I watched three or four kids playing around the house. When he came, I shoved the gun in his face, but I couldn't do it, not with that family. Wonder what kind of guy he was.

"Once I thought I saw Shirley driving into a motel. Then another car drove in. I went and got a pistol, then came back and kicked the door down. There was nobody there. Last year she left me for good. She said she had another guy. When she told me that, I went out and got drunk and smashed my car into a tree. Then I saw her in a tavern with a guy. I tried to get her to come home with me, but she wouldn't. I knocked 'em both down and left.

"You know," he added, suddenly weary. "The Bible says not to hate, but if there's anybody I hate in this world—besides that stepfather—it's Shirley, and that's the truth."

On September 2, Ziporyn called on Speck in the afternoon.

Speck told him: "Saw my sister yesterday. In the visiting room. She wants to see you. She wants to talk to you."

"Why?" Ziporyn asked.

Speck shrugged. "Dunno. It was her idea. *She* wants to see you."

Ziporyn told Speck that Getty was talking about having the trial moved out of Chicago.

"I don't see it'll make much difference," Speck said casually.

Speck offered Ziporyn some coffee. He was still obsessed with the idea that his isolation from the rest of the world left him with no reason to go on living. Ziporyn reminded him of the letters he was receiving as proof that some people did care about him.

"Well," said Speck, after a short silence, "maybe not everyone hates me, but I sure hate my old lady."

Ziporyn was a little taken aback by the suddenness of this comment. There was no indication of what had stimulated it. "You mean your wife, Shirley?"

"Right. There's a guard here nights who reminds me of her. His name is Malone, like hers was. I hate that woman, I really do."

The next week Ziporyn paid his second visit to Speck's sister. The apartment was small and clean, with neatly arranged furniture. The colors in the living room were drab except for a few small religious pictures on the wall. The windows overlooked the tracks of the Chicago & North Western railroad.

Mrs. Martha Thornton, a dark-haired woman in her early 40's, was calm, though her face was drawn. Ziporyn asked her about Speck's childhood.

"You mustn't call him Dick. He doesn't like that. He prefers Richard," she said with a smile. She went on, "I think he enjoyed visiting us. He liked my two little daughters. He used to play cards with them, talk to them, tell them all sorts of things he would never tell anyone else. For instance, he told them about his bad drinking habits, and the effects it had on him, and the drugs he took. Always liked those kids. Of course, he adored his own child too. When he was staying with us in July—just before it happened—he was walking around the neighborhood and saw a kid that reminded him of his own little girl. He tried to find her again but couldn't, and came home and told us about it."

Mrs. Thornton smiled for a brief moment, but then added grimly, "At

"Look at it this way. If you were taken out of your natural habitat . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Richard was very close to Dad. He was the apple of his father's eye," she said. "He used to follow Dad around like a shadow." She did not see much of him after they moved to Dallas, but, she said, the member of the family he was closest to in Dallas was his sister Carolyn, two years younger than he.

"He was always getting into fights with his stepfather," she added. "Richard couldn't bear that man, but then none of us liked him much. He was always getting drunk. He was supposed to be in the insurance business, but he had a mind like a three-year-old."

She confirmed Speck's long history of headaches. "He was always asking for aspirins when he was here. I think part of the reason for those headaches was because he wouldn't wear glasses. He's a bit of a dandy, a very neat and clean person, used to shower three or four times a day when he visited us this summer."

"Yes," said Ziporyn. "Dick does seem very conscious of his appearance."

the same time, he was very depressed. He was fed up with not being able to get a job. It depressed him a lot. He kept on saying how the world wasn't worth anything and he'd be better off dead, and that was two weeks before the murders."

Ziporyn nodded. "Yes, what about the murders. Any ideas?"

Mrs. Thornton thought for a moment and said, "Well, we've discussed this thing in the family over and over. We've read all the reports. Carolyn—like I said, she was always the one who was closest to Richard—she won't believe he did it."

On September 9 Judge Paschen approved Getty's request for a panel to examine Speck's mental condition. State and county mental-health experts would interview Speck and report back to the court on his competence to stand trial.

Ziporyn visited Speck the same day to tell him of the conversation with his sister. They discussed her memories of him. Speck protested vehemently at his sister's theory that his headaches came from his not wearing glasses.

"She's wrong," he said. "Sure I get eye headaches, but they come right here behind the eyes. The headaches that really bother me are the ones at the back of my head."

He was in full agreement, however, that his sister Carolyn, now living in Dallas, and he were very close as children. "Remember I told you how I fell out of a tree onto my head? Well, it was Carolyn who found me knocked out. She was hysterical about it."

Ziporyn let the conversation drift on a while and then stopped to take some papers from his briefcase. "I've got something to show you," he said. "Ever see this before?"

Speck leaned forward and saw that Ziporyn was holding up two pages from *Time* magazine, an account of the murder of the nurses. Speck studied a diagram of the nurses' home that showed the rooms where the murders were committed.

Nodding his head slowly, he said, "Looks like a new type of house. Look at that stairway; it's set right back from the door, the way they have it in modern places."

He turned the page over and looked at a picture of Corazon Amurao. "She sure is beautiful," he said. "What a beautiful girl." At the top of the page the photographs of the dead nurses had been cut out. "How come you cut something out here?" Speck asked.

"I'll show you," Ziporyn replied. He took the eight photographs, each cut out separately, from his briefcase and handed them, one by one, to Speck.

Speck had not seen all the press accounts immediately following the murders. This was the first time he had been confronted with pictures of the girls since he was brought to the jail. He stared at the first one, Mary Ann Jordan, for about half a minute, completely absorbed. He reached for the next, Suzanne Farris, shaking his head slowly, painfully slowly, from side to side and murmuring in a scarcely audible whisper, "They're so young, so pretty. Look at them, real pretty things, aren't they?"

Ziporyn slipped the third into his hand—Patricia Matusek. "Say, she's good-looking," Speck commented with an appreciative nod. "Looks like Elizabeth Taylor."

The psychiatrist made no comment and held out the fourth to him—Gloria Davy. Speck reached for it and suddenly froze. He drew his hand back from the picture as if it might sting him. His eyes opened wide, his lips quivered slightly. He looked terrified. Ziporyn offered the picture to him again. He reached forward and gingerly took the tiny photograph with both hands. He placed it in the palm of one hand, like some poisonous insect, and as he stared at it, a rush of whistled air escaped through his lips.

"You know what?" he said, looking up from the picture to Ziporyn with a stunned, distant gaze. "This is a dead ringer for Shirley."

In the next issue, Ziporyn digs deeper into the tormented life of Richard Speck and talks to Speck's mother, and at the trial, Corazon Amurao faces Speck and recounts the night of murder.

—The Editors.

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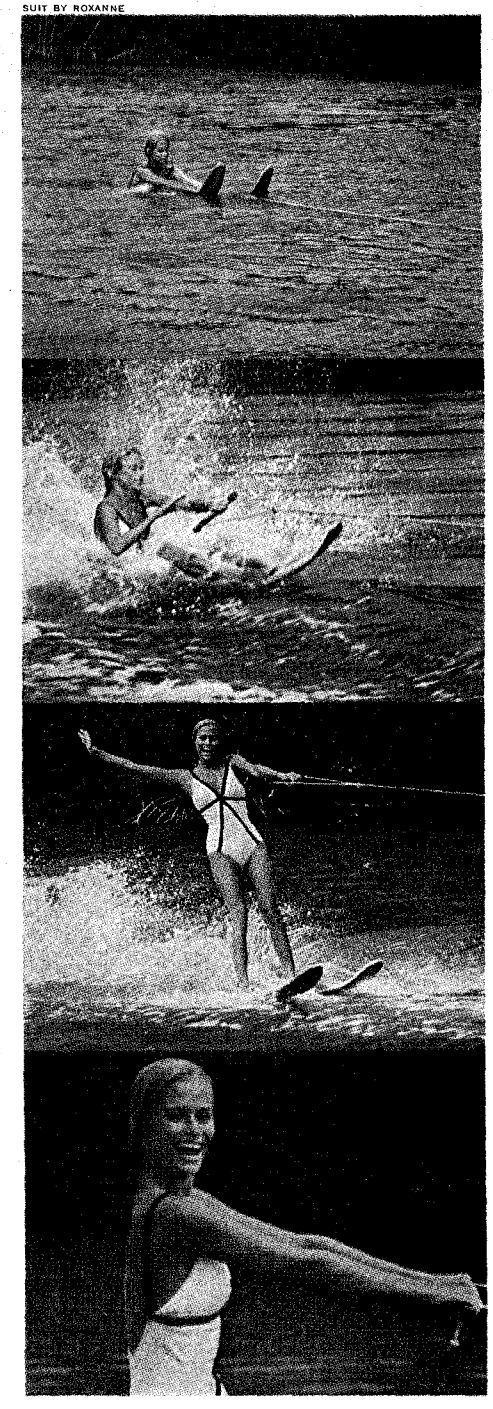

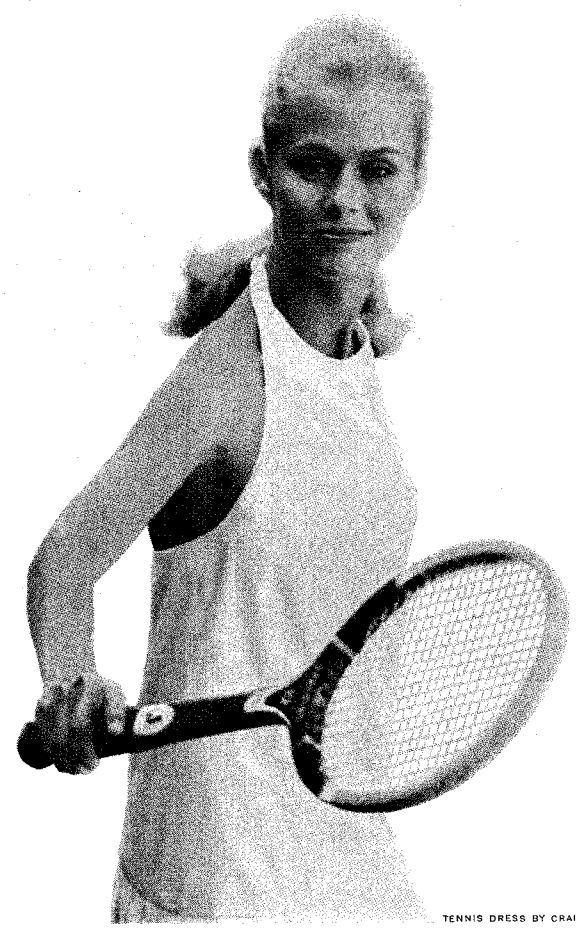

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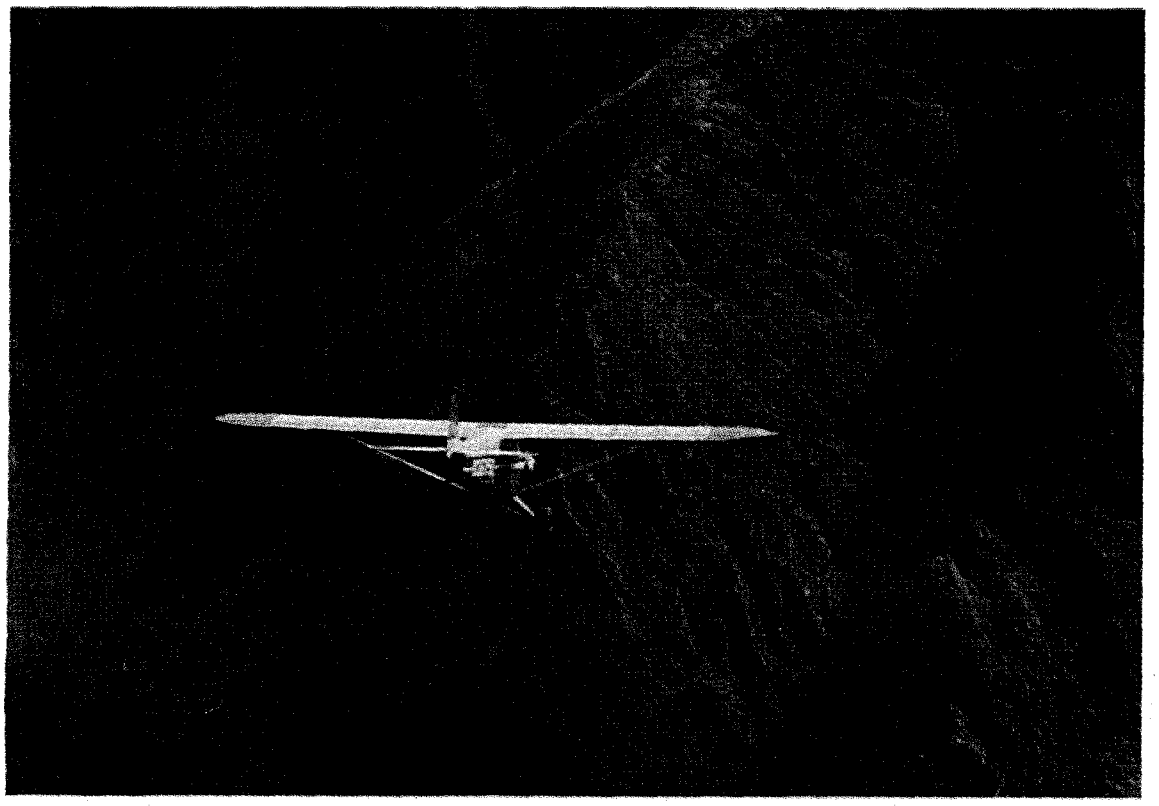

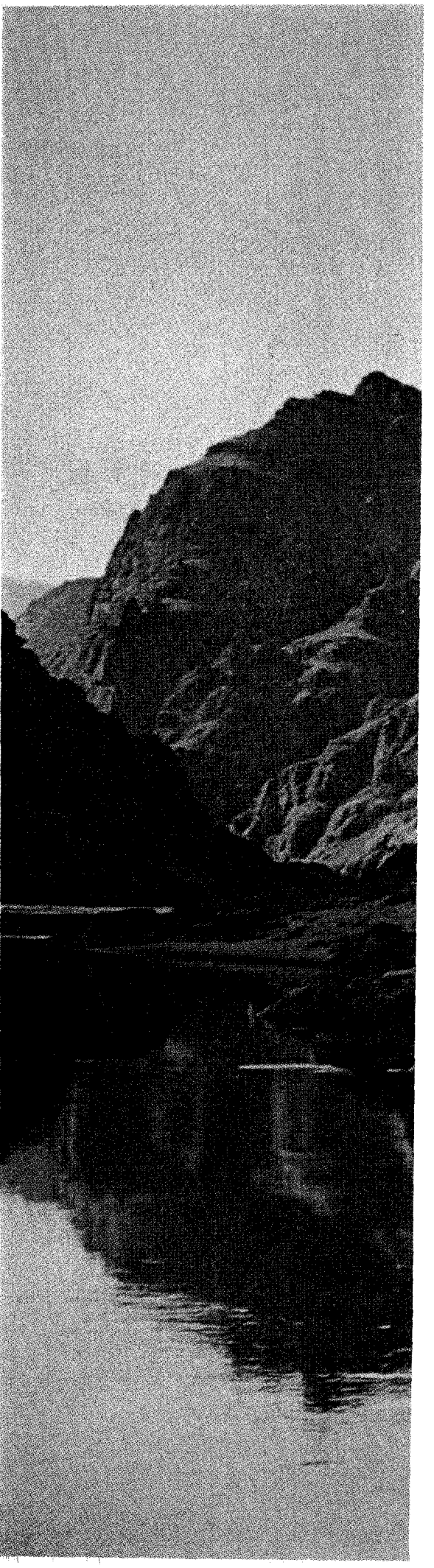

Farewell to HELLS CANYON

When the seething Snake River is tamed by a new dam, the stark beauty of Hells Canyon will be buried forever under tons of water—and a part of America's wild heritage will die with it.

This is hard country, where animals and machines and expectations wear out quickly. The names on the neat, green Forest Service maps tell part of the story. A high pass, snow-covered till June, is called Freezeout Saddle. There is a man-forsaken crevice of nowhere called Dead Failure, and across the face of a crumbling cliff a pack trail called Suicide. The names haunt the mind; reading them stirs the memory of defeats suffered not centuries ago but during the lifetime of men still living.

Other names, less grim, are fossilized exasperation: Dry Diggins Ridge, Dead Horse Butte, Rheumatiz Gulch. Mostly, though, there is a shuffle of working names, tacked on by the sort of men who call horses Red and Fox and Joe instead of Scimitar and Alcibiades and Calloch: Horse Creek, Cow Creek, Saddle Gulch, Little and Big Sheep Creeks, Sluice Creek. These names kept things straight and told the occupations of the namers—miners, ranchmen—but most of them did not commemorate anything. There is little need of commemoration, even now. The country is too new and too bound in by its impossible geography for much to have been forgotten. Everything that happened there happened on ground scrabbled over on foot or on horseback by the present few inhabitants, and if not in their memory at least in the memory of someone whose voice and touch they hold in their recollection. A finger

By John Skow **Photographed by Joern Gerdts**

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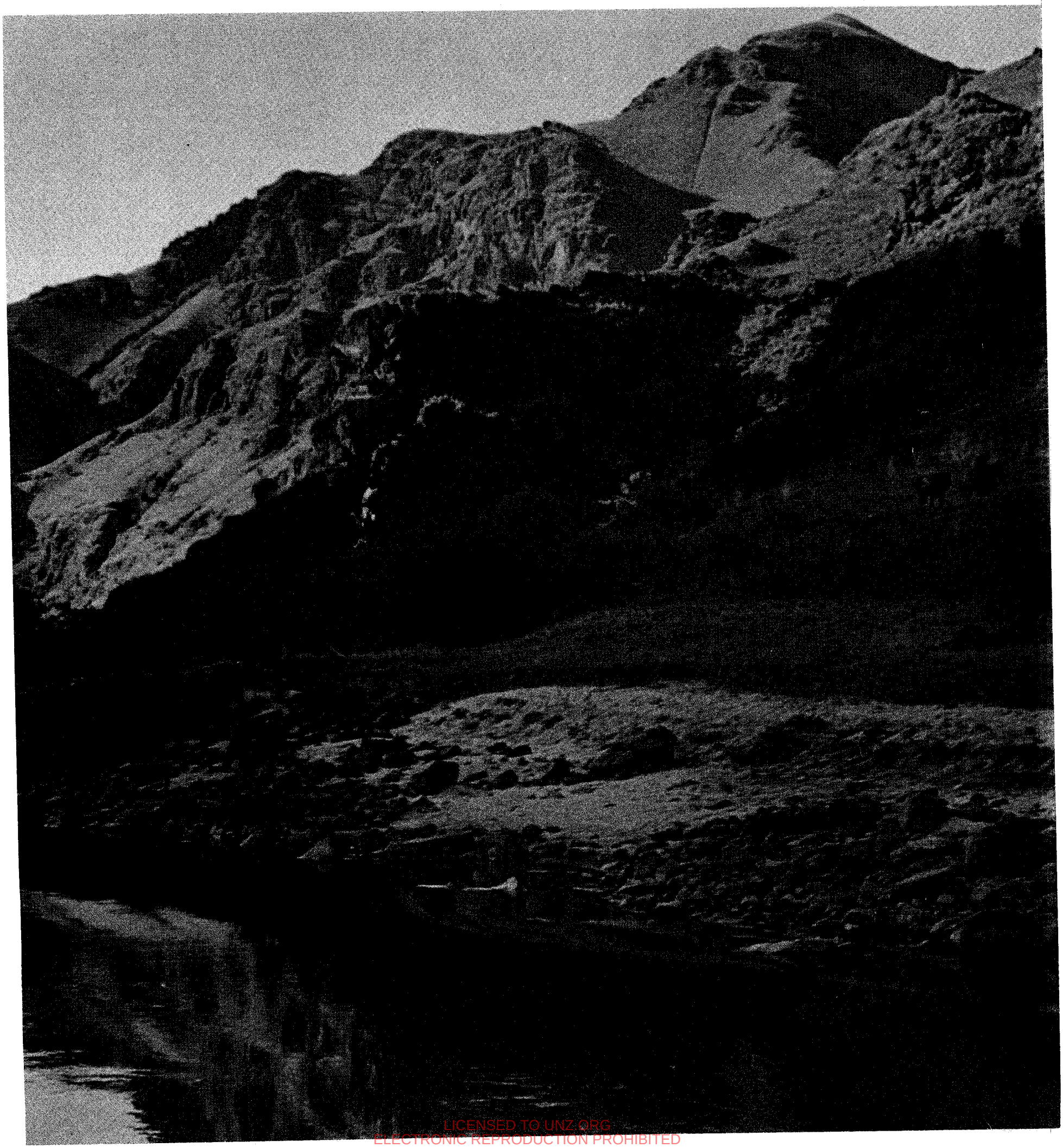

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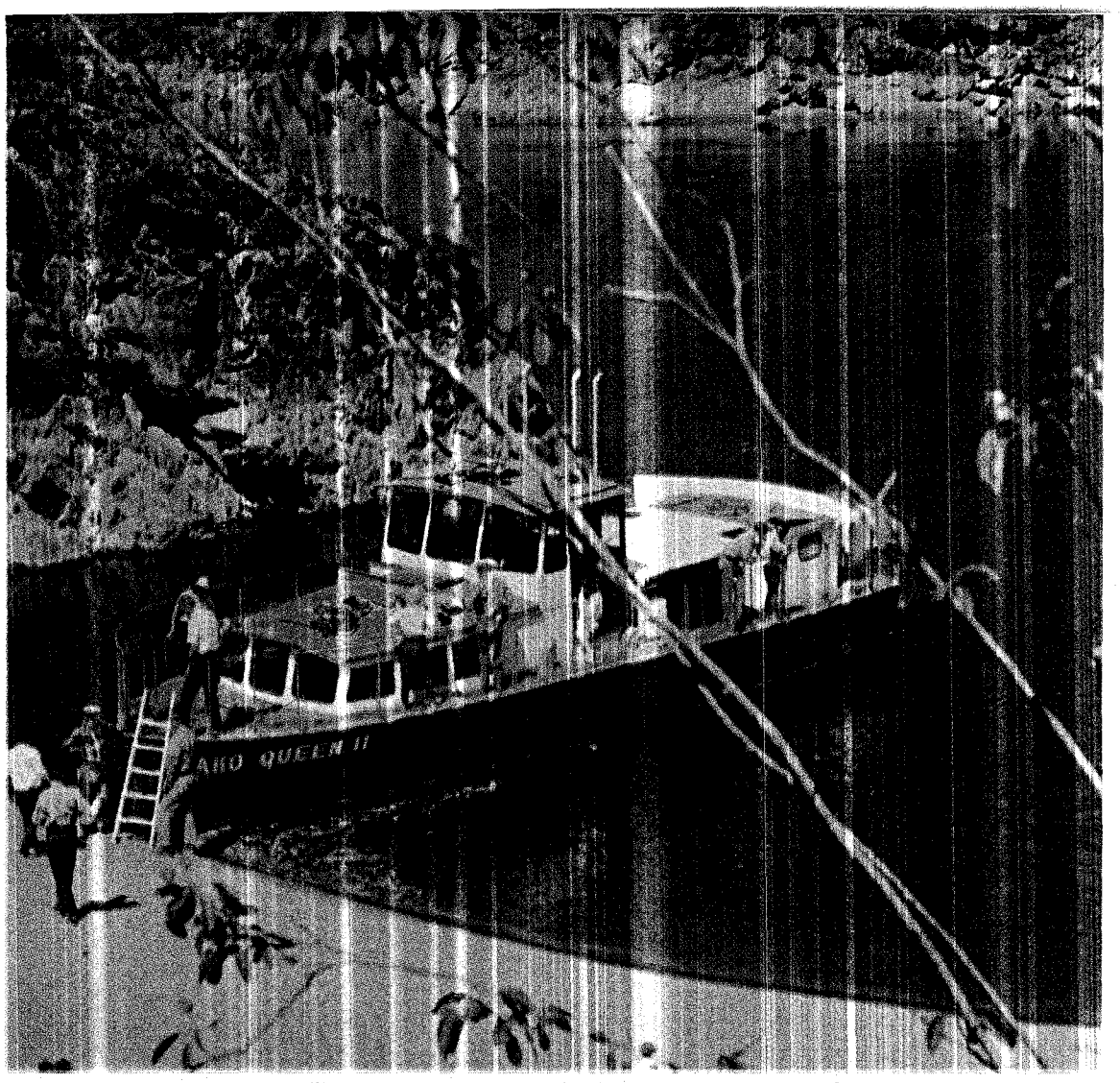

Idaho Queen II, *last of the mailboats that will battle the Snake, makes one of its regular stops to deliver supplies.*

pointing directions on a map threads easily in and out of the past:

"That's the Ken Johnson ranch; that's where the fire got to in 1960; here's Dug Bar, where Chief Joseph took his tribe across the river in Seventy-seven. (*My grandfather was his friend, traded with him.*) Here's where horse thieves came down from Imnaha and murdered the Chinese miners. (*Never convicted anyone. Never found the gold. My father knew a man who went on the raid and held the horses.*) In there's Bill Rankin's mine. Started drilling alone in 1899, went on for fifty-five years. Got a couple thousand feet of hole and that's all."

In all of the names a visitor can hear the reverberations of two others: Snake River, and Hells Canyon, through which it flows. The names fit. The Snake seethes snakily across the Northwest to the Columbia, forming, for part of its 1,038-mile length, the eastern border of Oregon and the western border of Idaho. In its Hells Canyon stretch it seems calm but is not. It is slick with speed. The slicks are quiet for a time, then, in the spots where they have been silent, the water for no reason will suddenly lash and heave: coiled eddies of the Snake.

Hells Canyon is the deepest canyon in North America, at 7,900 feet, and the grimmest. Grand Canyon brings touring third-grade teachers nearer to the Infinite, but Hells Canyon is not like that. It does not uplift the spirit, although its awesomeness occasionally softens to beauty. Its presence leans like a wind against the weak spots in a man's fabric. Bones ache here, hopes fray. A newcomer who has been stirred by this strange wind notices an oddity in the canyon's name—there is no apostrophe. The people who live here are careful to point out that it should be spelled "Hells," not "Hell's." Not a canyon belonging to hell—that would not be especially frightening—but a canyon of many hells, each man to his own.

Until recently, however, one of the most harassing of modern hells—the cultural gout that begins as progress and ends as pollution—could not be found in this 100-mile stretch of wild river country. Part of the reason was simply that there were not enough people to make a clutter. People, and all mail, machinery and supplies, came into the canyon country by boat through white water or by horse and mule over the most frightening cliffside trails in North America. The entirely believable story is told of a county agricultural agent new to the canyon who got off his horse and crawled around Suicide Point.

The canyon imposed and still imposes a frontier attitude on its people: The canyon itself was the enemy, and anything new that helped a man to stay on even terms with the canyon was valued, whatever its drawbacks. Change was change for the better; how could a man doubt it? Electricity meant power for the radiophone and an hour or so of light in the evening. A chain saw whining across the canyon meant that all was well with a neighbor. The racketing of an outboard motor meant the neighbor had come to visit. The sound of a light plane overhead reminds the rancher that a bush pilot can touch down in a humpbacked alfalfa field and fly a sick child to a hospital.

All of this is in some way tied up, a visitor suspects, with the way the people of the region feel about the death of the Snake River. A river dies by drowning, and the Snake is to be drowned in its Hells Canyon stretch by two dams, one a 400-footer in the canyon itself, and the other a 670-foot dam 58 miles downstream, whose waters will lap at the base of the first.

"I sort of hate to see it, personally, but it's a good thing for the county," a man in Enterprise or Joseph, Oreg., will say; "There's a lot of money involved." There is, and a canyon country editor grows solemn when he talks about it. He concedes that the dams will hurt the salmon and steelheads that spawn in the Snake's tributaries, and probably kill the enormous white sturgeon that are the largest fresh-water fish in North America and are found no place but the Snake. "No one likes to fish salmon more than I do," he says, "but you're talking about maybe five million dollars' worth of salmon, and the electric power you'll produce will be worth, oh, I don't know," he shrugs to show he is guessing and names a vastly larger figure. "Then you add the payroll while they're building, and the taxes the power company has to pay, and you just can't argue."

In the Hells Canyon country almost no one tries to argue, even if he is not foursquare for progress. Deciding to build a dam is a Government matter, and in this rural outback where there is no leverage of population, Government is shrugged off as something that is done to you (or sometimes, as in the case of agricultural price supports, done for you). Outside of the northwest corner of the U.S., Hells Canyon is not well known, and there was no possibility of a fight such as the one made recently by the Sierra Club to block the building of two dams in Grand Canyon.

The only purpose of the Hells Canyon dams is to make electricity. Their reservoirs will not be used to irrigate farmland, and flood control on the Snake and Columbia rivers is well handled by other dams. The sections of the Northwest that are filling up with people will have no trouble using the power the two dams will generate, and proponents of the dam projects congratulate themselves on their forehandedness. There are only a few good damsites left beyond the Rockies, they say.

Of course the dam-builders' arguments could have been turned around, and it could have been pointed out that the canyon was to be drowned merely to provide a minor increase in the Northwest's supply of cheap kilowatts. Most of the rest of the country gets its electricity by burning some sort of fuel to turn generators, and does not find the price unbearable. Further, even the dam builders agree that reactor-generated electricity may soon, possibly within 10 years, be produced at a competitive price. Finally, it is always possible to build a dam, but it is not possible to make a wild river. The arguments were not raised, however, and now there is no longer any point to them.

It is just past seven in the morning. The Snake River mailboat, *Idaho Queen II*, is five miles upstream from its berth at Lewiston, Idaho. The mist has skinned off the river, and later it will be hot, but now the wash of air past the boat still holds its early chill. In the first miles there is the clutter of a populous riverbank: boathouses, outboards at their moorings, empty oil drums careened on mudflats, files of rotted pilings. In the wheelhouse of the *Idaho Queen*, Capt. Dick Rivers, a broad, solid man who has been outguessing the Snake for years on his weekly mail run, lets loose a great honk on his boat horn. Rivers glances toward the west bank, sees an arm wave once in the window of a house belonging to a friend, and turns his eyes back to the river. The houses are thinning out. A red-tailed hawk wheels overhead; the walls of the Snake deepen and close in.

Dick Rivers has more on his mind than usual on this Wednesday in early May. The Idaho Power Co. has told him that he can have only six hours of navigable water. Upstream past Hells Canyon the power company has built two other dams, Oxbow and Brownlee, and Brownlee is short of water. Its engineers let off water in midwinter in expectation of a heavy spring runoff that never came, and now it has cut the Snake's flow. The *Idaho Queen*, a powerful, 52-footer with recessed screws, can churn upstream in 23 inches of water. But Brownlee cannot provide even that except in spurts this season, and every week there is a brief, barely polite phone conversation between Rivers and the dam's owners. Now, with some 60 miles to travel before noon, Rivers swears at the power company skillfully and without hurry, like an athlete warming up for a long match, and edges his throttles forward.

The gusty blat of the *Queen's* overhead ex-

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One slip, and our boat would spin downriver out of control.

hausts, the sun, and the slide of river air leave the traveler's mind muzzy; it wanders. Rivers's maledictions at the power company set it off; for the moment the thought seems worth thinking that there is a history of Hells Canyon in the swearing that has gone on there. The first white men to see it, a luckless party of fur trappers sent out in 1811 by John Jacob Astor, had reason to swear. They blundered into the canyon when an Indian scare forced them off their route, and reached the Snake at what is now Lewiston. The trappers worked downstream, north, into the increasingly difficult canyon. Some of them drowned, some went mad, and everyone came near starving. A party of survivors, led by a gigantic Scots *voyageur* named Donald McKenzie, gave the Snake a description like venom sucked and spat out: "accursed mad river." Later there was the swearing of miners, steamboat men, homesteaders, ranchers and a succession of mailboat captains ending, for good, with Dick Rivers.

After the dam builders have shot off a last round of honest abominations, the traveler muses, there will be only the shrieks of falling waterskiers in a canyon whose grimness has become merely "scenic," and the yelps of beach-ball tossers who step on thrown-away pop-tops on the shore of the placid new lake.

Suddenly the *Queen* slews sideways in white water; the boat ride is over and the river trip has begun. The current of the Snake averages about nine miles an hour through the canyon stretch, and of course it is much faster where the river heaves down through rapids. Powerful as the *Queen* is, she is slowed by the rush of water; a faltering of the diesels or a flicker of indecisiveness at the wheel and she would spin downriver out of control. "Yeah, it's happened," Rivers says as the *Queen* butts safely through the last of the white-water stretch. He grins; the recollection seems to cheer him up.

"Over there. Look right there." The man next to me touches my arm and points upstream. Four hundred yards in front of us two Canada geese, great and green, stand on a sandbar. When we are perhaps 100 yards away the big birds lift out low across the water, turn, and beat swiftly out of sight upriver. In five minutes we flush them again; they fly ahead, settle, then rise as we catch up.

The canyon is bleak here: brown water lashing itself white, tumbled dark-gray rock heaped up beyond eye range, patches of eaten-out green laced with sheep tracks thinly covering part of the rock. Slides of broken stone are everywhere. The pieces are pebble-sized or the size of boxcars, old and lichen-covered or newly cracked and glittering. The newness is unsettling; when will the next cliff wall rumble into the Snake?

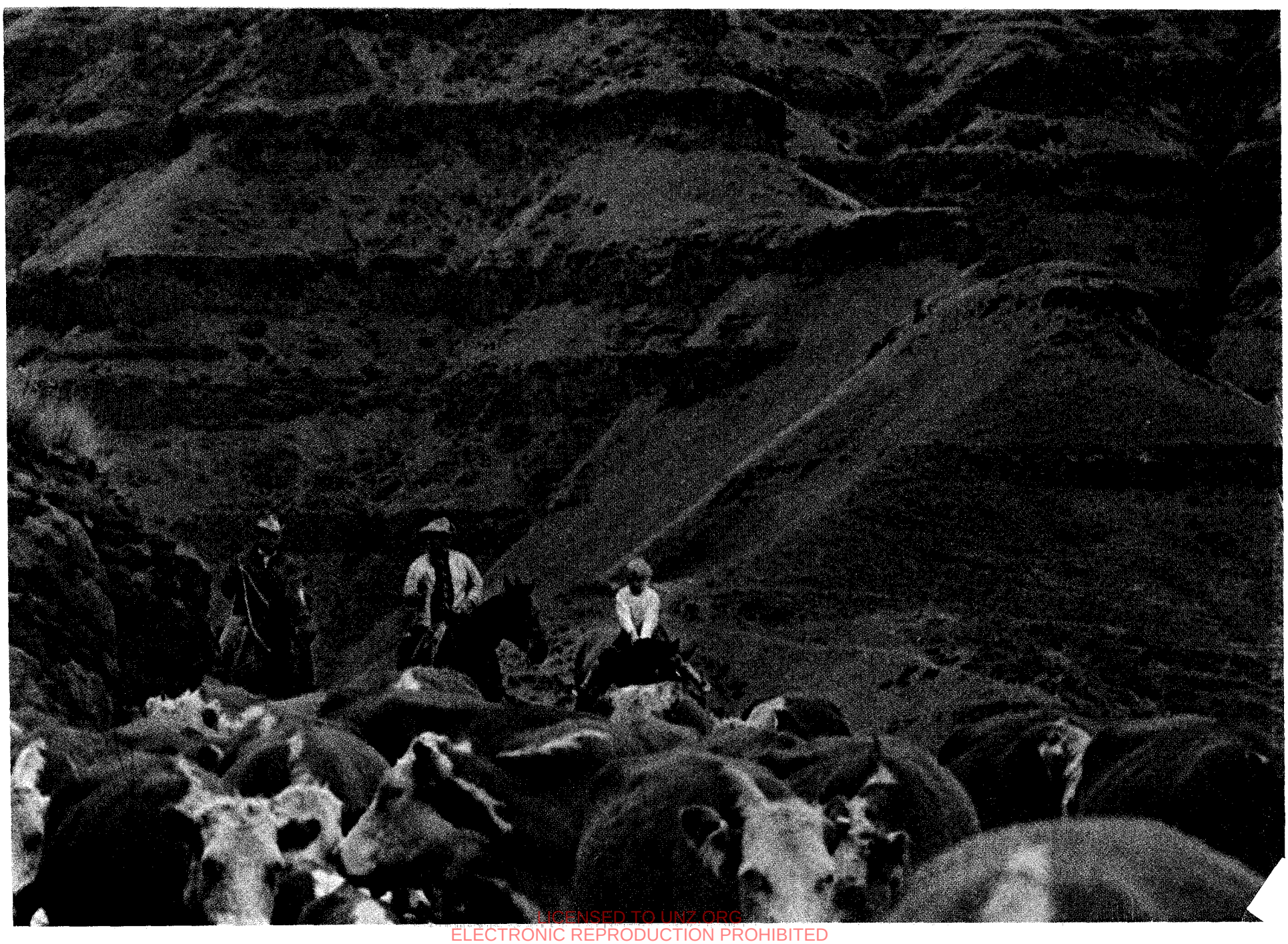
Rivers noses the *Queen* into the sandy Oregon bank. Mail for the Cherry Creek Ranch, a sheep outfit run by Basques: canned goods, quantities of fresh oranges and pears, two jerrycans of gas, a tied bundle of letters and magazines. (One of the magazines is a *Saturday Evening Post* with a story of mine on the Batman TV show. What will the Basques make of Batman? Nothing, of course; Basques are excellent ignorers. But there is a moment of giddiness; like any tourist I half-believe that wherever I tour is Never-Never Land, and I catch myself marveling at the isolation of the canyon people from the real world: editors, press agents and Batman.)

The canyon narrows to a gorge, and we pass the site of a dam that will not be built. The Nez Percé dam would have flooded not only the Snake canyon but that of the Salmon River, which flows into the Snake a mile upstream. The Salmon, which has no dams and whose canyon is almost as awesome as the Snake's, was saved not because anyone valued rivers, but because two power companies fought for the right to build a dam in the area and one river lost.

The High Mountain Sheep Dam will be built less than a mile above the Snake's confluence with the Salmon. The word "high" is a formal title of respect, like "sir." The small fraternity of men who build the world's dams accord the title to a dam more than 400 feet high. At 670 feet from river level, the High Mountain Sheep Dam will be among the world's highest.

The Snake narrows to perhaps 125 feet of wild water at the site. The initials HMS are painted, high-school-fraternity style, on a rock face near the river. Far up on the dark cliffs are two barn-sized splotches of white paint showing where the

Rancher Jim Blankinship (center) drives his cattle from their river-level grazing lands up to their summer range. He is helped by his five-year-old daughter, Mary Ann.



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At times the sense of being underwater is eerily real.

concrete will butt into the basalt. For an instant the choking sense of being underwater is extraordinarily real. The feeling recurs, spookily, at odd moments during the next few days.

We stop at Deep Creek on the Oregon side to honor history. There are Indian writings on a sheltered rock, or what are said to be Indian writings, although a few years ago, someone recalls, a man with knowledge of Indian pictographs was unable to read them. We find the rock, and the writings are there: ocher stains, much blurred and faded, some of them crudely traced over in modern white paint by a traveler who felt the past slipping away. Arrowheads are easy to find, canyon people say, and puzzling, handfitted stone tools. It was only in 1877 that the great Chief Joseph led his Nez Percé Indians across the Snake a few miles downstream and fled northeast, pursued by a force of U.S. cavalry. The peaceful Nez Percé had been pushed off their land, and had resisted, and now were being punished for resisting.

The sun is too bright for ghosts to be visible, but that night at Rivers's camp the mood deepens. In the Medici tomb in Florence there is the powerful ghostliness of great age. Here it all happened last week, yesterday. The traveler has just missed the Indians and the miners.

At Rolling Bar Ranch there is a surprise—mail for us. Photographer Joern Gerdts and I had met a cattle rancher named Jim Blankinship, who owns Rolling Bar, a few days before, and we had mentioned that we wanted to photograph a cattle drive. Now Blankinship had taken the trouble to let us know that he was moving his cattle to their summer range next week. (When we photographed the drive a week later, Blankinship's five-year-old daughter Mary Ann was riding beside her father on a full-sized horse, helping to keep the strays in line.)

Blankinship's note was delivered by a tall, thin Cherokee named Slim Smithwick. Nearer 70 than 60, he had to work his leg across the saddle getting off his horse, and he limped as he walked over to the boat. "You're getting old, Slim," said someone who knew him. "A cow ran me over last week," Slim said. He gave the note to me and got stiffly back on his horse and rode off, sitting very straight.

They shut off the river at noon. Rivers has beached the *Queen* at his camp by then, and we are all eating lunch. Later we go out on the porch to watch the river drop and listen to sturgeon stories. It is very hard to lie about the white sturgeon found in the Snake River. I caught one later on the trip. It was the second-largest fish I had ever caught, and I had to throw it back because it was only 35 inches long.

On the Snake they start telling greenhorns about sturgeon by saying gently that the fish must be a yard long to be keepers. When this fact has been respectfully absorbed, they tell you the second rule: If your sturgeon is more than six feet long, you have to throw it back. The reason is that only after the fish have grown to six feet do they become valuable as spawners. In mining days, before there were any rules, they used to fish the big sturgeon commercially, hauling them out of the water with teams of horses. Fish 12 and 14 feet long were fairly common, and the biggest that anyone bothered to weigh ran to 1,200 pounds. The heavy fishing killed off many of the gigantic fish, and the dams have not helped, but even now a sturgeon you can lift is not much to brag about.

Rivers eventually gets tired of hearing about sturgeon other people say they have caught, and we leave to make another delivery at the Johnson ranch across from his camp. Peg Johnson is a slender girl with a nice, shy smile and—even when she is dressed in jeans, cowboy boots, plaid shirt and a Durango Kid hat—a quality of breakability that makes a man want to run and find her a chair. She has ridden down to meet the *Queen* with her brother Tom and his young wife, all three of them canyon kids in their early 20's. She shakes hands with the men from the *Queen*, and then leads her string of three pack horses around to the pile of provisions. The pile is good-sized, and every man among the visitors is thinking the same thing: "Is that little girl going to try to lift those great big feed sacks? Uh, miss, let me. . . ." Then suddenly she has flipped one of the sacks onto the pack saddle, made a couple of quick motions with a rope, and there it is, neatly hitched aboard the horse.

We follow the Johnsons up a narrow valley thick with hackberry trees, crossing and recrossing Getty Creek, the Johnsons' water supply. After half a mile the trail broadens into a meadow in which a year-old buck deer is grazing beside a Hereford calf. This is Bambi, an honorary cow who began life as one of a set of rare triplet fawns. Peg found him starving and fed him, her brother explains. Last year Peg had two young foxes, a baby coyote and bear cub, but now her zoo is thinned down to Bambi and 13 bummer lambs—lambs whose dams have died or rejected them. Peg nurses all 13 every three hours with baby bottles.

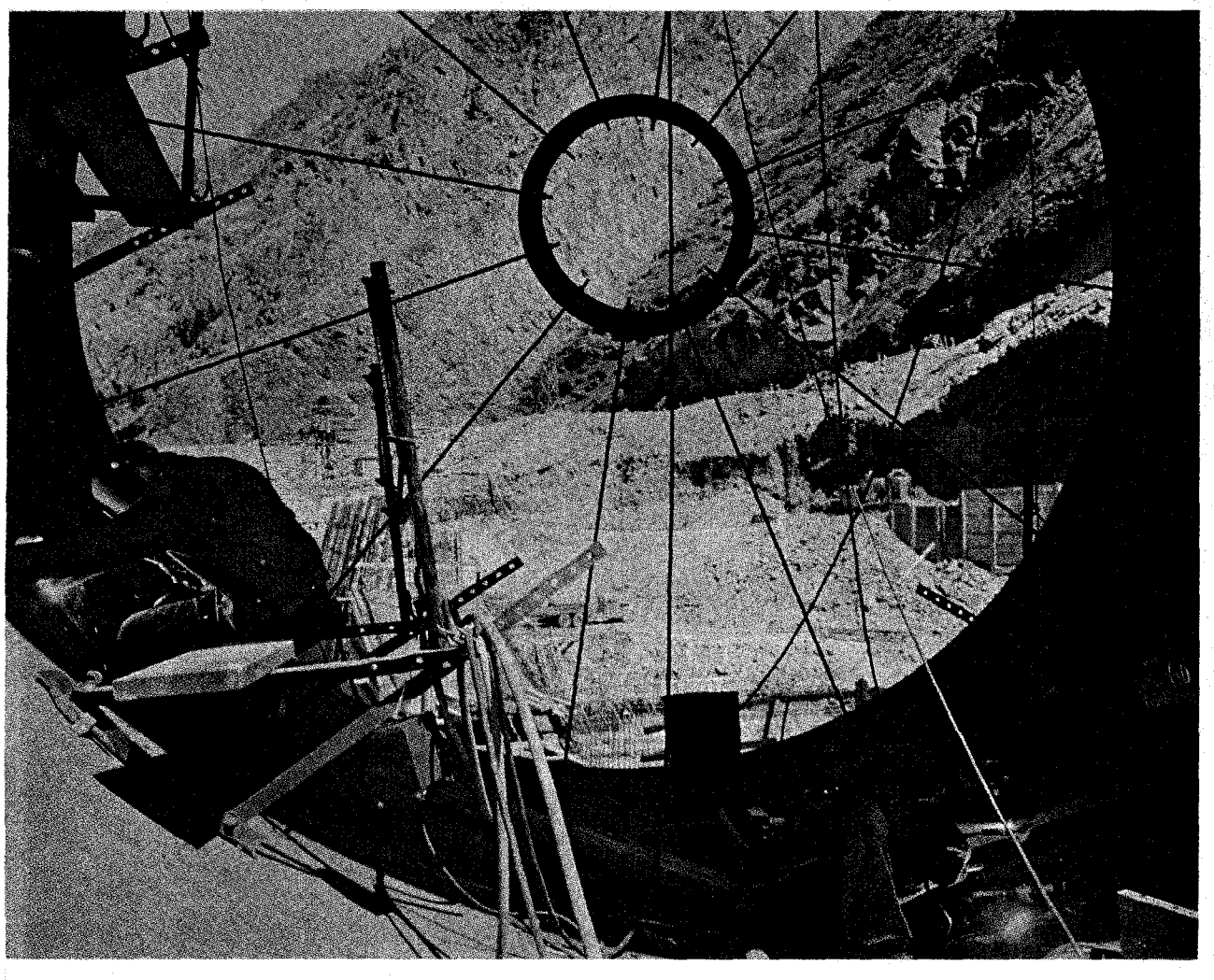
Mary Johnson, Peg's and Tom's mother, has run the cattle ranch since her husband Slim Johnson died a few years ago. She is a businesswoman, and she explains why ranchers put up with the isolation of canyon life. "It's the winter grazing; in the cattle business if you have to feed your stock through the winter it's just not profitable. The canyon has grass through the winter, and we don't have to feed much at all." She pauses for a moment. "Of course, that's not all. We have gotten to love the canyon."

The Johnson family moves to its unpretentious, home-built canyon house in January and stays there through May. Then, when the benchlands at river level have been grazed out and canyon temperatures are pushing up toward 100 degrees or more, the Johnsons begin driving their cattle to summer pastures miles away in the uplands. Moving animals and household—the Johnsons have a house in a nearby Idaho town—takes about two weeks each way. The life is exhausting, and Mary Johnson has lived it since 1939, when she and her husband bought their ranch. "I brought some of my kids in to the ranch by boat when they were one month old," Mary recalls, "and the rest in by saddle at the same age.

"They say it's going to flood up over the barn," she says, pointing to a hay barn half a mile away and perhaps 100 feet higher than where we were standing. Again the feeling of being underwater was vivid. "I don't know, I suppose I'd just as soon have it over. When you know something like this is going to happen, sometime, you don't make curtains and you don't paint the house . . ." She says good-bye in a preoccupied way and goes inside to make dinner.

By six the next morning the engineers at Brownlee Dam have turned their spigot again, and the Snake is running full. By seven the *Queen* is pushing upstream. The high basalt cliffs to the east, in Idaho, are shadowed and grim, but far up on the canyon's western rise there is a ribbon of sunlight. As the morning grows older the ribbon will widen to light the lower cliffs and then the river. For a few hours the whole canyon will be lit. Then a matching ribbon of shadow will form at the river's edge on the eastern side and will thicken slowly until the whole rock face is dark again.

We deliver some mail, scare some mule deer up a cliff and see a dying eagle. The bird is too sick or



The dam builders are at work 24 hours a day, blasting 120 feet deeper into the rock than the Snake River ever did, filling the air with excitement, noise and choking dust.

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too badly wounded to do anything but glare in hate at the mailboat. Eagles are protected by federal law, but no one pays much attention to that in the canyon country. Sheep ranchers hire pilots to gun the birds from light planes. Conservationists and ranchers argue angrily about whether eagles actually do attack sheep, and in a sense each side is right. An eagle will not attack a full-grown sheep, but eagles will kill lambs until they are about two months old.

The ranchers not only kill eagles but poison bears, who are also occasional assassins of newborn lambs. (To poison a bear, fill an apple with strychnine, impale it on an upright stick, and wait. This is illegal, because of the danger of leaving poisoned apples around, but as the ranchers say, if a hunter is fool enough to eat an apple he picks off a pointed stick in the middle of the woods, he deserves what he gets.)

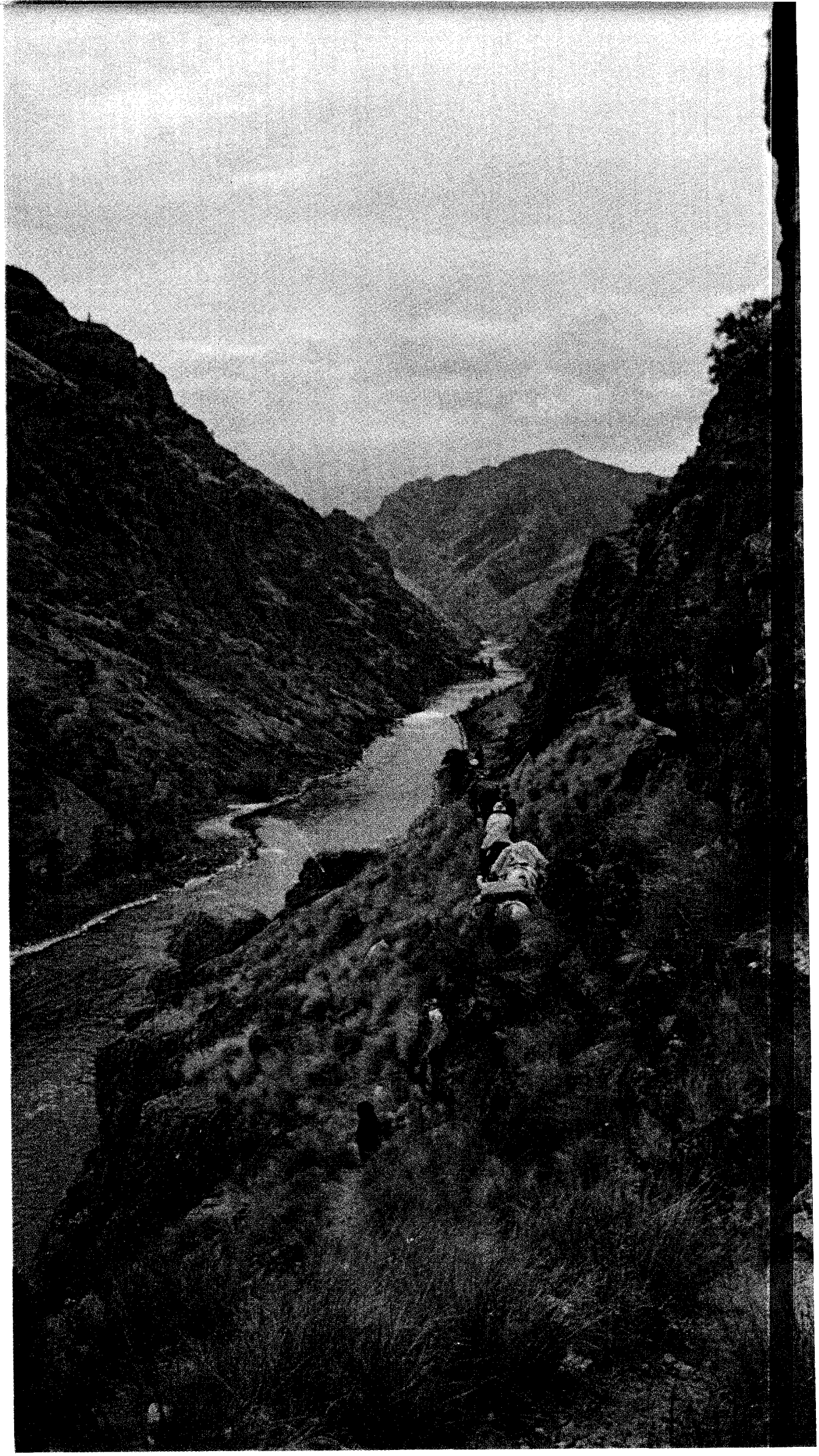
We reach Pony Bar at 9:45. This is as far as the *Queen's* 23-inch draft and 500-odd horsepower can take her. Five of us are leaving the *Queen* to travel up through the evilest stretch of the canyon by horse. It is not true that I have never been on a horse. I sat on one briefly when I was nine. But I have traveled farther, bareback, on an elephant (once around a football field during some mock-political folderol in college) than I have ridden on a horse. In the interest of fearless journalism I have kept this information from Don Miller, the leader of our expedition, who is Forest Service District Ranger for the Oregon side of this canyon stretch. Miller, a Westerner, has not thought to ask; in the West a man knows how to ride.

Ten horses and a frisky little red mule are chewing grass under a tree as we say good-bye to the *Queen*. Fred Talbott, a Forest Service cowhand, brought the pack string in that morning from the neighboring Imnaha River valley across Sluice Creek Saddle. Talbott, who was raised in canyon country, is in his 40's, wiry, amiable, quiet.

He loads the four packhorses, battens the loads with canvas, and puts a light pack on the red mule, who is a rookie. Tom McAllister, an outdoor writer from Portland, saddles his own horse and then, with an insider's eye for journalistic fakery, arrives at the correct conclusion and saddles mine. He gives me instructions (Face south, left foot in left stirrup, hike) and I climb aboard, feeling like Shamyl, the Scourge of the Caucasus. We start off on a series of switchbacks up a rocky hill.

The hill becomes a cliff. We continue to climb. The trail, worn by miners and kept up by ranchers and the Forest Service, is narrow, steep, and covered with loose rock. The sensation is that of riding up endless flights of stairs upon which children have left numberless pairs of roller skates. To make things worse, our horses all carry packs, which stick out sideways farther than a rider. When they walk along a cliff face, the horses allow for the width of a pack, which puts them at the airy edge of the trail. The drops are seldom more than three or four hundred feet straight down.

The trail dips to river level and climbs to cliff height again, threads in and out of side canyons, doubles back on itself. Unexpectedly, a scrubby stretch of trail at Sluice Creek softens into a green clearing shaded with locust trees. There is an old double log cabin—two cabins built 15 feet apart and joined with a common roof to provide what in suburban lore is called a breezeway. The place is an old cow camp; for some pleasant reason that I never learned, architecture in the canyon country at the turn of the century ran to double cabins. Now it is a sheepherder's camp, owned by Ken Johnson, a rancher we are to meet later. We



The pack train winds along the narrow, steep trail; "the sensation is that of riding up endless flights of stairs upon which children have left numberless pairs of roller skates."

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On the climb up the canyon they ride from summer into spring and top out at 6,000 feet in the soft snow of winter.

make sandwiches and eat under the locust trees.

After lunch the trail is hotter and steeper. We follow it for four hours, then turn from the river and ride up through a hayfield cleared years ago by a homesteader. A young buck deer freezes, then starts and is gone; he had been grazing beside the homesteader's harrow and haywagon, left without a look back two or three or four decades ago.

We unsaddle our horses, and Fred Talbott hobbles them into the hayfield. Our campsite has none of the beauty of our double-cabin glade of a few hours before, and there is a fair amount of poison oak spread through the grass. No one cares. The creek is there, filled with cold, new water; we lie belly down and drink.

Next morning a rainsquall blows up out of a clear sky, then blows away again, leaving everyone steaming in ponchos and rain jackets. The trail is the steepest and most slippery yet. My horse stumbles and catches himself. We walk on the downhill stretches to rest the horses and stumble most of the way ourselves. The packhorses pick their way down, roped together. If one falls, they all go over the side.

Now we are in Hells Canyon proper, a 20-mile gash deeper and darker than anything we have seen yet. The river altitude is about 1,500 feet above sea level, and across on the Idaho side the icebound Seven Devils Mountains break toward the river from well over 9,000 feet. Less than 10 miles upstream 600 men are pouring concrete into the riverbed.

By three o'clock we reach Battle Creek—named for a fight between bands of Nez Percé and Shoshone Indians. Past the creek and up a rise, through another field cleared years ago by other homesteaders, we reach the cabin where we are to spend a day's layover. This is another Johnson sheep camp, its single room arranged in the precise pattern that all sheep cabins follow—stove to the right of the door, provisions beside it, cot opposite the door—so that a tired herder can reach an unfamiliar cabin after dark and have his stove and his dinner started within a minute or so.

Next day there is a little fishing and a lot of watching the river go by. No one gets a sturgeon, but we catch enough smallmouth bass to fill out a dinner. Across the river, at dusk, three deer are drinking on a sandbar. They begin grazing, up a grassy draw. They move slowly, following the fading twilight, and as it grows too dark to see they are still moving upward.

In the morning we break camp and ride out. It is midsummer in the canyon by the normal standards of the temperate zone, although the calendar has reached only the beginning of May. The air is dry, the temperature close to 90, the leaves and grass in full growth.

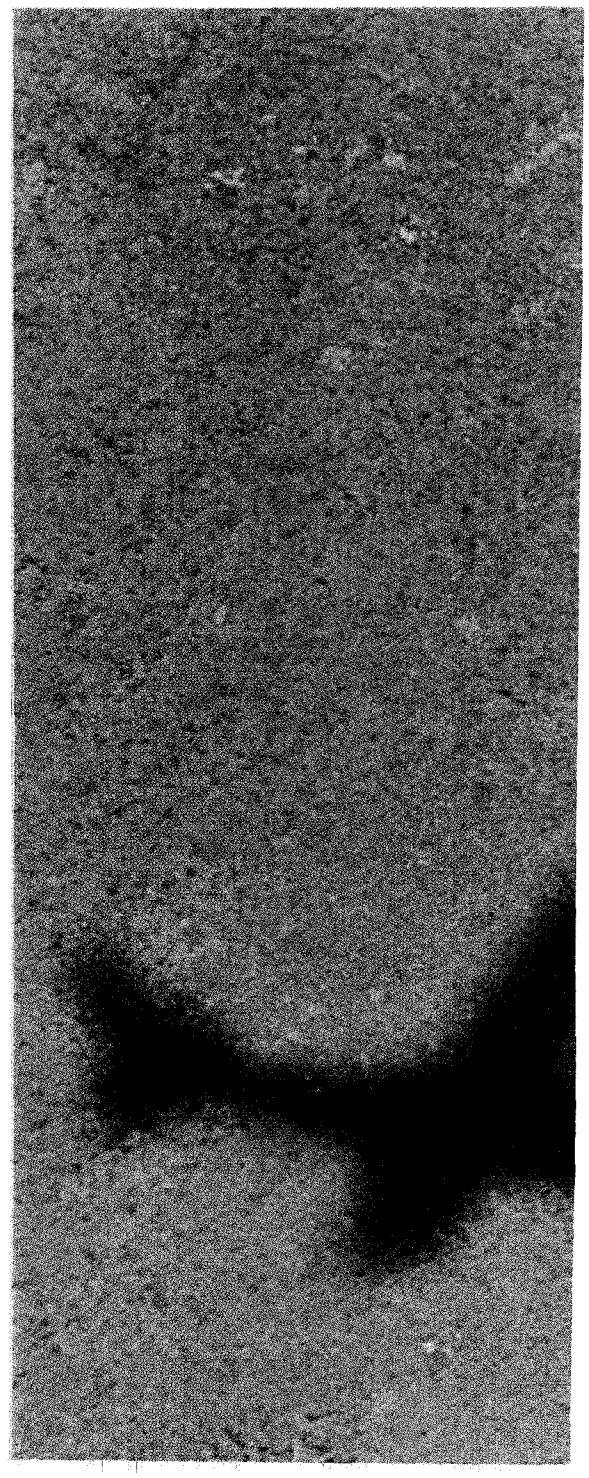
On our way up Battle Creek we pass the old Winchester gold mine. The building that housed the ore-crushers had fallen to pieces, but everything is still there, except for the gold, which was never there. Huge iron gears and rods have broken through the rotted boards to earth level, and great steel cables hang from the rock face where someone thought there was gold. Everything was brought in by muleback at the turn of the century—the cables spaced one or two loops to a mule in trains 30 or more animals long.

Half an hour's climb takes us into spring. The temperature drops, and where the sun strikes there are wild flowers. We top out at 6,000 feet in the soft snow of late winter. For a mile the horses slosh 18 inches deep in old drifts. Then we start down. The big Ponderosa pines begin again, and the snow is left behind. In an hour we pass through a cow pasture, and half an hour after that we are standing awkwardly in the yard of a farmhouse, abruptly aware of beards and dirt, while a housewife bustles off to bring us lemonade.

Twice more we travel into the canyon. Once is in a light plane with Ted Grote, a stocky man in his late 40's who wears a baseball cap and fuels himself with Copenhagen snuff. We leave from the airport at Joseph, Oreg. ("This Town is Heaven to Us, Don't Drive Like Hell Through It—Elevation 4415 ft.") and fly northeast across a broad, dry valley, made fertile by elaborate channeling of mountain streams. In 15 minutes we are in the high country, and the shadow of Grote's plane panics a herd of 40 grazing elk. We cross the Imnaha River, rise again, and drop down into the Snake canyon, flying south along the route of our horse trip toward the Hells Canyon Dam. A few miles later eagles are circling. Below the eagles, arousing in the viewer something between shock and shrug, is a large trailer camp. We have reached the dam site.

Gomer Condit, a proud, courteous man who is superintendent of power-plant construction, takes a half day of his time to show us what he is building. A temporary cofferdam has blocked the river, and a huge tunnel diverts the water. Construction roars along 24 hours a day, and blasters have gone 120 feet deeper into the rock than the Snake River ever did. Great overhead cranes rumble along rails from the concrete plant and lower their buckets 400 feet into the pit. The temperature is past 90, and the air is full of dust.

There is an enormous excitement to what is happening: impossible noise, sparks of welders slung high in penstock tubes, snaking trucks, hurrying men in hard hats, the spray of water, air too hot to swallow. But as we fly back down the canyon, the excitement is muted by the memory of a big concrete pen, a fish trap, downriver a few hundred feet from the dam. It is filled with big salmon and steelheads, and every few seconds one of the fish—the salmon run to four feet or more—hurls itself out of the water against the back of the trap, trying to fight its way upstream to spawn.



Flying over the high country on the way to Hells Canyon Dam, Ted Grote's plane panics this herd of grazing elk.

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Once a year the water will drop and their home will appear.

Twice a day men with a tank truck collect the fish and dump them miles away in the Salmon River. The hope is that they will spawn in the Salmon's tributaries. No one knows whether they will, or whether they will simply die. Fish traps and fish ladders are much publicized by dam builders as conservation efforts, but their only reliable function is as public-relations devices.

We had met Ken Johnson, the sheep rancher, at his summer home in Enterprise, Oreg., a few miles from Joseph. He is a friendly, crusty, independent-minded man in his 60's. His conversation has a sly sting of humor; idly I had asked him how he felt about using helicopters to reach elk camps. "Oh, I don't know as it's so bad," he said. "Now if you want to make it entirely fair, you've got to start them out from New York City, walking barefoot and carrying a club."

Mrs. Johnson is a small, lively woman who seems much too dainty to have stored up her horrific run of recollections. "On my honeymoon I came around Suicide Point on a one-eyed mule through two feet of snow," she said. "Our first house was a double log cabin with an oilcloth ceiling. We got a big easy chair for a wedding present, and Kenneth used to sit in that chair with a twenty-two, shooting the rats that ran across the oilcloth. My mother worried about me being lonely. I cooked for 23 men at shearing time, and I told her, 'No, Mother, I'm not lonely.' "

The Johnsons say we may visit their sheep ranch at Temperance Creek, and next Wednesday we take the mailboat from Lewiston again. A day later Dick Rivers drops us off at the ranch. The Johnsons' 23-year-old son Duane and his wife Jan meet us in a raggedy Jeep. Jan is blonde and city-pretty in sandals and stretch pants. She is from Anchorage, and until her marriage a few months ago was a stewardess for Alaska Air Lines. She loves the ranch, she says. Jan has not yet cooked for a sheep-shearing crew.

The ranch house is set half a mile from the river in a grove of locust trees, blowing now with white blossoms. A few feet away is the rush of Temperance Creek. The house is neat, modest, with asphalt-shingle siding, blue trim and a tin roof. It is not the house of a man who cares for display.

A huge beam of driftwood makes a footbridge across Temperance Creek. Beyond it are the shearing sheds, barns, a bunkhouse for the shearing crews that travel from ranch to ranch each October, and the hayfield that is the best landing strip on this part of the river.

Duane Johnson, a quiet, lean, likable young man, says that his father won't fly in today; he is in Enterprise trying to hire another sheepherder for the summer season. ("Do you use Basques?" I had asked Ken Johnson. "No, alcoholics," he had said. He was serious; over the years a good many bottle-fighters have dried out while herding Johnson sheep. "They leave all healthy and bright-eyed," said Johnson. "And thirsty.")

"It was always this place that was home to us, not the house in town," Duane is saying now. "I'd hate to see it go." He knows that without any doubt he will see it go.

Next morning we fly out, and the day after that I am in a jet at 35,000 feet flying eastward over the canyon, being asked, at 9:45, by a girl with plastic hair, whether I would like a drink.

The altitude of the Johnson ranch house is 1,350 feet. The water behind the High Mountain Sheep Dam will back up to 1,510 feet. However the Johnsons may still be able to see their house at least once a year. The power company's authorization from the Government permits it to draw off the top 170 feet of water to maintain electrical power in the slack winter months. Under these circumstances the Temperance Creek ranch will be part of an enormous, muddy ring around the dam builders' big bathtub. It is not a good thought, but on this bright morning it is the thought a traveler is left with. □

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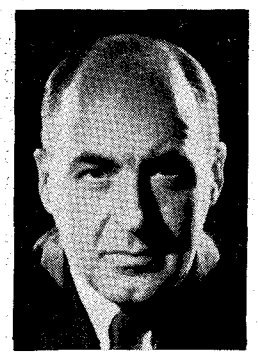
Editorials

The mind of a murderer



Dr. Ziporyn

The publication of Dr. Marvin Ziporyn's interviews with Richard Speck raises two inevitable questions. First: Is the psychiatrist justified in disclosing the details of his confidential interviews with an accused murderer? Second: Should such details be published in a general magazine?

On the first question, the negative arguments are obvious. Legally, the whole trend of recent court decisions has been to protect a prisoner from being interrogated while he is alone, helpless, and in captivity. And surely any rules that apply to detectives and prosecuting attorneys should apply to psychiatrists. Furthermore, if there is any such questioning, the traditions of medical ethics dictate that it be kept confidential. What right, then, does Dr. Ziporyn have to make these interviews public?

In an afterword to this account, Ziporyn himself provides an answer, which we find persuasive: "Speck was that rarity: a surviving accused mass murderer. He was verbal, cooperative, and capable of establishing good rapport. It soon became clear that I had a unique situation—the opportunity to treat over a lengthy period an enigma that was of vital importance to society and the opportunity to study in depth the complex makeup of such an individual. I felt that it was mandatory for me to share my findings with society at large. Merely to study Speck and conceal my findings from the world or to share my observations with a few selected individuals would, in my estimation, amount to a complete abdication of my social responsibility: The knowledge I had gathered was too important to be restricted in any way. . . .

"If the public interest and the individual's right to privacy are in direct conflict, which shall prevail? A growing body of opinion, both in the American Medical Association and the American Psychiatric Association, [has] held that the public interest was primary and that it pre-empted individual rights. However, no rigid guidelines were set. . . . The American Psychiatric Association attempted to clarify this question in a paper dated January 13, 1961, stating that 'confidentiality, like freedom, is not quite absolute'. . . . The paper states that 'in the final analysis, the physician must turn only to God and his own conscience for guidance.'

"Fortunately, in this particular instance, there has been no conflict between public and private interests. . . . In September, 1966, I told him that I wanted to write a book and that I needed his written permission. He told me, 'Write anything you want to,' and gave me a written release."

Our own answer to the questions of medical ethics and the public's "right to know" is much the same as that of Dr. Ziporyn. The act of murder is the fundamental negation of life, and we cannot shrug it off as an aberration of some inhuman "maniac." The murderer is as human as any of us, and his crime may even be his desperate attempt to assert that humanity. It is important to add, of course, that Richard Speck does not remember committing any murders, much less why he might have done so. But to the extent that he does remember and understand, it is important for us, too, to understand.

That monster of ingratitude—de Gaulle

The widespread Washington hostility toward General de Gaulle, as reflected in Stewart Alsop's column on page 16 of this issue, is perfectly understandable as long as we judge other people in terms of their willingness to support us. Perhaps this is how we should judge them, and perhaps this is how all nations judge other nations. But on the other hand, how many Americans realize that French troops were a decisive force in winning the Battle of Yorktown and the whole American Revolution? In other words, should a nation's foreign policy really be based on gratitude? And if so, how long is gratitude supposed to prevail?

From any viewpoint less partisan than the one prevailing in Washington, Charles de Gaulle's record is an immensely impressive one. When he came to power, almost a decade ago, France was on the brink of civil war, its army ready to send paratroops against Paris. He bravely and peacefully solved that crisis. When de Gaulle came to power, France had been at war for almost twenty years; de Gaulle brought peace. France was encumbered with an African empire; de Gaulle turned it loose. France was ungoverned, bewildered, a restless satellite of the U.S. Under de Gaulle, it has become coherent, prosperous and independent. As such, there is no reason why it should not state its views independently, or why it should tolerate foreign troops under foreign command on its sovereign soil.

Any American President who pursued American national interests as devoutly as Charles de Gaulle pursues French national interests would win the overwhelming support of the American people, and rightly so. As for the British, an equally admirable people, their need to join the Common Market is not a matter of sentimentality about past glories. Economically, the Common Market is making it, and Britain is not—and probably will not, so long as it clings to its traditional role of an independent oceanic superpower. Its attempt to join Europe is not something decreed by Washington but the result of a decision the British themselves reluctantly made. De Gaulle is opposed, and he has his reasons. The question is: Do we presume to dictate the relations among other nations, or do we accept the independence, as well as the friendship, of our allies?

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